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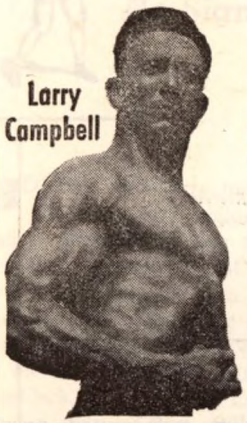
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In Our Next Issue

A champion makes good his promise. Ezzard Charles, following recognition by the National Boxing Association as Joe Louis' successor, announced that he would be a fighting champion. "I'll prove my right to top honors," he declared, "by giving every heavyweight who qualifies for a title bout a chance at my crown." He reiterated this stand at the Boxing Writers' annual dinner.

"Fighting Champion" is the title of an article by Jersey Jones. He'll reminisce on the past fistic masters who never hesitated to tackle all comers.

—

Political big-wigs. Among boxing's leading supporters are some of the nation's outstanding businessmen and politicians. Boxing history recalls the names of many celebrities who were the backers of our leading pugilists. Today as in the past, among the ringside gathering at a championship fight will be found the nation's leading legislators.

We'll let Barney Nagler acquaint you with the big-shots who seldom miss an important ring contest.

—

The most-talked-about match in years will be fought in Chicago with Jake LaMotta, world middleweight king, and Sugar Ray Robinson, world welterweight champion, occupying the center of the stage. Nat Fleischer, RING Editor, will be at the ringside to give you an eye-witness account of this battle for the middleweight crown.

—

In addition, you'll find interesting articles by Daniel M. Daniel, Nat Loubet, Ted Carroll, Johnny Salak, Ed Van Every, W. C. Heinz and Al Buck, and Stanley Weston will keep you abreast of the wrestling news.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter either in the text or the advertisements which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining and it is clean.

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The JOINT WAS a SELLOUT

No Sign of "Depression" as New York Boxing Writers Stage Bang-Up Show at Their Annual Dinner

By JERSEY JONES

BOXING promoters may bewail the general falling-off in attendance these nights, but the New York Boxing Writers had no difficulty packing the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria with their annual dinner January 9. Of course, they didn't have television as a competitor. But, even had TV been operating, the show would have played to a sellout, anyway. It was *that* kind of a party, what with such past and present aces of the ring as Joe Louis, Ezzard Charles, Jack Dempsey, Jim Braddock, Ray Robinson, Eddie Eagan, Johnny Dundee, Frankie Genaro, Barney Ross, Billy Soose, Frank Erne, Lee Savold, Walter Cartier, Kid Gavilan, Midget Wolgast, Gus Lesnevich, Sam Mosberg, Jersey Joe Walcott, Cesar Brion, Ike Williams, Bob Murphy, Chico Vejar, Rocky Graziano, Billy Graham, Eddie Giosa, Abe Attell, and Joe Miceli; one of wrestling's all-time greats, George Bothner; such celebrities of the entertainment world as Sid Caesar, Jimmy Durante and his partner, Eddie Jackson; Bill Gaxton and Sid Silvers; such political big-wigs as Jim Farley and New York's Mayor Vincent R. Impellitteri; the Encyclopedia That Walks Like a Man, John Kieran; Abe J. Greene, commissioner of the National Boxing Association, and Gen. John Reed Kilpatrick, president of Madison Square Garden.

Quite a time was had by one and all, with Jim Dawson, of the New York *Times*, holding forth as Toastmaster; speeches by Nat Fleischer, president of the Association and editor of THE RING; Archie Hindman of Maryland, president of the National Boxing Association; Eddie Eagan, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission; Jack Dempsey, Mayor Impellitteri, John Kieran, Harry Markson of the International Boxing Club, and Sam Taub, veteran writer and broadcaster, and presentations of awards to Ezzard Charles, Ray Robinson, Wilbur Wood, Frank Erne, Jack Cuddy and Francis Albertanti for their various contributions to boxing.

SID CAESAR, current sensation of the television world, entertained the crowd with an hilarious take-off on boxing as portrayed by the Hollywood movie studios.

Before going into an old night-club routine with Eddie Jackson, Jimmy Durante explained his early, but short-lived, ambition to become a boxer. "We boxed upstairs over an old saloon. My opponent was some guy from Brooklyn called Kid Griffo. I walked out to him and feinted. Nothin' happened. I feinted again. Nothin' happened. I feinted once more and saw an openin'. Next I knew I was flat on me back."

Bill Gaxton related some of his own experiences in boxing—but not as a participant. He sold programs at the Jack Johnson-Stanley Ketchel bout in Colma, Cal., back in 1909. He was in Toledo for the Dempsey-Willard affair in 1919, and the night before the fight he was chatting with New York sports writers in a hotel lobby when Battling Nelson walked in. Nelson was covering the fight for a paper in Illinois, and someone asked him where he was staying. The hotels were filled and he had found refuge in a tent near the arena.

"Have you had a bath?" someone asked.

"There's a big tank out there and it was full, so I dove in this evening," said Bat, "but when I climbed out a fellow shouted at me that I was in his lemonade he was going to peddle to the fans at the fight."

"You forgot to add," said Jimmy Dawson, "that during the fight, with everybody scorched by the terrific heat, One-Eyed Connelly was selling the stuff for a buck a glass, and there was no lemon or sugar in the water."

EDDIE EAGAN called attention to the presence in the crowd of Frankie Genaro and Sam Mosberg, who, like the chairman of the New York Commission, won Olympic boxing titles at Antwerp in 1920.

Ezzard Charles was doubly honored by THE RING, receiving a gold medal for "The Fighter of the Year," and a beautiful belt emblematic of the world heavyweight championhhip. Nat Fleischer made the presentations.

Joe Louis was delegated with the assignment of presenting Ray Robinson with the Edward J. Neil Memorial Plaque for having been the Association's selection as the individual who had contributed the most to boxing in 1950.

The James J. Walker Memorial Award, for long and meritorious service to the sport, was presented to Wilbur Wood, former sports editor of the late New York *Sun*, one of the five survivors of the fourteen original members of the organization, was its first president, serving in 1925 and 1926. Jim Farley, former Boxing Commissioner, ex-Postmaster General, and once National Chairman of the National Democratic Party, eulogized Wood for his support of the sport.

Special awards were made to one-time world lightweight Frank Erne; United Press sports writer Jack Cuddy, and former newspaperman and ace publicist, Francis Albertanti, for their many contributions to boxing.

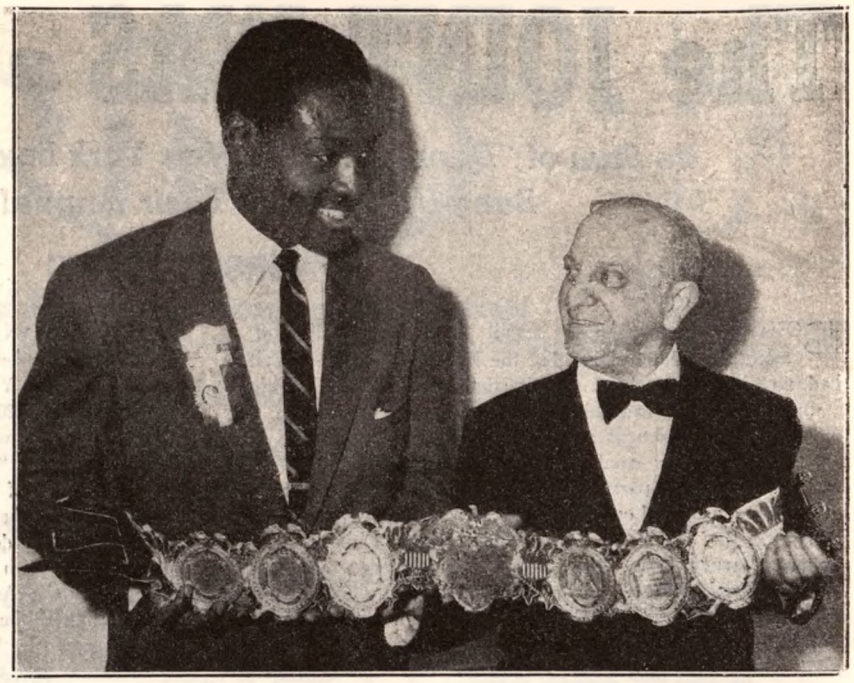
Erne, 76, and the oldest living ex-titleholder, held the lightweight crown from July 3, 1899, when he whipped George Kid Lavigne in twenty rounds in Buffalo, until May 12, 1902, when he was knocked out in one round by Joe Gans at Fort Erie. Later, on a trip to Europe, Frank was instrumental in getting boxing started in France. In recent years, he has devoted much of his time to visiting hospitals in and around New York, entertaining convalescent war veterans with tales of his experiences.

FOR more than twenty years on the New York beat, Jack Cuddy has been a constant booster of boxing through his releases over the United Press wires, and since becoming a member of the Boxing Writers he has been one of the organization's hardest workers.

Francis Albertanti, noted sun-dodger, has become something of a legend and a tradition in the sports world. Mingling with various newspaper jobs he has handled, he has been a successful publicist for just about every major sport extant, including bike-riding, horse racing and bowling, but his real reputation has been built up around his colorful boxing ventures. He was a member of Tex Rickard's original publicity staff when the lean Texan took over Madison Square Garden in 1920, and he also was a valuable cog in the machinery of Mike Jacobs' organization when the Squire of Rumson started promoting in 1934. Francis has become particularly celebrated for handling training camp publicity for "long shots" in important heavyweight bouts. He was with Max Schmeling for the first match with Joe Louis; he handled Jim Braddock's ballyhoo while the Cinderella Man was prepping for Max Baer, and he was responsible for the stuff that came out of Jersey Joe Walcott's camp for the first meeting with Joe Louis.

By and large, it was quite an affair, that annual blowout of the Boxing Writers. The scribes celebrated the silver anniversary of their organization. Of the original fourteen members, only seven are alive and all were present: Wilbur Wood, first president; Nat Fleischer, James P. Dawson, Jim Jennings, Dan Daniels, Ned Brown and Francis Albertanti.

CAUGHT AT N. Y. BOXING WRITERS' DINNER

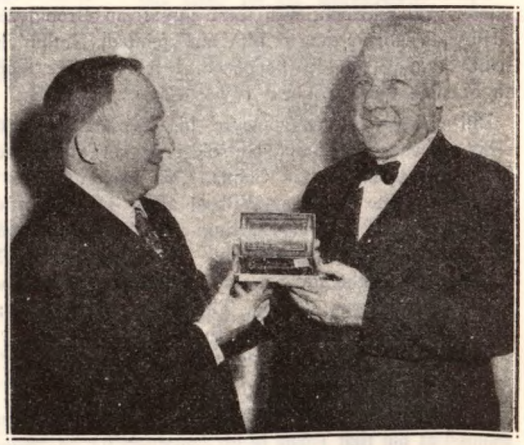


Everybody wins in this game of Give and Take. Ezzard Charles is just as happy receiving the heavyweight championship belt from THE RING *as Editor Nat Fleischer is presenting it to him.*

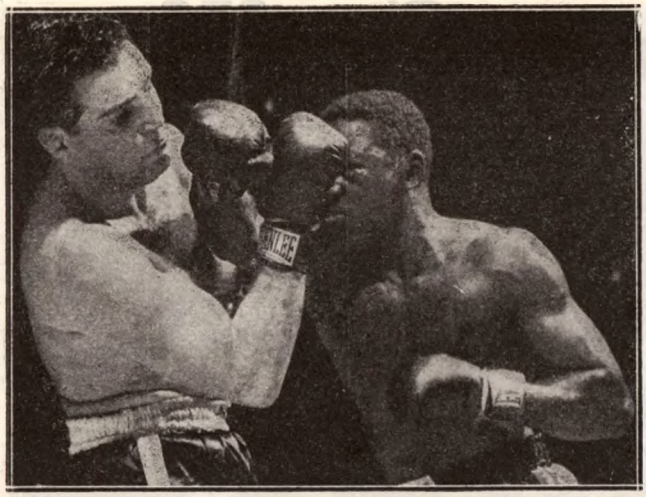
Present and Past Chairmen of the New York State Athletic Commission—Eddie Eagan (left), and Jim Farley—join forces in admiring belt awarded to Charles by Fleischer. Charles came in from his Pomptor Lakes camp to receive the award. Farley now is chairman of the Coco Cola Export Corporation.

Another happy individual is Ray Robinson. He received the Edward J. Neil Memorial Plaque from Joe Louis who represented the Boxing Writers. It was a well-deserved tribute to a great champion. Nat Fleischer, president of the B.W.A., is congratulating Sugar Ray.

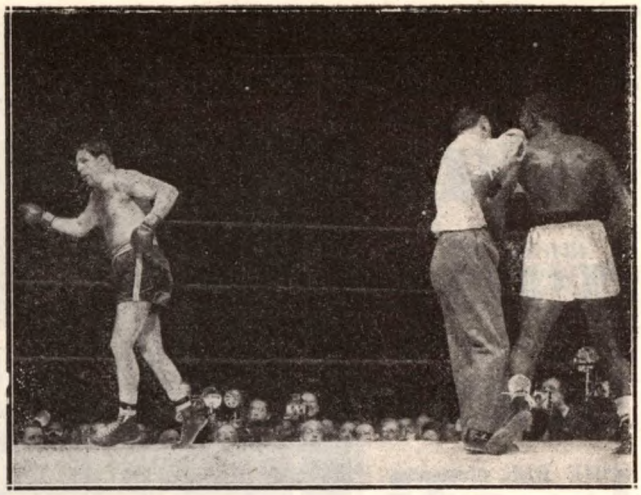
Four of a kind—and tough hands to beat—are these of Ray Robinson, Mayor Vincent R. Impellitteri of New York, Ezzard Charles and Joe Louis as they deal 'em out to one another during the evening's festivities.



Sam Taub, boxing writer and broadcaster, presents former world lightweight champion, Frank Erne, with award for long and meritorious service to boxing. Erne, 76, and oldest living ex-titleholder, has been active in recent years visiting hospitals, entertaining convalescent war veterans.



Lee Oma plays a tattoo on the injured eye of Ezzard Charles after a powerful right had crashed against the challenger's jaw.



Oma, in a daze, "shuffled off to Buffalo" as Referee Ruby Goldstein issues the "Cease Fire" order to Champion Charles.

Oma Takes Walk *on* Queer St.

By NAT FLEISCHER

EVER see a fighter on Queer Street? I did.

So did 11,504 spectators who paid $54,185 to watch Ezzard Charles in a title defense against Lee Oma in Madison Square Garden, and hundreds of thousands who watched the proceedings on television through the courtesy of the Gillette Razor Blade Company, a contest in which Charles stopped Oma in 1.19 of the tenth round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout.

I've seen many oddities in my long career as a sports writer, but few to equal the finish of this scrap.

Remember the night Tommy Loughran walked along the sides of the ring following a blow delivered by Leo Lomski?

Recall the night that Eddie Simms, following a powerful left hook to the jaw, looked up at Referee Arthur Donovan and remarked, "I'll take a walk"?

Who can forget the dramatic finish of the famous Stanley Ketchel-Philadelphia Jack O'Brien bout and the Joe Rivers-Ad Wolgast double knockdown?

The Charles-Oma mill will take its place with those in ring oddities. With Oma fumbling for footing as he wandered along the ropes somewhat similar to the occurrence in the Loughran-Lomski mill, the affair rates "one for the book."

The champion had some trouble catching up with the unpredictable Lee but once he got the range and was able to land effective blows, there was nothing to it. Left hooks, about fifteen in a row, crashed with rapid succession against Lee's jaw, and a couple of good body punches added for good measure, are what put Oma on "Queer Street."

His knees buckled under the barrage. He dropped his hands to his sides and faced his opponent without offering any defense against those socks.

His chin became a perfect target. There were many in the Garden gathering who believed that Oma was purposely inviting disaster. But such was not the case.

Charles had belted him with several jarring hooks, well placed and well timed, and those made Lee squirm. Within a jiffy he was a changed challenger. He became glassy-eyed and bewildered. Anyone watching that fight closely, could have noted it. It required no expert to see that Lee had shot his bolt and that he had been badly hurt.

THERE was no question of quitting raised among the ringside experts, but you couldn't convince many of the spectators who hooted the windup. Lee simply didn't know where he was nor what had happened. That was obvious based on his actions following the last solid shot to the chin he received. He then staggered towards the ropes, grasped the upper strand and as was the case of Loughran when he faced Lomski, Oma dragged himself along the side of the ring, faced the Forty-ninth Street side of the Garden and slowly, glassy-eyed, with a queer look on his face, he went around towards his corner in a daze.

Referee Ruby Goldstein, who despite catcalls from the large number of Oma supporters who apparently had taken the long 6 to 1 odds on him, did a splendid job, sensed danger and called a halt. The fight was over and Charles had successfully defended his title by scoring a knockout in 1.19 of the tenth round. It was an abrupt finish to a rather listless battle in which Charles was off form due to the cutie style of his opponent who can make any fighter look foolish.

Twice Ruby Goldstein took a round away from the champion for low hitting, but had he followed the cries of the Oma followers he would have relieved Charles of several more. However, the referee paid no attention to his critics and correctly so because many times when the cry of foul went up from the spectators, Charles' punches were landed in fair territory. They might have looked otherwise from the gallery view but ringsiders saw the punches landing in fair territory.

OMA'S handlers were to blame for the situation. They pulled Lee's tights well up above the border line to cover his flabby tummy, but this didn't fool Goldstein. On one occasion when he was admonished by Lee's chief of staff for not warning Ezzard, Ruby retorted, "Pull his trunks down before they choke him," and thereafter he no longer was harassed. It's an old trick and often works. The two times when Goldstein penalized Charles, he did so because Ezzard had tossed low blows, but those were the only ones for which he could have been warned.

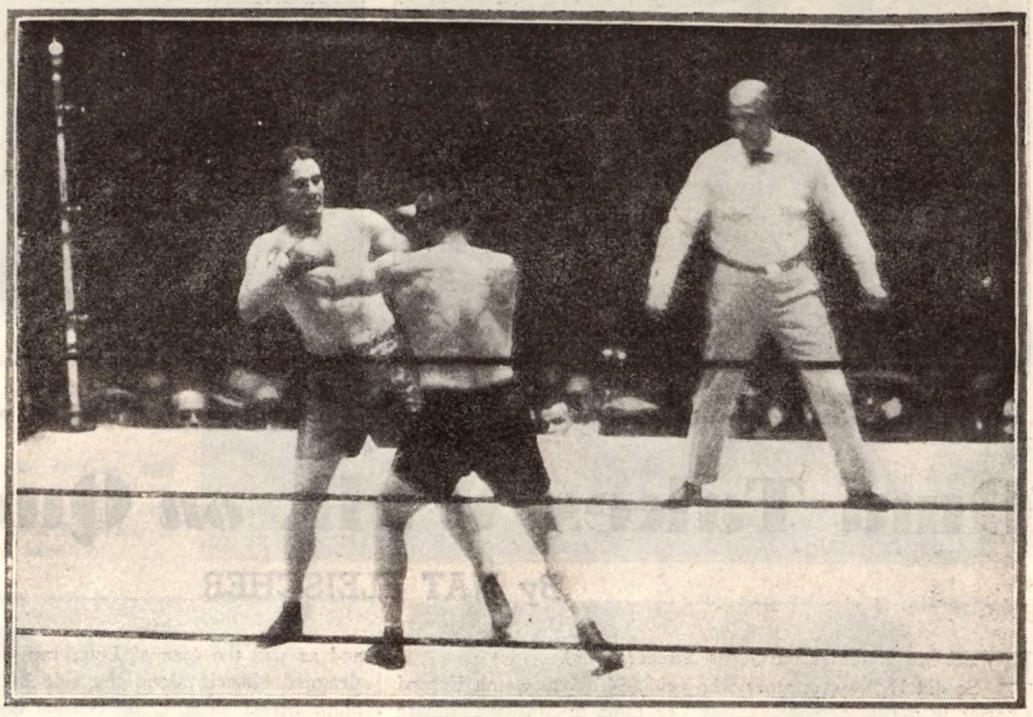
THE champion was an unhappy fellow when he left the ring because of the unsatisfactory ending and the lackadaisical manner in which he had performed but he blamed Oma for the poor showing.

"I don't know what I have to do to earn applause," he said. "No matter how I fight I just don't seem to please most of the fight fans. Why? I don't know. They don't appreciate me but some day, perhaps, the tide will turn.

"I hit Lee around the waist line but he had his tights up high and I suppose it looked like I was hitting him low. But I don't think I was. He fights with his hands low, braced against his body in such a manner that my punches glanced off them. In addition he has a high waist line. *(Continued on page 48)*

Irish Eyes *are* Smiling

By
BILLY WILLIAMS



An All-Irish battle for the 175-pound championship pitted Tommy Loughran (left) against Mike McTigue in Madison Square Garden on October 27, 1927. Loughran won the decision and title in 15 rounds.

THE Irish, once predominant in the fistic scene, haven't much to cheer about these days. There isn't one son or nephew of the Ould Sod listed among the current world champions, and not more than a half-dozen are rated as serious title contenders.

Time does move along, and with it go old standards and habits. It doesn't seem so far back when every boxing class, from ponderous heavyweight down to tiny flyweight, was loaded with Irish talent. Consider, for instance, the decade from 1921 through 1930. In those years, the parade of world champions with the Irish touch included Mike O'Dowd, Johnny Kilbane, Jack Britton, Joe Lynch, Mickey Walker, Mike McTigue, Jimmy Goodrich, Bud Taylor, Tommy Freeman, Jimmy Slattery, Tommy Loughran and Gene Tunney. (And record books credit Jack Dempsey with being half-Irish.)

The Green began to fade in the next ten years, 1931-1940, when the production of Irish world champions was limited to Freddie Steele, Jimmy McLarnin, Jim Braddock, Ken Overlin and Billy Conn.

During the recent span from 1941 through 1950, only Freddie (Red) Cochrane and Rinty Monaghan succeeded in reaching the tops of their respective divisions.

And now, with 1951 well under way, there isn't an Irish champion in any of the ring's eight weight classes! Sure, and 'tis a sorry state of affairs, indeed. Shades of John L. Sullivan, Jack McAuliffe, Jim Corbett, Terry McGovern and the other mighty men of yore!

BUT the outlook for the Irish in the more or less immediate future isn't entirely bleak and cheerless. There is something better than an outside chance that the next year or two may see a scion of Old Erin reaching the lofty estate of a world championship.

If and when Ray Robinson elects to give up the welterweight title, Billy Graham of New York's East Side figures to be a strong entry in any elimination series to determine a new boss of the 147-pounders.

Another Gothamite, Paddy Young of Greenwich Village, has been moving steadily up the middleweight scale.

One of the better newcomers to the top brackets of the lightweight listings is Del Flanagan of St. Paul, unbeaten so far in 51 professional bouts, and a recent surprise winner over Sandy Saddler in Detroit.

Despite his disappointing performance against the Frenchman, Ray Famechon, in Madison Square Garden, Del's brother, Glen, cannot be entirely ignored in any discussion concerning featherweight possibilities. Glen Flanagan is a considerably better ringman than his showing against Famechon would seem to indicate.

Though they cannot claim him exclusively as one of their own, the Irish have a "half-interest" in Rex Layne, rugged Utah youngster, who rates as one of the nation's most promising heavyweights. Layne is of blended Irish and German stock.

But it is in the light-heavyweight ranks that the Irish are centering most of their interest these days. They have two strong title contenders in Bob Murphy and Harry (Kid) Matthews.

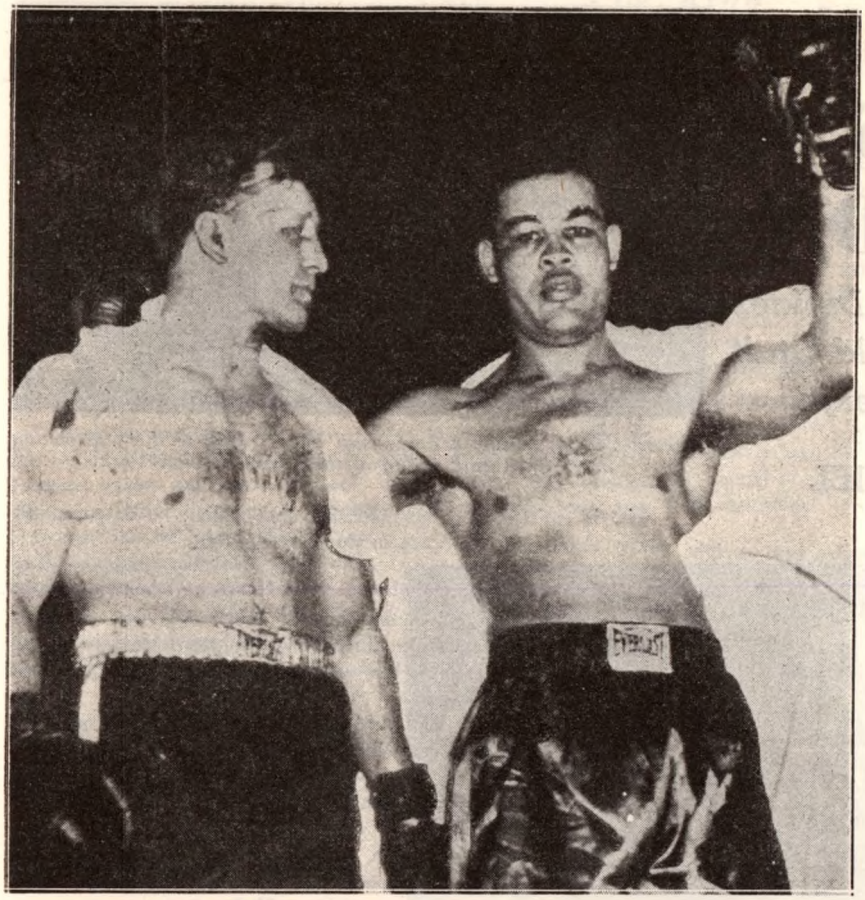
Whether Murphy or Matthews possesses the necessary qualifications to relieve Italian Joey Maxim of the 175-pound laurels is anybody's guess. Maxim is about as shifty a boxer and cagey a ring general as there is in the industry today. But neither Murphy nor Matthews would lack enthusiastic support in a meeting with Joey.

One of the ring's all-time greats was Jack Dillon, a blend of Irish and Scottish, who held light-heavy title from 1912 to 1916.

Murphy, a red-headed Irishman out of San Diego, Calif., by way of Colorado and the United States Navy, is about as spectacular a performer as the ring has produced in recent years. There's nothing fancy or flashy in his modus operandi. He is a fighter, pure and simple—ever ready and willing to take a punch to get one over. Though a southpaw, he punches almost as effectively with his right fist as with his left. Bombing Bob's record of 48 knockouts in 55 professional bouts represents the most prolific clouting percentage the trade has known since Joe Louis was blasting out the opposition in his heyday.

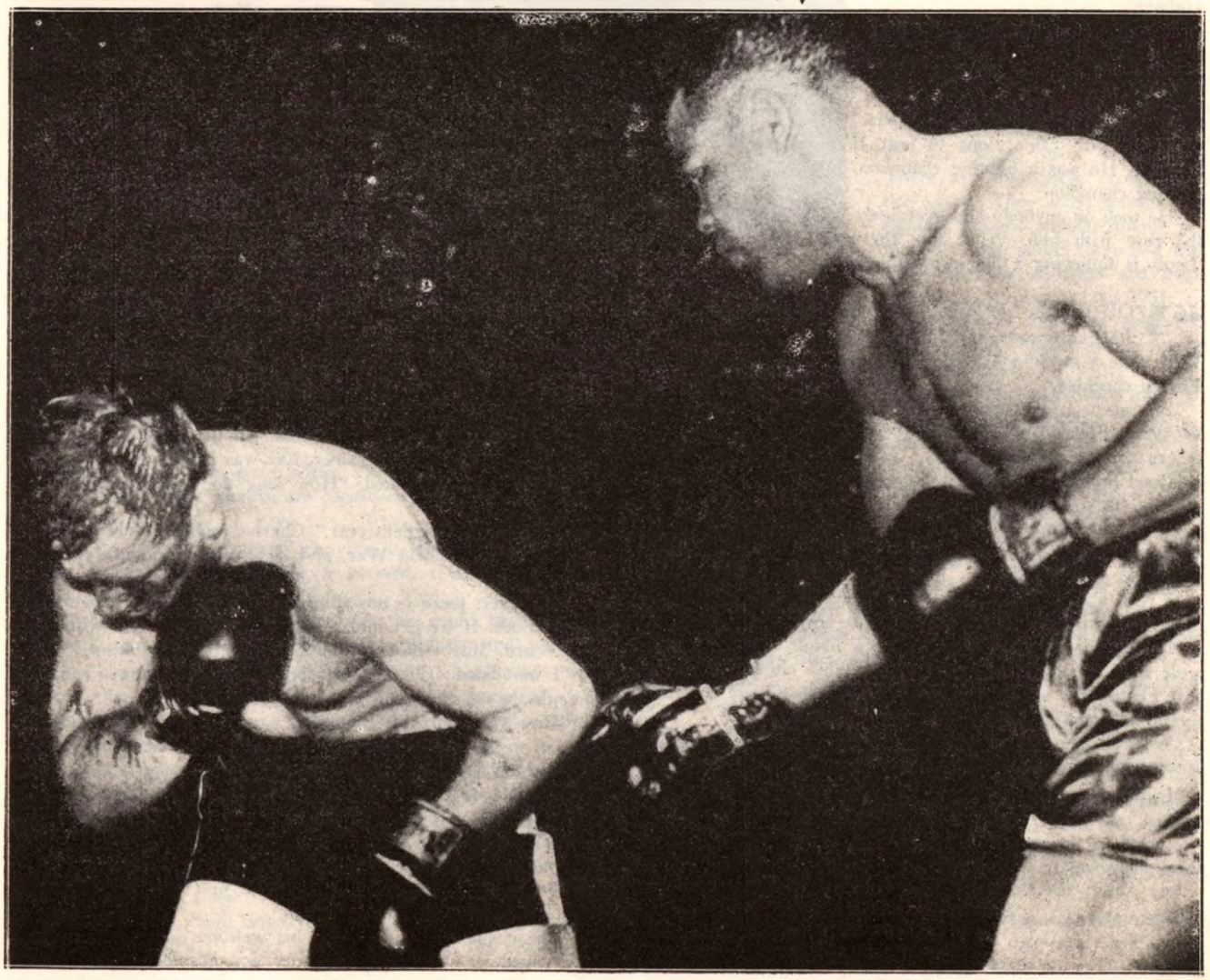
Matthews, originally out of Oklahoma, but now an adopted Oregonian, is another prodigious belter who specializes in stopping his rivals inside the limit. Harry's complete *(Continued on page 37)*

The Brown Bomber Comes *to* Life



Trim as he hasn't been since long before his retirement, Joe Louis stands with Freddie Beshore after having stopped him in the fourth round in Detroit.

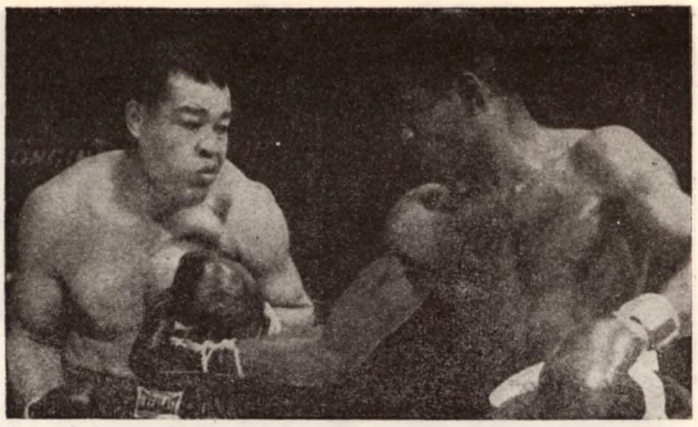
Below—Freddie Beshore, battered into a sickening mess by the Brown Bomber, is unable to protect himself. The referee called a halt at the request of the club physician. Louis at 210 pounds, his lowest in several years, was sharper and hit more accurately than in his previous "comeback" battles.



CHARLES GLIMPSES *no* CONFUSION

Heavyweight Champion Derides "No Talent" Holler as Old Stuff He Read in Baer's Reign

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



Ezzard Charles halting a Louis rush with a right to the mid-section in the thirteenth round of their fight in New York.

"THERE is no confusion," said Ezzard Charles, heavyweight champion of the world. He had met Lee Oma, and now was looking forward to a Florida engagement with Jersey Joe Walcott.

"There is no confusion in the heavyweight division," Charles continued.

"It is the same old story year after year. All you hear and read is, 'There are no real boxers. There is a dearth of talent. The game is going to pot. There is no young talent, and the veterans are too far gone.'

"As I see it, I am the champion, and rating myself, a good one.

"I am confronted with a lot of talent. Some fine young prospects are coming up, and there are many interesting matches available.

"Do you remember what they said before I came along? They insisted that Joe Louis would have to quit and turn in the title because no one would be able to dispute his supremacy.

"Away back when Maxie Baer was the champion, I read that there were no worthwhile contenders.

"Then Louis came along to beat Jimmy Braddock and gain the title. He was a fighting champion, just as I intend to be a fighting champion.

"He took on anybody and everybody who had a right to enter the ring with him. What was the result? The papers said, 'Louis is following a bum-a-month program.'

"YOU see, the world is SO wise, it believes it must be on its guard every minute, so that it may not be fooled. Well, take a good look at the world and give me the answer," Ezzard chuckled.

"You go to a night club, and some comedian pulls a joke. The listeners sit back bored, because they think they have the answer before the joke is completed.

"Good heavens, there must be some order somewhere. Things can't be all confusion in everything.

"I do not expect the fight fans to accept me as the Louis counterpart. Maybe I am, maybe I am not. But I deserve the chance to prove myself.

"I read about Stephen Foster, the song writer. When he was alive, they said, 'This bum can't compose any music. He's a joke.'

"During his lifetime, Foster had a tough time keeping the wolf from the door. Times when he didn't either. Now I read that Foster was a genius. So where does that leave the heavyweight situation? In confusion?"

Charles began to laugh. "Yes, there sometimes is real confusion," he said.

"In his recent fight with Archie Moore, Oakland Billy Smith walked out of the ring. Now, that was confusion. The fighter explained in the dressing room, 'I was confused. I don't know what happened to me.'"

Ray Arcell, Charles' trainer, broke into the conversation.

"That Moore is a fine boxer, especially since he is around 34. Now, there is a man who has had few chances to cash in on his skill. They do these things better in England, where a man who is entitled to a championship shot cannot be detoured the way some contenders are in the United States."

"I DIDN'T detour Moore," said Charles. "I met him three times, and he is a fine fighter."

"Yes, you did meet him thrice, and that third time, in Cleveland, when you stopped him—well, it was a fine fight," Arcell countered.

We talked about the Louis-Beshore fight in Detroit, in which Freddie had been stopped in the fourth heat by a trimmer Joe than the ring had seen in some time.

"I watched that fight over television, and it was very interesting," said Charles.

"Did it surprise me? No, not in any detail. I figured Louis would win the way he did, and the fact that he turned the trick in four rounds was not surprising, either.

"You see, Beshore is the kind of fighter Louis would like to meet all the time. Freddie has no punch, and he is not likely to worry anybody much.

"Louis looked good, and he punched well. His general showing was improved. But I had looked for that."

The interviewer said, "How do you size up the heavyweight situation? You must have some rating in your mind, and you must have some plan."

"Yes, I have plans," Ezzard replied. "But I do not let them worry me. Our scheme is, one fight at a time, and keep working. I do not let the next fight bother me until the one on the program is well out of the way.

"I have told you that I want to be a fighting champion. I mean that. I believe that fighting often relieves the tedium of long waits, and long training sessions."

MEANWHILE, there had been considerable good natured horseplay around the room, at the expense of Jimmy Brown, Charles' rotund trainer. Ezz was in high humor.

The interviewer asked, "How long do you believe you will go on fighting?"

"I am in my thirtieth year," Charles replied. "I am a veteran of the second World War, and right now, I do not expect to be called.

"However, there is no telling. There may be a change in the regulations. If we get into a total war, all the rules will go by the board. Maybe boxing, too. Let's not talk pessimism.

"I am listed 1C, which is the rating of veterans. I had 32 months in the European theatre.

"However, let us contemplate a normal career in the ring. I plan to go right on fighting until I detect that I have slowed up and have too little to offer."

"Would you be likely to be the first to detect this?" Charles was asked.

"Well, sometimes the athlete finds out about his slipping after spectators have noted it.

"But I am sure that I will be the first to know if I have begun to slide down the toboggan.

"The champion who outlasts his welcome is a sucker."

I asked if Charles was making any allusion to some other

fighter—pointedly to Louis, and Ezz said, "Joe looked good against Beshore and gave the fans a show."

CHARLES is moving toward one objective, an outdoor fight in New York next June.

Just whom Ezz will meet is not clear. The way things shape up, he should be tackling Lee Savold, who, after he had knocked out Bruce Woodcock, declined the chance to meet Louis.

The supposition is that Savold will take on Charles, and that Charles is eager to meet Lee.

However, there is a possibility that Savold, who next June will be 35 years of age, actually is not eager to have anything to do with the man who did everything to Louis but knock him out.

It may be that when the time comes for Savold to make up his mind about a 1951 outdoor program, he will turn toward London again, and take on Jack Gardner, the new English champion, who disposed of Woodcock not so very long ago.

If not Savold, who? Would any of the younger contenders draw with Charles? Would it not be wise to side-track men like Rocky Marciano and Bob Murphy until 1952? Would it not be wise to let Rex Layne get another year of experience before thinking of Charles?

Meanwhile, Charles appears to be headed for a Florida fight with the aged Jersey Joe Walcott, who was whipped by Layne in New York's Garden in a ten-round fight.

It might be a good stunt to attempt the revival of the winter glories of Miami's ring in the days when the Garden put on Jack Sharkey and Phil Scott, Young Stribling and Sharkey, and Carnera and Loughran.

AS Charles surveys the field for fresh conquests — and fresh money, for this heavyweight champion of the world has yet to cash in on his title — there looms, in the distance, a somewhat familiar figure. He is Joe Louis.

When, last September, in Yankee Stadium, Charles gave Louis a thorough shellacking, it was believed that Joe had been disposed of for good insofar as competition for the title was concerned. But such is not the case, apparently.

There are many competent critics who, despite Louis' victory over Beshore in four rounds, are convinced that, as a contender, Joe is through.

However, there are others who see in the man who gave Beshore a convincing whipping, a revived, refurbished Louis, worthy of re-examination.

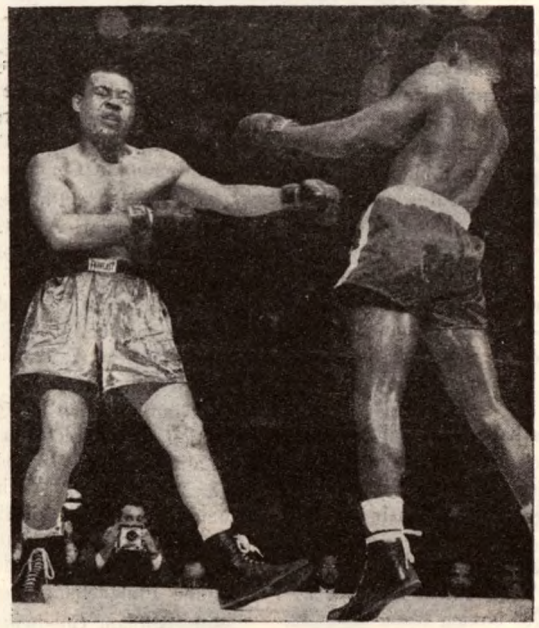
"The way Louis looked against me, he could have beaten Charles," said Beshore, certainly not a disinterested witness.

In any event, there are close students of the situation who will tell you that in June, 1951, Charles will engage neither Savold nor any of the fresh crop of heavyweights, but will give Louis another chance.

Of course, everything depends on the way the Louis comeback campaign proceeds.

If Joe goes right on fighting target Beshores, it will take a lot of convincing to get the fans to pay their dough for another Charles-Louis engagement.

If Louis takes on a few of the better exemplars, and beats them, the cry for a return bout between Ezz and Joe will become strong enough to sidetrack all other suggested matches for next June.



Here's a photo that indicates how badly Louis was whipped by Ezzard when Charles clinched world honors in their bout at the Yankee Stadium.

It has been suggested that Louis take on Rex Layne, conqueror of Jersey Joe Walcott, Marciano, LaStarza and possibly Murphy.

In any event, we have a heavyweight champion who says he is as willing to fight as was Louis when Joe held the title.

We have a Louis on a comeback trail who says that to retain the form he achieved against Beshore, he must go right on fighting.

We have a fight public eager to give Charles every chance to prove himself a great champion, and to give Louis every chance to stage a comeback.

Thus we face a combination of circumstances which augurs well for 1951 as a heavyweight year of interest and important developments—unless we run into an all-out war.

If, as Louis' connections insist, Joe must have a fight every month to keep his edge, and he follows that regimen with success, it would seem that a return fight with Charles in June would be inevitable.

No boxing critic in the country wishes Louis ill. He has behind him a newspaper support which is reminiscent of the popular wave on which Jack Dempsey continued to ride after he had lost twice to Gene Tunney, and the like of which has favored no other former heavyweight champion since.

The experts would like to see Louis rehabilitate himself, get his income tax tangles settled, and fight his way into that return match with Ezzard.

YET, how much better for the game would it be if one of those kids came along and belted Joe right into a real retirement?

The heavyweight division is all set for some such development. There are impressive prospects in the game. They may seem to be fighting against popular apathy and disbelief. But, unless there is a war, those kid heavyweights are going to have a lot to say about 1951.

That is, if there is intelligent matchmaking, and a determination to give merit and ambition their just dues.

Asked how one feels when he attains the goal of his ambition, in his case, the world heavyweight crown, Ezzard replied:

"The sensation of being a champion of the world is difficult to describe. It's a nice feeling even if I haven't made much money out of the title to date. At least I know I've reached the top."

Then Charles went on to state that a champion must win every day. "You've got to win in the gymnasium workouts as much as as you've got to win in a real contest if you expect to become a popular champion. In the gym, it's like a fight every day. You can't afford to let your sparring mate get a decision over you.

"Those are the things a champion is up against. In my fight with Oma, I was faced with what critics call a cutie but I was never in doubt that eventually I'd get my man and I did. Body punches did it. I weakened him as I did Joe Louis and I'm satisfied that I can carry on against the world's best and keep on top. As for Louis, if he wants a second chance, I'll give it to him. But it's entirely up to him and Promoter Jim Norris. I want to make some money out of my title and if Louis continues to improve as he did in the Beshore fight, he and I can draw a good house next summer," concluded the champion.

All of which brings us right back to the point from which we started.

"There is no confusion in the heavyweight class," says Ezzard Charles. "Just misapprehension."

WAR CASUALTIES

Boxing Is Beginning to Feel the Full Effect of the Bloody "Police Action" in Korea—Many Pugilists Killed

By JOHNNY SALAK

THE boxing game, just recovering from the second World War and an acute attack of television's growing pains, is now beginning to feel the full effect caused by the bloody "police action" in Korea and another imminent global war.

With full mobilization and the call-up of eighteen year olds in view the sport will be giving up its young blood, those boys who have just turned professional and would normally in a few years be the ranking fighters. Already many of the "name" fighters among the youngsters have heard the call and are in training for the battle of their lives.

As the war spreads it will be natural that there will be a curtailment of international bouts which have flourished and aided the sport tremendously over the past several years. From the ruins of this we will see very little professional prize ring action in any country save the United States. Just now the Continent—namely, France, Germany, Italy and Spain—have developed a number of fighters who are ready to make their bids for world honors. It is reasonable to believe that they will soon have to confine their activity to their own locale or give up the sport entirely.

Boxing has always been one of the leading contributors to a war effort—be it in raising funds, donating equipment and the time of its personalities or—the all-important—supplying the services with well-conditioned, able bodied men for the fierce and murderous job of soldiering.

IN the Korean effort, where casualties have been high, the men of the game have quietly and efficiently led the way, sans publicity, knowing how to fight, charging against insurmountable odds, holding in the face of grim death—doing their jobs as Americans soldiers.

PFC. L. C. Barrow, writing from Korea, says:

"The athletic-minded 24th Infantry Regiment of the 25th Division has lost 10 of its 13 man 1949-1950 boxing team, including its 1950 All-Army heavyweight champion, Levi Jackson, as a result of the fighting in Korea.

"Four of the men who won every fight in their 1949 Division boxing meet were killed in action, two more are officially missing, and four were seriously wounded and evacuated.

"Oddly enough, only four 24th athletes have been killed in action and all four were boxers."

LEVI JACKSON was one of the outfit's biggest losses. Jackson lost his last battle while protecting two wounded comrades from mortar fragments in the fighting near Hamam, South Korea, August 13. Using his own body as a shield the 26-year-old medical aid man received a mortal wound. He has been posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the military's second highest honor, for his heroic sacrifice.

Three other 24th Regiment boxers gave up their lives. Albert Symon, from Oakland, Calif., All-Japan welterweight champion in 1950 whose scientific boxing earned him the "Outstanding 1st Corps Boxer of 1949" award, was killed soon after Jackson. Light-heavyweight Isaiah Williams and middleweight Alfred Johnson were the others.

Two boxers who are missing in action are flyweight George Reed, Philadelphia, Pa., and All-Japan bantamweight champion Eugene Young, of Chicago, Ill.

Robert Barrow, who finished as runner-up in the 1950 All-Army flyweight tournament, was wounded and evacuated during the fighting in the Hamam-Masan area as were middleweight Sidney Barrier, of Paterson, N. J., featherweight James Johnson, Norfolk, Va., and Howard "Big Boy" Williams.

"Big Boy" retired from active boxing after winning the All-Army heavyweight title in 1949. The 210 pound Texan was wounded while leading his platoon in an assault upon "Battle Mountain," a hill which changed hands 13 times in less than a week of bitter fighting.

A NUMBER of other boxers, both amateur and professional, have already given their lives or have been seriously wounded in the Korean "police action." Unfortunately the list of dead among fighters is incomplete and details of their gallant and heroic deeds are missing.

Here is Boxing's Honor Roll in Korea:

Mike Harley, known in the ring as "White Mike," was killed while on patrol during the delaying action in the agonizing winter fighting. Failing to return, a platoon later recaptured the territory and found the remains of their buddy. He had been hacked to death by the Communist hordes.

Cpl. Charles A. Phillips, 18, died September 5 of wounds received in combat. A Mt. Clemens, Mich., youth, he was well known as an amateur boxer.

Pvt. Morris W. Johns, of Jacksonville, Fla., became the first fighter from that city to die in the Korean War, it was reported on September 25.

PFC. Richard A. Thompkins, former Columbus, Ohio, amateur, reported killed in action.

Lou Jamison, San Diego, Calif., professional fighter, was killed in action during September. A lightweight, he had started boxing in California in 1948 and had ten bouts that year.

R. M. (Bobby) Williams, former professional fighter from Dunmore, Pa., was killed in action in Korea, October 29, 1950. A veteran of World War II, Williams reenlisted in 1948 in the army. As a boxer he had appeared in Madison Square Garden and the Philadelphia area, and had lost only one fight.

Sgt. William Goodwin, from Coquille, Ore., a good amateur fighter, was reported as the first fighter to die in action in Korea. With the air force in World War II, he was shot down over Yugoslavia and wounded. Goodwin reenlisted in the Air Force in 1947 and was sent to Japan.

Cliff Gregory, former New Jersey Golden Glove champion, was killed in an auto crash while serving with the U.S. Navy in Hawaii. Gregory, an Elizabeth, N. J., boy, turned professional in 1942 and fought four years as a featherweight. In 1943 he served in the U.S. Army.

During World War II, THE RING Magazine recorded on its Honor Rolls the outstanding fact that close to 5,000 professional fighters, active and retired, were in various branches of the armed forces serving their country, 35 world champions among them.

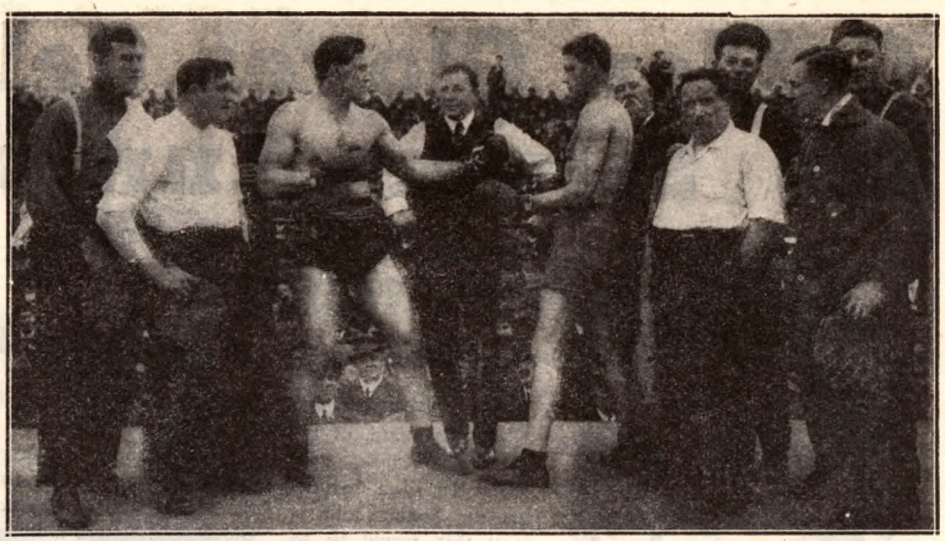
One can easily add to that number several thousand more professional fighters of our gallant Allies who joined the colors in the cause of peace and freedom.

Among these boxers there were scores who were killed in action, and literally hundreds who were wounded or missing in action.

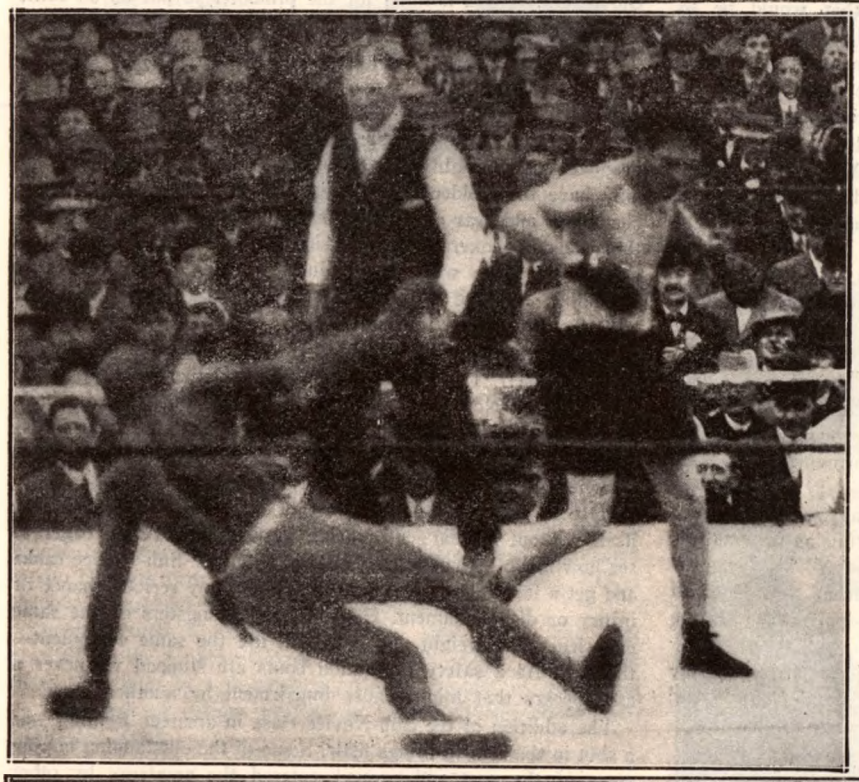
Figures on amateur fighters were unreported, but it would be safe to assume that there were at least like numbers who were in service and made the Great Sacrifice.

THE RING Magazine urges that the names of all fighters, amateur and professional, going into service, wounded or killed in action, be sent to us with full particulars so that their great contribution to this country in time of war does not go totally unnoticed.

Old Timer's Album



A memorable holiday battle was the meeting New Year's afternoon, 1914, of Arthur Pelkey (left), and Gunboat Smith in Daly City, Calif., for the "white heavyweight title." Eddie Smith (center), refereed. The white-shirted gentlemen in the rival corners were the managers—Tommy Burns, former heavyweight champion, piloting Pelkey, and Jim Buckley, handling Smith. Just over Gunboat's shoulders can be seen the face of silvery-mustached Tim Jordan, noted announcer. Smith won by a kayo in the 15th.



A dramatic moment in Middleweight Champion Stanley Ketchel's gallant bid for the heavyweight title was the startling knockdown scored over giant Jack Johnson in the 12th round in Colma City, Calif., Oct. 16, 1909. The powerful Johnson, incensed at the indignity, rose from the canvas to batter his smaller opponent into a knockout.

An historic gathering that led to boxing's first million-dollar extravaganza—the Jack Dempsey-Georges Carpentier bout at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, July 2, 1921. Sitting (left to right)—Dempsey, Bill Brady, Charles B. Cochran, Tex Rickard, Carpentier and his manager, Francois Descamps. Standing—Dempsey's manager, Jack Kearns; "Wild Bill" Lyons, Bob Edgren and three members of Madison Square Garden's legal department. Brady and Cochran bid against Rickard for the match, but dropped out of the competition when Rickard guaranteed the unheard-of figures of $300,000 to Dempsey and $200,000 to Carpentier.

Golden Gloves Celebrates Its Silver Anniversary

Twenty-five Years Has Brought Golden Gloves from a Chicago Tournament to an International Classic

By NAT LOUBET

Joey Maxim, another star of the Golden Gloves who reached the top rung of the ladder in the pro ranks.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Archie Ward, of the Chicago *Tribune*, conceived an idea for an amateur boxing tournament that would be so controlled as to do away with the evils of amateur boxing as it was being practiced at that time.

Paul Galico, of the New York *Daily News*, liked the program so well that he adopted it and named it the "Golden Gloves." By 1928 Chicago and New York began an inter-city tournament to determine the top dogs between the two teams.

Within a short period cities all over the United States had picked up the yearly competition. At this reading every nook and cranny has its aspirant for Golden Gloves honors and foreign teams often compete with U.S. contingents, bringing the Golden Gloves into an international sphere.

New York and Chicago are the hubs of a two team system that finds Chicago playing host to all the hopefuls as far south as Texas and west to the Pacific Coast. New York's "empire" stretches over the entire Atlantic seaboard, from New England to Florida and everything east of the Mississippi not within the territorial scope of the Chicago team.

As for the moola gathered by the various phases of the tournament, it all is turned into the *Tribune's* and *Daily News'* Welfare Funds, which in turn pass on the money to charities.

IT IS only natural that youngsters thinking of a career in boxing should thirst for a knockout punch and a Golden Gloves crown.

The Golden Gloves is, in one respect, to the amateur what television is to the pro—both give recognition in one large dose rather than the long hard road of the old days.

Before Golden Gloves tourneys got under way, the amateurs fought in club smokers, small arenas, with inadequate equipment and supervision. They awaited a chance to show in the A.A.U. and the Olympics. Contrast this to the sub novice Golden Glovers who in some cases are mapped, heralded and gold plated after working their way through two or three contests.

Prior to the Golden Gloves the national championships of the Amateur Athletic Union were the classic events for the simon pures of the American ring.

These fights produced quite a few great professionals and were most interesting events.

However, as time went on, the A.A.U. lost control over its own creation. Amateur boxing in this country developed rackets. True amateurs became as scarce as mastodons in Indiana. Amateur, so-called, promoters became professional business men.

It was inevitable that this activity should become discredited, and it looked as if simon pure, and even semi-pro boxing, would go into the limbo of the forgotten.

Then along came the Golden Gloves, and amateur boxing not only was saved, but was directed into channels which have produced varied benefits for the boxers, and for the sport in general.

The Golden Gloves have improved the management, conditions and equipment used by the simon pures. Matching amateurs in the various classes was not exactly scientific before the Golden Gloves era. It was nothing for the promoter to put on a "Mutt and Jeff" act. Size and weight differences of unbelievable variety were often witnessed.

PROFESSIONAL boxing depends on the amateurs to act as the incubator and the Golden Gloves have a history of producing some mighty fine talent for the professional field. Not only have the Golden Gloves given to the boxing world many champions and near champions, but if one peruses the list of the thousands of boxers competing in the United States, the percentage of those who are products of the Golden Gloves is incredible. Most of the stars of pugilism have been associated with Golden Gloves tournaments.

The two divisions into which all entrants are sorted is a master stroke in itself. The "Open Class" with its experienced amateurs and the "Sub-Novice Class," consisting of youngsters who have never competed in amateur boxing prior to entering their initial Golden Gloves tourney. The latter, when conceived, was what Charlie McCarthy is to Edgar Bergen.

Here at last the fighting spirit of our youth could manifest itself without the danger of being overmatched. A lad eager to see how much he has on the ball, can enter the Sub-Novice ranks and get a fair appraisal of himself without any serious chance of injury or disillusionment. He will fight youngsters of the same experience and weight and both will use the same equipment—the best. As a safety precaution bouts are stopped whenever a cut appears that might cause impairment by another blow.

The addition of the Sub-Novice class in amateur fighting was a shot in the arm to things fistic. Some of the outstanding boxing stars of the past and present entered the amateurs by other ways than the Golden Gloves and many lost their early fights because they had to face lads far more experienced than themselves. Joe Louis had this happen to him in his first outing in amateur ranks. Who was his opponent? None other than John Miler, an amateur champion.

Result? Louis was on the floor several times. Joe then went on to enter the Golden Gloves and in 1934 he won the light-heavy title, attracting wide attention.

Then Joe garnered pro fame, but many a youth facing the same trials and tribulations and possessing top drawing talent either never took a chance under the old system, or else got a shot in which he faced a champ and was so disillusioned that he gave up the ghost.

Under the Golden Gloves regime the medical checkup

Barney Ross, who went from Golden Gloves to a world championship.

Tony Zale, who rose to the heights after graduating from the Golden Gloves.

deserves mention. In time past the simon-pure gathered himself an A.A.U. card and on an amateur night he would appear, present his card, and get an intensive examination . . . of his A.A.U. card—which lasted almost as long as it took to read the name.

The young boxer was then stamped "ready" and if lucky he received someone near his own size and experience. In those days it was almost as important to have a hard head, a good pair of uppers and "learned feet" as it was to possess ability with one's hands. Officials were not of the best. Today the Golden Gloves officials throughout the country are top men.

Contrast such a situation with the strict exam the kids enrolled in the Golden Gloves go through. They are screened closer than bugs by a microscope. And the results are gratifying . . . the lack of serious injuries in Golden Gloves competition speaks for itself.

THE list of pugilists who have made good with a vengeance in the professional ranks begins with the great Brown Bomber, Joe Louis, and runs on like the cross ties on a railroad track: Bob Pastor, Melio Bettina, Gus Lesnevich, Joey Maxim, Ray Robinson, Solly Kreiger, Tony Zale, Pete Scalzo, Bob Olin, Lem Franklin, Tami Mauriello, Ed Murphy, Sal Bartolo, Phil Terranova, Lou Salica, Harold Dade, and the first Glover to win a world title, Barney Ross, when he garnered the lightweight title from Tony Canzoneri in 1933.

These are only a few of the many who graduated from the Golden Gloves to a successful cash on the line career.

The Golden Gloves have caused a resurgence of enthusiasm over the amateurs by fans all over the U.S. There are many reasons for this. A promoter can get together a card of amateurs with very little expense and can make a few kopeks with only a small attendance. Also the headaches of matchmaking are not as prevalent as in the pro field. Each bout is usually a "war" with the fans getting action from bell to bell. The evil practices of the pre-Golden Gloves days are no longer in evidence. The influence of the Golden Gloves tournaments has been felt with noted improvement in clubs where amateur competition is staged.

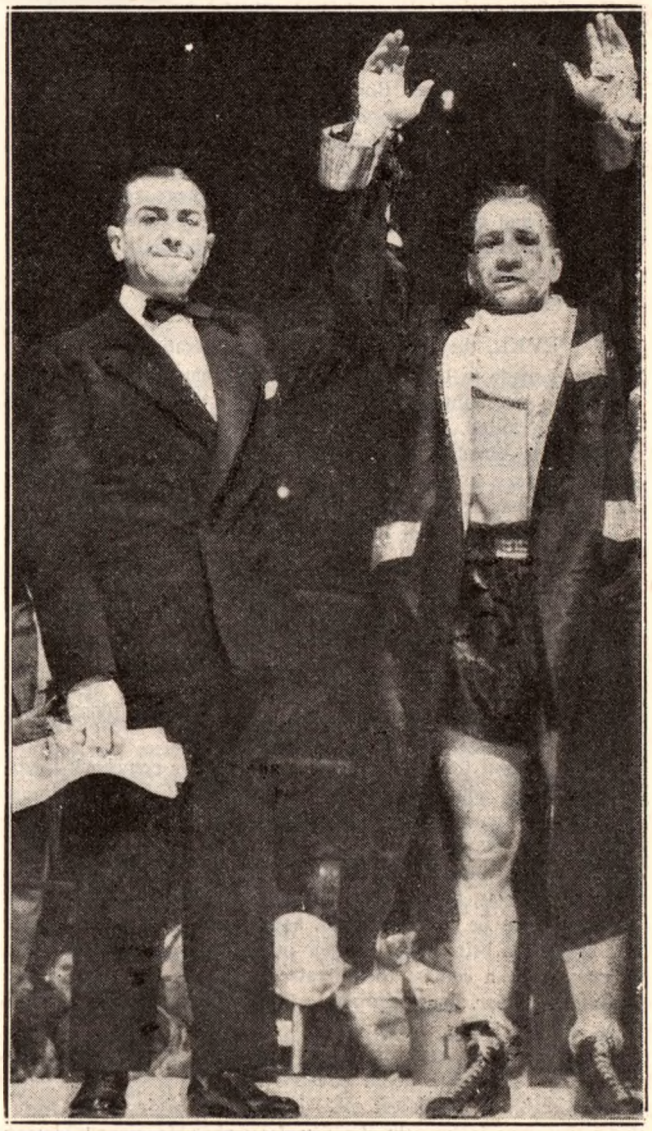
The importance of this trend is evident. From the amateurs must come the professional stars of tomorrow and if the Golden Gloves and other amateur club tourneys turn out more and more talent, then before long this transfusion may manifest itself in the appearance of a "New Joe Louis."

Seventeen years have passed since Joe Louis won the light-heavyweight title in the Golden Gloves, going on to become its greatest graduate. Advocates of the "Gloves" tourneys point with pride to him, Barney Ross and Tony Zale as their standard bearers.

An oddity indigenous to the "Gloves" is that the stars of the Golden Gloves tourneys are not always the ones who later have shined in the pro world. Take Lem Franklin, Buddy Moore and last year's "great" Coley Wallace. All fell far short of the mark. Wallace still has a chance to redeem the promise he showed in the Golden Gloves. But his chances are not bright. The boys who have twinkled brightest in the pro rings have been the "second bests" for the most part. Joe Louis, Sugar Ray, Barney Ross, Gus Lesnevich, Tony Zale, to mention a few, were not the outstanding men of their Golden Gloves days. But how they came on!

A good looking youngster in the 1950 Golden Gloves, Johnny Saxton, competing as a pro in the welterweight division, has become a rated fighter in less than a year and bids fair to live up to his Golden Gloves record.

Of the current Golden Gloves, as we go to press, there is no single outstanding star but in the Open Class there is a trio of last year's men who look good. Frankie Ryff, 126; Manny Davis, at 135, and Ike Chestnut, at 118. Regardless of which men make the grade we can be sure that the Golden Gloves of 1951 will add to the pro field a new crop of promising youngsters.



Gus Lesnevich, Golden Gloves product, as he appeared in the Ring when he won the light-heavyweight crown.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Joe's Poundage Amazes Boxing Critics

Television Makes Deep Inroad in Boxing

West's Death Arouses N. Y. Lawmakers

A TRIM, 210-pound, physically-fit Joe Louis, in far better condition than he had appeared at any time since he decided to make a comeback in an attempt to regain the crown he had abdicated, stopped Freddie Beshore in the fourth round of their scheduled ten-rounder at the Detroit Olympia. Fighting as he should have the night he was outclassed by Ezzard Charles, the Brown Bomber battered his opponent into submission.

A gory sight, with the claret flowing freely from a broken nose and suffering a deep gash over the right eye, Beshore had to call it quits, thus giving Louis an opportunity to boom his stock for the return engagement with Charles which he hopes to get after a few more tune-up battles. It was a winning effort on the part of the former champion, a victory that made him look extremely good because it took Charles 14 rounds to do to Beshore what Louis had accomplished in four.

No one was surprised at the result. The big surprise came in the weight of the Brown Bomber who, at 210 pounds, was faster and sharper than in any of his bouts since coming out of retirement. But the fact that he failed to put Freddie down even once, though he bombarded him with good, solid blows, indicates that Joe has lost considerable of his punching powers as well as his speed. He had far better coordination than in the fights with Ezzard and Brion, thus causing many of the fistic experts to predict that with a couple of extra bouts under his belt, he'll stand a good chance of regaining the crown.

HOWEVER, they fail to take into consideration that Beshore was made to order for Louis. If Joe can display the same form against a fighter of the Charles type, then such conclusion will be warranted. But Beshore was a target for the Bomber's punches. The bloody-visaged Freddie stood flatfooted, thus giving Louis a chance to use him as he would a punching bag. It's a cinch that Charles won't be so foolish or so easy to handle.

The home gathering of 13,096 persons, who paid $41,425, rooted for Louis enthusiastically, an encouragement he well deserved. It perked him up and made him feel that the public at last is willing to concede that he still possesses a fair amount of his former fighting qualities and should be given the opportunity to reach the goal which he has set out for himself. Louis jubilantly told the scribes in his dressing room how delighted he was at his performance and remarked that he felt he was 100% better than against Charles at the Yankee Stadium.

The important thing to remember about Joe's comeback bouts, whether Louis admits it or not, is that he definitely is aiming at a second Charles battle and this already has been set by the International Boxing Club for early in June in New York, provided Joe comes through with his next two and final preliminary contests, one in Madison Square Garden and the other in Miami, Fla. To get the Charles bout, Louis must give evidence that he can do better than in their previous engagement in order to make such a contest the lucrative affair he and the Garden officials hope for, hence fighters who are shifty and speedy are being shunted to the sidelines in Joe's comeback mills.

The type picked must make Joe look good, therefore there is little one can judge from present performances. One thing was noticeable in his latest mill—he used his right often, something that was lacking in the Charles fight. He ripped jarring uppercuts and had a fine uppercut and hook combination. Perhaps he is getting there, but before I go on record, as did my good friend Bill Corum, in predicting that next June there will be a new world heavyweight king—Joe Louis—I want to see him against better competition than Freddie Beshore gave him.

DESPITE an off-year in boxing, by far the worst the sport has experienced in a decade, the International Boxing Club in its second year as a "chain store" organization, did pretty well financially when total gate receipts plus radio and television contracts are taken into consideration. Even without the aid of the last two, the I.B.C. grossed two million dollars, but that alone would have put the club in the red.

In Madison Square Garden, 230,081 persons paid $869,086 for 26 contests. The Saddler-Pep and the Charles-Louis contests at the Yankee Stadium yielded $464,488 additional. The St. Nick Arena grossed $147,994. The Chicago Stadium promotion yielded $247,133. In Detroit, the club took in $246,158, and in St. Louis, $32,116.

But while the I.B.C. came out ahead because, in addition to the above, the club's video and radio contracts brought in about $1,300,000, 22 clubs around the country were forced to close their doors because of television. Had the I.B.C. been forced to depend wholly on its box office receipts, the club over which Jim Norris presides would have been well in the red financially. The profit is wholly due to television.

In New York alone, three of the best smaller clubs—the Park Arena, the famous Broadway Club and the Sunnyside Arena, organizations from which talent for the major clubs was drawn—had to shut down.

In New Jersey, not one club operated. The hitherto lucrative organizations in Newark, Jersey City and Elizabeth found it more convenient to abandon boxing. Abe Greene, national commissioner of boxing for the N.B.A., and New Jersey's State Commissioner, had a staff but no boxing over which to rule.

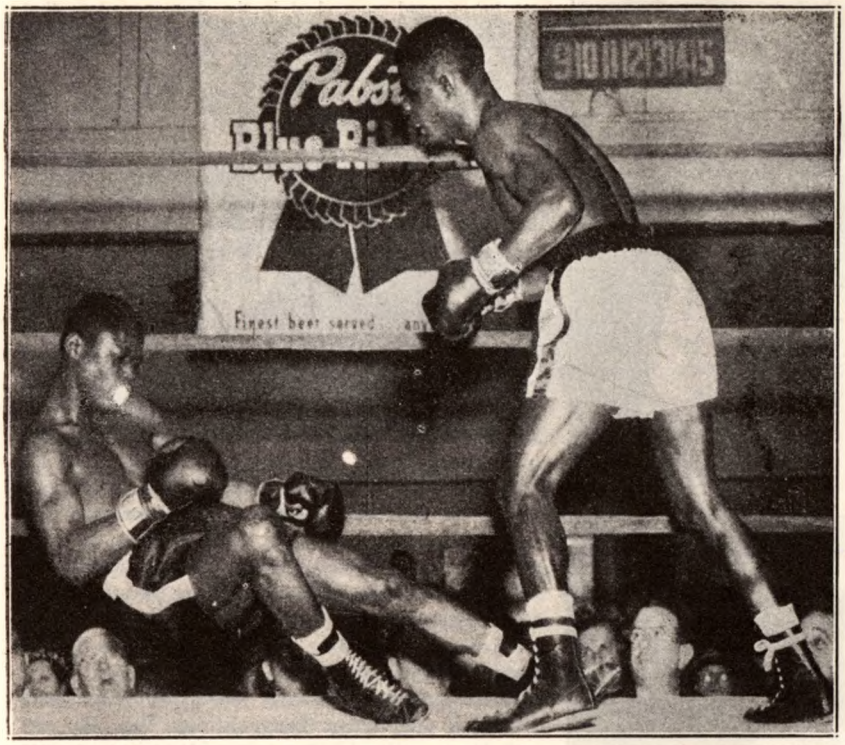
Never before has the sport been faced with such a problem.

A survey by THE RING of managers and promoters throughout the country indicates that conditions could be worse but we look for an improvement this year. We who have the interest of boxing at heart must face the facts and realize that, if conditions are to improve and if television expects to have this sport as its leading form of entertainment, then the sponsors must come to the rescue by paying for the empty seats for which television is responsible.

Though the I.B.C. officials deny that any such arrangements have been carried out thus far, or will be in the future, those in a position to know the facts assert that the Pabst Brewery paid Joe Louis the difference between what the actual gate was and what the fight with Caesar Brion might have drawn without television. The figure set by Louis reached $70,000 and the brewery made good up to that amount, said Brion's manager. He should know, since he handled one of the contestants.

Likewise it is reported that Jake LaMotta refused to sign for the fight with Ray Robinson until he was guaranteed that the sponsor of television would put into the net receipts the difference between the sale and the amount that could be realized were all ringside seats sold.

And that eventually will have to be the pattern for all championship fights of the future.



A blow from which he never recovered. Sonny Boy West of Washington is seen sinking to the canvas in the St. Nicholas Arena of New York after being hit a hard blow by Percy Bassett of Philadelphia. West died the following day. Both were in perfect physical condition and each had splendid records.

THE hue and cry for the death of boxing has been raised again following the fatality in the St. Nicholas Arena of New York, where Sonny Boy West of Washington was killed in a bout with Percy Bassett of Philadelphia. The fact that both lads were highly rated and that each was in prime physical condition prior to the contest so far as the Medical Advisory Board of New York could see, has not lessened the attacks. Bassett, ranked third best featherweight, and West, sixth in the lightweight class, were not in a mismatch.

The death of West was most unfortunate, coming as it did at a period of his career when the outlook for the future was extremely bright. But it was purely an accident, as much so as an airplane or automobile accident.

No matter how much precaution is taken by the boxing commissions, the element of danger in boxing, as in all contact sports, will continue. The wearing of headguards as initiated in Washington through the edict of Col. Harvey Miller, won't stop fatalities or severe injuries in the ring. I predict that there will be an increase in states where headguards are used.

Their use won't halt knockouts or injuries to the brain. The guard won't act as a shock absorber. It might help prevent cut eyes, but as for brain protection, we'll have as many as heretofore. Let's not kid ourselves on that point.

Over a stretch of months I have had reports from boxers using the headguard, and the general opinion is that a heavy punch that lands on the side of the head with such protective guard stuns the brain as much as does a blow landed on the forehead without such protection. Those who have used it also complain that it is a severe handicap in other respects. They find that with its use they cannot bob and weave with efficiency and that, no matter how firmly the headguard fits the head, when struck, it slips slightly to the side, and a boxer trying to replace it properly opens himself for a shot on the jaw, often a kayo wallop, that otherwise could be avoided.

AND, I might add, if we are going to have boxing matches let's have 'em as we like to see them. If we want to substitute football for boxing, then why not let the fighters enter the ring with headguard, noseguard, shinguard and chest protector? Then there could be little danger of fighters being hurt.

But would we have boxing? How many people would spend money to see fighters engage in a ring contest under such conditions? Hasn't television done enough harm to the sport without adding to the risk of playing before empty houses by burdening the pugilists with paraphernalia that slows the man, hence slows the bout and lowers the interest of the patron?

Headguards, shinguards and chest protectors might be well for the college boxers who, as a rule, aren't even as good as the average amateurs, but as for the professional, either let's have boxing as it has been conducted for several centuries, or abolish it entirely.

When one takes into consideration the fact that in 1950 there were eleven deaths, four amateurs and seven professionals, and of the seven only three took place in America, and that the total number is less than one-tenth of one per cent of the number of world boxers, I see no reason for the vast amount of severe criticism hurled at boxing.

There were ten times as many injuries and deaths in football in only three months of 1950, and 1000 times as many fatalities in automobile accidents in this country in the past four months.

Shall we abolish football, auto riding, airplane journeys, among others, because of such deaths?

Boxing alone takes it on the chin when a death or severe injury to a well-known fighter is recorded. In all other sports, a short paragraph hidden somewhere among the death notices or near the racing entries on the sports pages lists the mishap. Only a few days after West's death a pugilist was killed in an automobile collision in the South. In reporting that death and accident, one paper carried the headline, "Another Boxer Killed." Only in the story did one read that the boy was in an auto mishap.

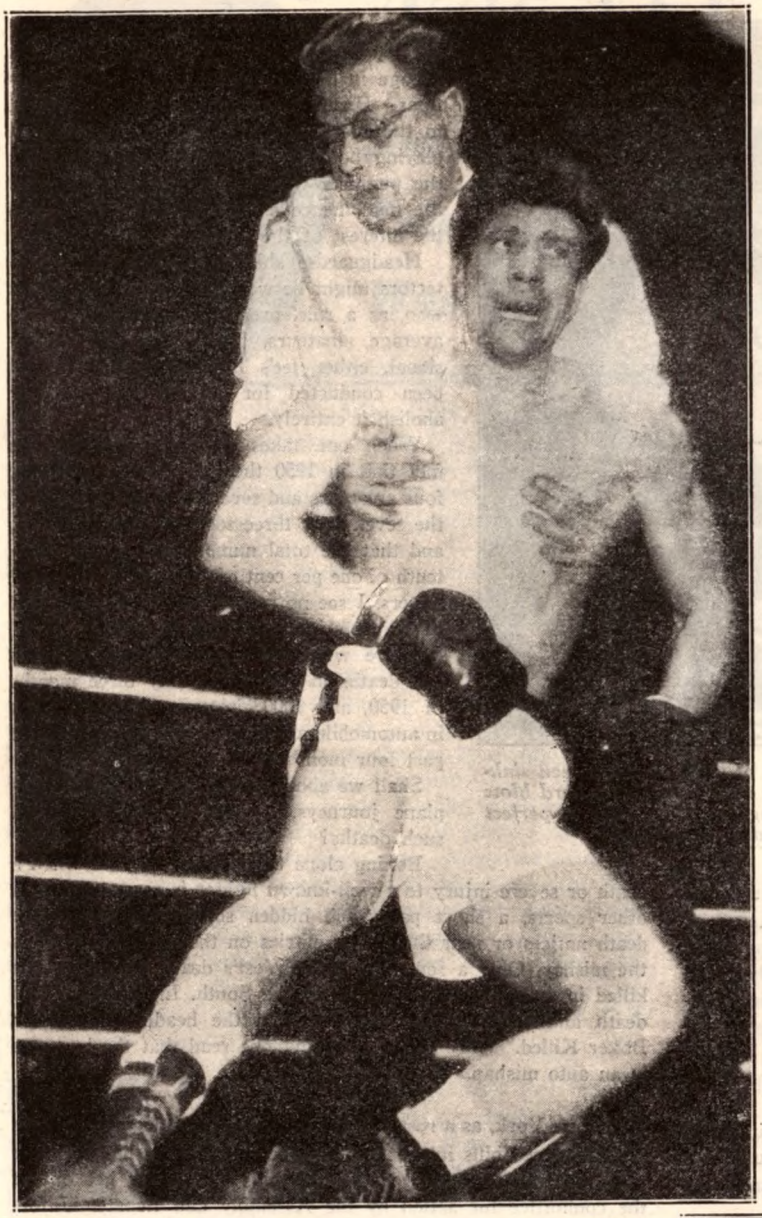
IN New York, as a result of the death of West, legislators have introduced bills intended to help boxing, but, as has been the case following previous deaths, the bills will never get out of the committee for action by the Assembly and Senate. Unfortunately too many legislators take advantage of the situation to get themselves into the public spotlight. Most of the bills invariably are introduced by publicity seekers, though now and then we do find honest intentions behind such bills.

Senator Harry Gittleson of Brooklyn insists that "there must be something radically wrong in a sport that takes the lives of ten participants during the course of a year. It may well be that these could have been avoided by adequate supervision by the New York State Boxing Commission and those of other states. I don't know what the facts are and am seeking them from you before I introduce a bill at Albany," he wrote.

Well, the senator has my opinion. All I can repeat is that, with only three deaths in the entire United States with thousands of participants, the supervision must be pretty good. But I would like to have a state investigation into the reason why, after the New York legislature had appropriated thousands of dollars for an excellent Medical Advisory Board and Dr. Frank Ferlaino, a competent, nationally famous heart specialist, was appointed at its head, the board isn't functioning as intended and its chairman has resigned.

I would like the legislator to find out why most of Dr. Ferlaino's colleagues refused reappointments from Governor Dewey.

The Medical Advisory Board of New York, with the finest laboratory set-up in the country, is functioning only on a part-time basis. Its acting head is Dr. Charles Muzzicato, a nationally famous X-ray specialist. The Medical Board in New York is behind those of Illinois and Pennsylvania. Why?



Luc Van Dam, Dutch middleweight champ, says "Mammy" as he is carried to his corner after being knocked out in the fourth round by Sugar Ray Robinson at Brussels, Belgium.

Is politics responsible, as Dr. Ferlaino has declared in interviews with newspapermen? If so, then the lives of the young men engaged in boxing are worth far more than political prestige, and an immediate halt should be placed on such tactics by Governor Dewey or the legislature.

There should be a complete severance of the Medical Advisory Board from the State Athletic Commission. Its men should not be subject to the whims of any members of the commission. The commission should take orders from the board, and not vice versa. Neither the chairman nor any of his subordinates should have any say in running that board.

That's what I offer to those in the New York legislature who seek to help boxing and curtail injuries and fatalities. The same should hold for all other states where a board of medical experts functions in boxing.

WHEN Billy Smith, Oakland, Calif., light-heavyweight, jumped from the ring and ran to his dressing room in the middle of the eighth round of his fight with Archie Moore at Portland, Ore., a March of Dimes benefit show, he pulled off something unique in boxing annals. Befuddled by his inability to give a pleasing performance, Smith, who had been down for an eight-count earlier and had put Moore to the canvas in a previous round, remarked in the dressing room that his peculiar performance could not be explained by him.

His case will go on record in boxing annals as one of the outstanding oddities.

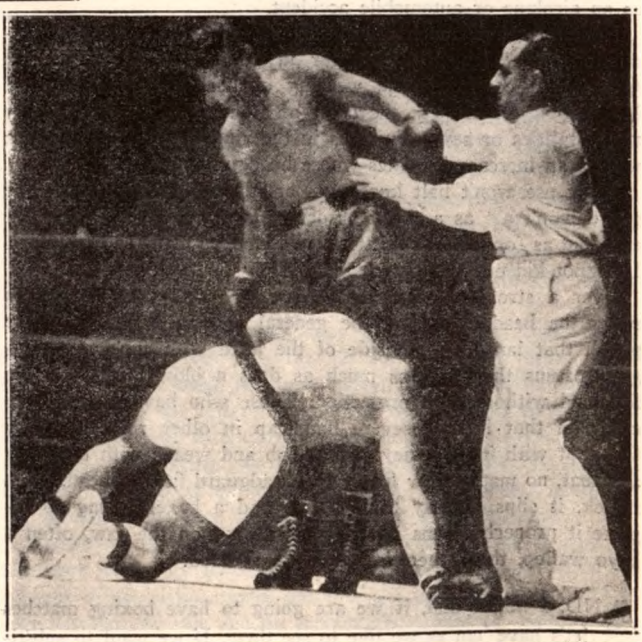
THE quick knockout of Jose Gatica of Argentina by Ike Williams, world lightweight king, in an overweight match in Madison Square Garden, proved that when Williams is in fighting trim, as he always has been for championship matches but seldom for contests in which his title was not at stake, he is a reminder of the great lightweights of the past. Against Gatica, he had everything that makes for greatness in pugilism.

Ike used his ripping left with such effectiveness that every time the punch landed—and that was often in the two minutes of fighting—he almost raised his charging South American foe off the floor. The champ forgot the good neighbor policy in order to prove to the skeptics that he was far from through, as many had remarked because of his defeats in matches with welterweights. The little Sphinx from Trenton, N. J., fired that left with such accuracy that he had Gatica in distress in less than half a minute after the bell had sent them on their way.

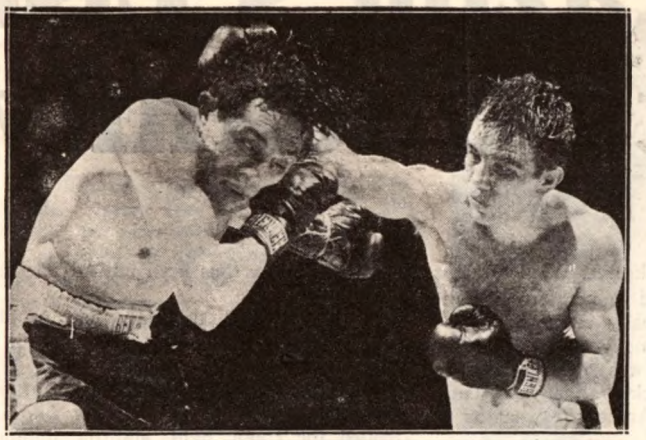
Gatica landed several hefty wallops before a ripping left hook put him on Queer Street. Then Ike saw red. He tore into his opponent with an eagerness to end proceedings as quickly as possible.

He rushed Gatica across the ring. Another left hook broke the Argentinian's nose and floored him for a count of three. When he arose, he staggered across the ring. Then Ike cut loose with another beautiful uppercut and downed his man for a count of six.

A helpless opponent arose and grasped the ropes. The claret was flowing freely. Dr. Nardiello, fearing another casualty, leaped from his chair at the ringside and ordered Referee Miller to halt the bout, but Ray didn't hear him. While Gatica was holding on to the ropes, a glassy-eyed victim of Williams' punching powers, the referee pulled his hand off the upper strand, wiped the glove, and permitted him to continue. Then Gatica stumbled away and Ike went after him.



Ray Robinson, welterweight champion of the world and leading contender for middleweight honors, stands over Robert Villemain after dropping the Frenchman for the second time in the ninth round of their Paris bout. The referee halted the bout in this frame.



Ray Famechon of France, a leading contender for world featherweight honors (left), avoids the right of Glen Flanagan of Minneapolis. Ray won the unanimous decision in their Garden match.

When Gatica was felled for the third time, a right-hand wallop turning the trick, Miller properly decided it was time to call a halt as under the rules, when one is dropped that often in one round, the bout must be stopped.

But Miller could have saved Gatica from further damaging blows by counting over Jose while the boy was hanging on to the ropes and thus Jose would either have had the benefit of a full nine seconds' rest or would have been counted out while on his feet. If our readers recall the second Louis-Schmeling fight, they will remember a similar situation when the veteran and wise Arthur Donovan, the best official New York has had in 30 years, correctly started to count over Schmeling as he grasped the upper strand to protect himself against the Louis attack. Schmeling let go as Arthur counted "one," walked out to meet the Bomber and was knocked out with the next few punches.

The rules specifically state that when a fighter is hanging on to the ropes and is helpless, the referee shall count over him the same as if he were down. It is safer than forcing him away from the ropes.

HERE is Miller's explanation:

"It was a difficult situation and I met it as I thought it should have been met. When Gatica got up, I asked him, 'Are you all right?' He didn't understand me. Then he wanted to go down again without being hit. The rules would have required me to stop it if he went down without being struck. He'd already been on his feet and a count of six had been made before he got up. Where was I to resume a count if he went down?

"So I couldn't let him go down. I deliberately held him up, wiping his gloves. It was the only thing to do for a fellow who didn't understand the language."

I don't blame Miller for missing this one. I do blame boxing commissions for not following a plan I have repeatedly mentioned —that of holding a clinic once every three months at which referees and judges be required to attend and at which all problems that have arisen or might arise in the future be thoroughly discussed. That's the proper way to keep our officials alert.

Miller is a good referee who, like Mark Conn and Lou Salica, has made fine strides during the past year. I call attention to rules only because I believe that injuries and fatalities can be curtailed if commissions held occasional refresher sessions with its judges and referees.

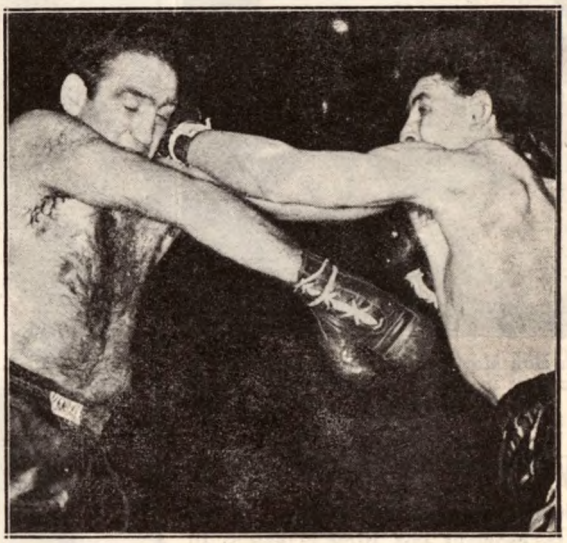
WHEN Jack Solomons was about to embark on his holiday to South Africa following his final show of the year at the Harringay Arena, he telephoned to New York and, during the course of his conversation, he remarked that too often the promoter is blamed for a poor night's entertainment where such blame is undeserved.

He referred, of course, to the disqualification in the evening's contests of two fighters, Tommy Yarosz of America and Giuseppe Colasanti of Italy, and the retirement of Johnny Williams, one of England's outstanding heavyweights. Both of the disqualifications were for holding and the vast gathering showed its disapproval in no uncertain fashion.

Jack placed the blame on the referees. He declared that if the officials had any intention of stopping the major bouts, the action should have been taken in the earlier rounds.

I disagree with Solomons. More power to an official who displays sufficient guts to halt a bout, no matter how prominent the contestants, when, in the opinion of the official, one or both of the men are not giving their best. It requires considerable courage for a referee to take such action, and a pity it is not taken more often in this country, where the officials as a rule are afraid that such procedure will affect their standing with a commission or a promoter.

Main event fighters are well paid for their services and the public is entitled to see a boxing bout and not a holding match. If they want to view the latter, there are plenty of wrestling cards which will furnish such type of entertainment.



Here's another international match, in which Bill Weinberg of the U.S. gained credit for a kayo when his opponent, Johnny Williams of England (right), retired in the sixth round after being dropped for an eight count. The Britisher claimed an injury to his left arm.

DOWN in Barbados a few weeks ago, a large gathering at a championship match in which Kid Ralph, light-heavyweight king, triumphed over Kid Francis, took matters in its own hands when the fight ended unsatisfactorily. After Ralph had dropped his man for the second time in the eighth stanza, the referee counted him out, but the Francis enthusiasts wouldn't have it that way. They rushed to the ringside, entered the ring and insisted that the referee permit the contest to continue.

Since there is no boxing board of control in Barbados, though the legislature has a bill for such before it, the referee cleared the ring and the boys went at each other like two wildcats to complete the round. In the ninth and tenth, Francis received a severe shellacking and Ralph, with pleading eyes, looked to the referee to halt the one-sided affair but without result. The mill went to the end of the tenth, with Ralph the winner.

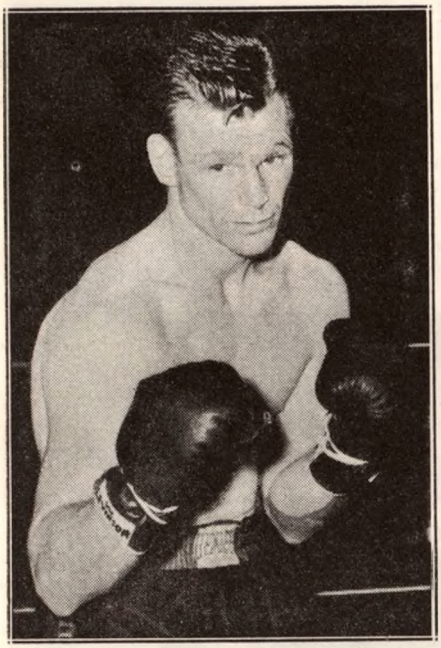
Affairs of this type invite fatalities in the ring. Just another proof that a referee, besides possessing courage, should be up on the rules of boxing. Incompetency among officials is one of the major causes of ring deaths.

INTERNATIONAL matches featured the wind-up of 1950. There were more contests of this nature staged during the month of December than in any one month for many years. The bouts in most cases may not have carried as much importance as similar contests in past years, but they kept boxing in the headlines world-wide, and that's what counts.

Sugar Ray Robinson, world welterweght champion, set the pace with five bouts in *(Continued on page 36)*

"Ring" Magazine's List of Prospects Uncanny

By AL BUCK



Irish Bob Murphy, who made good with a vengeance in New York after being touted to the skies by THE RING.

WHEN a young or heretofore unknown fighter suddenly clicks, they ask, "Where has he been?" The answer usually can be found in THE RING Magazine. In fact, it could have been found there months before it was asked, and long before the newcomer made the grade

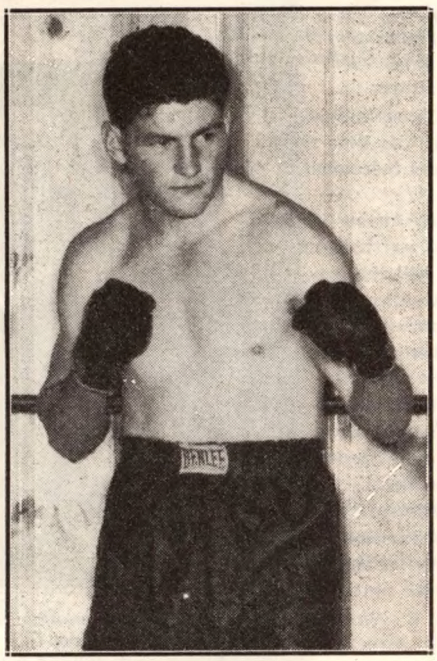
There is more to boxing than world championship fights, Madison Square Garden and the International Boxing Club. A title fight in the Garden is the goal of every young fighter. The International Boxing Club is the biggest promotional organization in the world reaching out to Chicago, St. Louis and Omaha, with other arenas in Indianapolis and Detroit and a working agreement with Jack Solomons, the British promoter

It is when a fighter gets to the Garden, or is used on one of IBC's big television shows from Chicago, Detroit or St. Louis, that the fans suddenly want to know, "Where has he been?"

THE RING Magazine has the answer. Working closely with Nat Fleischer, Editor and Publisher, his staff keeps an index of fighters from all over the world as part of the necessary work for compiling the annual record book and from this index, comes monthly the report of young, promising boys who are named "Prospects of the Month."

A prospect is named in each class. The number who make good eventually is surprising. For instance, there is Belting Bob Murphy, southpaw light-heavyweight from Denver, via the United States Navy and San Diego Murphy first appeared in THE RING, was among the "Prospects of the Month" three years ago.

WHEN Matchmaker Al Weill brought the 28-year-old boxer from California, he was virtually unknown in the East except to the many readers of THE RING. Belting Bob was a hit from the start. He stopped Dick Wagner in a round at the St. Nicholas Arena. He went on to



Rex Layne, an early RING *discovery, who rates high as a heavyweight.*

knock out Jimmy Beau in a thriller at the Garden.

Murphy's success was amazing, so much so that when THE RING's annual ratings appeared in last month's issue, he was placed third among the contenders for the light-heavyweight championship held by Joey Maxim. Only the veterans Archie Moore and Harry (Kid) Matthews topped Belting Bob in the ratings.

How does THE RING arrive at the "Prospects of the Month"?

It takes time and a lot of reading, newspapers from all over the world come into THE RING office every day and they are examined for the fight results and recorded on index cards for future use. These cards are used when the time comes to make up the annual Record Book.

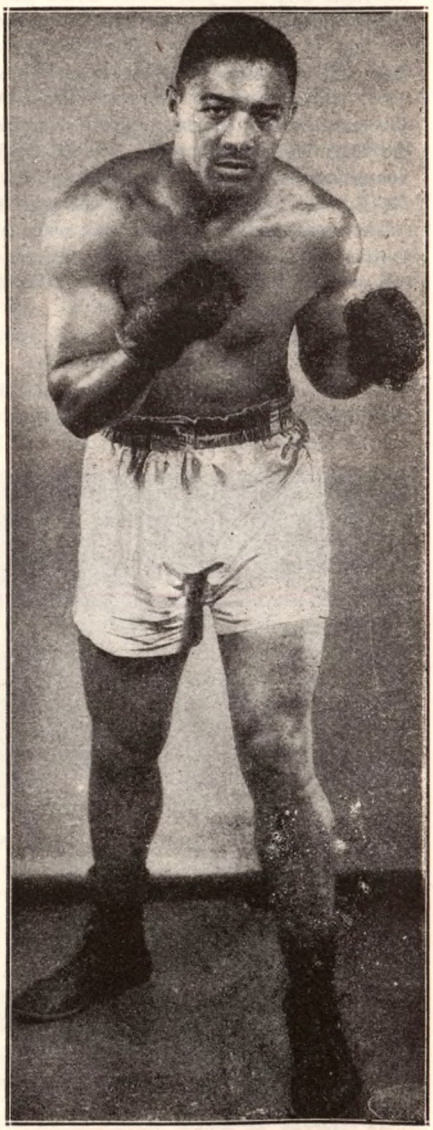
The staff reads accounts of all the fights in the newspapers, local, out-of-town and foreign. If a boxing writer singles out a preliminary boxer for a few lines of praise, he is likely to be included as a prospect.

The month's fights are carefully perused, and after due consideration, the prospects of the month are chosen, one in each division. When a lad thus selected finally makes the grade, as Bob Murphy and Rex Layne did, THE RING staff is elated. Many unknowns have thus been pushed into the spotlight.

Murphy is not the only one of the "Prospects of the Month" to go over in a big way. The fatal injury of Sonny Boy West marred Percy Bassett's debut at the St Nicholas Arena, but the few who attended the tragic fight, and the millions who watched it on television, could not help but be impressed by the fighting qualities of the 20-year-old featherweight.

It wasn't Bassett's fault that West, in falling, struck his head on the floor with terrific force.

BASSETT was picked as a prospect three years ago He came to THE RING's attention after his third professional fight.



Bob Baker, product of the Golden Gloves, who received early recognition by this magazine.

Since then Percy's progress has been steady and sure. He was ranked fourth among the featherweights in the annual ratings. Only Willie Pep, the ex-champion; Ray Famechon and Charley Riley topped him among the contenders for Sandy Saddler's title.

Del Flanagan, lightweight conquerer of Saddler, made the "Prospects of the Month" list after his tenth fight. Del was the exception in that it took him longer than four or five fights to come to THE RING's attention.

There are two young heavyweight prospects who long ago had THE RING's stamp of approval placed on them. One is Bob Baker, the hard-hitting Pittsburgh contender. He has not fought in New York professionally, but his record is such that he placed fifth in the annual ratings. Although bothered by an injured left hand, Baker was impressive defeating Ample Abel Cestac, the Argentine giant, on the Cleveland Christmas Fund show.

Looking over THE RING files we find that Baker was named as among the "Prospects of the Month" after his 12th fight. That was just a year ago. Before 1951 becomes history, Bob Baker may be fighting Ezzard Charles for the world heavyweight championship.

The other young heavyweight is Rex Layne, the first contender to hail from Utah since Jack Dempsey began fighting his way to a title shot with Jess Willard. Jack was a left hooker, and one of the greatest heavyweights of all time. Layne is a right-hand thumper, and as fine a prospect as has shown in the Garden in years.

Fleischer ranked Layne seventh among the heavyweights last month. Layne was listed as one of the "Prospects of the Month" after his third fight. Layne, too, may get a crack at the championship before the year is out.

IF the idea of Layne, a one-handed fighter, getting to the top seems strange, then his victory over Jersey Joe Walcott was all the more surprising. Although badly cut above the left eye, Rex kept forcing the fight and certainly was entitled to the decision he received.

"Naturally THE RING takes pride when one of its discoveries suddenly becomes a first-flight performer," Fleischer said when we discussed this story with him. "THE RING is interested in boxing and boxers, and it knows that the champions of tomorrow must come from the preliminary fighters of today.

"THE RING is careful in listing a prospect, and when my staff calls one to my attention, I try and check with some qualified expert who has seen the youngster fight. In that way, we guard against mistakes."

Not all the successful prospects are as well known as Murphy, Bassett, Baker and Layne. There is Jimmy Slade, New York light-heavyweight, for example. Jimmy hasn't made the headlines, but his record speaks for itself. He has beaten, among others, Bert Lytell, Doc Williams and Chubby Wright. Fleischer felt justified in placing Slade sixth among the light-heavyweights in THE RING's annual ratings.

Nor do all the prospects have to make

Percy Bassett of Philadelphia, a lightweight, whose high rating by THE RING *brought him national recognition.*

the grade in New York. Charley Cotton, a welterweight from Toledo, appeared among the "Prospects of the Month" after his third fight. He lost to George Costner and Ron Delaney, a rated middleweight, but he beat Gene Burton and Charley Salas. Cotton is currently the ninth ranking welterweight in the world.

Delaney, another from the "Prospects of the Month" list, has an exceptional record. He has beaten Joe Blackwood twice and has won from the veteran, Anton Raadik. Last year he knocked out Tommy Bell. THE RING was aware of Delaney's promise back in 1947. In this year's RING ratings, the Akron boxer is the 12th best middleweight, a notch below Rocky Graziano, the former champion, and one above the popular Paddy Young.

ANOTHER successful prospect is Johnny Gonsalves of Oakland, Calif. He was among the "Prospects of the Month" just a year ago. THE RING named him after his third engagement. Since then he has lost only two fights—to Beau Jack, the ex-champion, and to Phil Kim in Honolulu.

Gonsalves' progress has been rapid. His victims include Georgie Dunn, Tommy Campbell, Maxie Docusen and Tony Chavez. Although he has campaigned almost exclusively on the West Coast, Johnny is today the world's fifth ranking lightweight.

Another example is Eddie Chavez, San Jose lightweight. He was named a prospect more than a year ago. Chavez has never been beaten, and has won 27 fights, according to the latest records.

The California lightweight's opposition has been formidable, too. He recently outpointed Enrique Bolanos, the Mexican, who had two cracks at Ike Williams' lightweight championship. Naturally Chavez is in the first ten lightweights. He was placed eighth by Fleischer and THE RING experts in the annual ratings.

Eddie Chavez has had a sensational rise in the past 12 months. He defeated Manuel Ortiz and Harold Dade, both former bantamweight champions; Jock Leslie and Maxie Docusen. He knocked out Johnny Williams.

The champions who defend their titles in the Garden and the big ball parks were all preliminary boys in the beginning. The future of boxing depended on their development, and things are no different today than they were yesterday. The kids have to come through if the game is to prosper.

THE RING's card index serves many purposes. Boxing commissioners from all over the United States call up Fleischer for the latest records on fighters local matchmakers have paired for out-of-town attractions. They always get an honest answer.

Of course, without the card index the annual record books could never be published. Fleischer has just completed his tenth annual book. One has only to go back to 1938, when the Everlast Record Book was discontinued, to realize what an accurate and honest record book mean to boxing.

A few individual publishers tried unsuccessfully to fill the void, but it wasn't until 1941 that Fleischer decided something had to be done. His original intention was to put out one All-Time Record Book, and then fill in with paper supplements each year. Before he was through, he published three All-Time books, and since then has come out each year with an informative and accurate annual record book.

As a boxing writer I don't know what I would have done without Nat's nine volumes. I am looking forward to getting the tenth shortly, and I am grateful to the card index, which I frequently consult on visits to THE RING office.

The "Prospects of the Month" is only one of THE RING's many services to boxing. I am glad to see that the fighters carefully selected one, two and even three years ago are now among the leading contenders for titles in their respective classes. Any one of the several mentioned in this article can be a champion a year hence.

THE RING'S QUESTION BOX

Bob Snerrick, Sunnyside, L. I.

Q.—Do you agree with Jack Dempsey that there will be no more boxing in two years? Will headguards help boxing? In the last twenty years has boxing contributed more deaths than any other sport? Which division over this same stretch has furnished the best fighters?

A.—I believe that boxing will never cease to exist. It is here to stay. Read my editorial in this issue in re headguards. I don't think they will help any in reducing casualties. There have been far more deaths in baseball and football and auto racing than in boxing. Read my editorial in this issue. Middleweights have furnished the best boxers during the last twenty years.

Rufus Carter, Liverpool, Eng.

Q.—Can you settle a dispute? My friend insists that Jack Johnson was not the champion when he fought Jeff, but that Jeff held the title then. He also states that Tommy Burns never held the crown. What is your answer to these?

A.—Johnson was champion and Jeffries was the challenger, exactly the same condition as existed when Ezzard Charles and Joe Louis fought. Tommy Burns definitely was a world heavyweight king.

H. S., Washington, D. C.

Q.—At what weight did Rocky Kansas fight? Was he ever a title-holder? Is he still alive?

A.—He was a world lightweight champion. Won title after Leonard had retired. He is alive and lives in Buffalo.

Robinson's European Tour Heightened His Ring Prestige

By TED CARROLL

ALTHOUGH American boxers have been invading European rings consistently for the past 50 years or so, Ray Robinson's recent Continental campaign hit a new high. This came as no surprise to Lew Burston, a long-time Paris resident, who dreamed up the idea and predicted its results.

The Sugar Baby displayed both the style and the personality to captivate Europeans. Sleek, on the good-looking side, his personal flash, dash and ready grin, added to his picturesque boxing style, won over the Continent. If anything, his unfamiliarity with the languages worked out in his favor since what difficulties he has had here have been the result of speaking out of turn.

In the main, folks overseas were quick to realize what we

MARCEL THIL..WAS TOUGHEST FOR INVADING U.S. BOXERS..HE NEVER LOST TO AN AMERICAN.!

here have conceded—that Robinson outclasses all other current boxers, pound for pound.

The British, who, as connoisseurs of pure boxing ability, still are ahead of everybody else, needed less than five minutes of Ray to toss their traditional restraint overboard.

Comment by Peter Wilson of the London *Daily Express* was typical. He wrote: "Sugar Ray Robinson proved to me that he is the greatest fighter, pound for pound, in the world. Why they call him Sugar Ray, I don't know. It should be Death Ray."

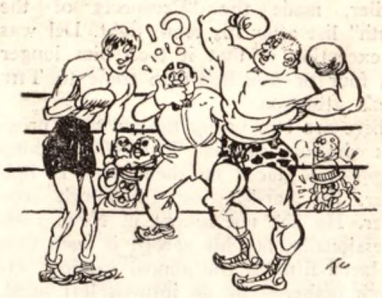
Lend an ear to George Whiting of the *Evening Standard*: "I do not usually scream superlatives, but should like to emphasize that Robinson showed more class in five minutes against Stock than any other fighter in the last 20 years."

Norman Hurst of the *Daily Graphic* sounded off in similar vein: "Robinson proved without doubt in spite of the short time he was in the ring that he is head and shoulders above any boxer in the world at or near his weight."

FROM all accounts Ray was as big a hit in the gay spots of Gay Paree as he was in the ring. Although a non-drinker, Ray is no kill-joy when it comes to cutting capers and he apparently didn't miss much of the fun for which the French metropolis is famous.

Ray may have taken a leaf from the book of the late great Harry Greb, letting his training take care of itself by engaging in fights one after the other.

In less than a month Robinson took on four opponents, none of whom could be called a soft touch, including the No. 4 middleweight contender, Robert Villemain. Ray halted the capable Villemain in nine rounds in Paris on December 22. Just three days later, Robbie stopped the former champion middleweight of Germany, Hans Stretz, in Frankfurt, in five rounds.



...30 YEARS AGO.. "SKINNY" PAUL SAMPSON STARTLED THE GERMANS!..

Ray disposed of tough Jean Stock in jigtime in the opening bout of his whirlwind campaign on November 27. On December 8, Luc Van Dam, another ranking Continental fighter, was counted out in four heats. An old foe, Jean Walzak, lasted the limit in Geneva on December 16, but took a terrible going over. Just six days later, Villemain fell before the great American champion, and the Stretz bout was a Christmas Day wind-up.

American promoters and matchmakers who have developed ulcers contending with postponed Robinson fights, are still shaking their heads over this unbroken string of engagements by Sugar Ray, all of which came off as scheduled, with nary a hitch.

One of the more admirable phases of Robinson's history is its charitable angle. Sugar got in his usual lick for charity over there. A portion of his purse for the Stretz fight went to the German Youth movement.

DESPITE a foul-calling ruckus following the Van Dam fight in Brussels, Ray's overseas jaunt was about as lustrous a tour of triumph as could be wished for, with medals, trophies, and statuettes being awarded him here and there, crowds trailing him on the boulevards, and jamming his training quarters.

If Robinson's trip was the most satisfactory, the overseas hop taken by unlucky Steve Hamas 15 years ago was the most ill-advised and unfortunate yet undertaken by an American boxer.

Hamas, a handsome, intelligent college athlete from Penn State, was rated the leading heavyweight contender back in 1935.

Steve had capped a brilliant string of successes by giving Max Schmeling a thorough shellacking in Philadelphia. When he followed this up by beating big Art Lasky, no sucker in those days, he looked like a cinch to meet the then champion, Max Baer.

..40 YEARS AGO... SAM McVEY WAS A HERO OF THE PARIS BOULEVARDS.!

Some difficulty developed between old Charlie Harvey and Jimmy Johnston, who was bossing Madison Square Garden boxing. In a huff, Harvey signed Hamas to meet Schmeling in a return match for a $25,000 guarantee and trundled his No. 1 heavyweight contender off to Hamburg, Germany.

This was the costliest match a fighter has engaged in for a generation. Not only

..Steve HAMAS..WHOSE CAREER WAS ENDED IN A EUROPEAN RING.!.

was Hamas kayoed, the German crowd was at the point of rioting because the bout was not stopped sooner to save the American from unnecessary punishment.

In Europe, it has always been, and still is, right and proper for a boxer to "resign" to save himself from injury.

German spectators, unaware of American custom which condemns a boxer who does this, could not understand Hamas' submitting to such travail, or his manager allowing him to do so.

Hamas never boxed again. He served with distinction in World War II, attaining the rank of major. Steve remains the only first-class United States boxer whose career was ended in a European ring.

ROBINSON should be thankful that Marcel Thil, the old Apache, is no longer around. Not that the baldheaded Frenchman figured to beat the classy American, but the long-time kingpin of Europe's middleweights managed to take pretty good care of Yankees in his heyday. When Marcel was active, no invader could figure on overpowering the Continental middleweight division.

While he needed a couple of "foul" calls to make it so, Thil's record against United States boxers in his native Paris was perfect. They were the best America could produce at the time, too. Vince Dundee, a boxing master; Gorilla Jones, a real topnotcher, and rugged, hard-hitting southpaw Lou Brouillard, whom he met thrice, and Al Diamond, not quite in the class of the others, all lost to Thil.

Two of hi three wins over Brouillard were via the foul route, as was the Gorilla Jones affair, which gave Marcel a solid claim to the world's title, since Jones was the American N.B.A. king.

Willie Lewis, the old-time middleweight, duplicated Robinson's success in a much earlier era. Lewis was one of the boxing pioneers, since at the time he first appeared in France, *la savate* was the favorite French form of combat. Lewis, an accomplished boxer, initiated young Georges Carpentier into the mysteries of the one-two punch, of which he was a master.

Little Georges learned his lessons so well, he eventually defeated Willie Lewis by means of his own pet blow. Carpentier became so adept at the old one-two, he discarded the preliminary left-hand blow, tossing his right with uncanny speed, power and accuracy without any warning.

Lewis turned out to be a real gay blade in his Paris stays, acting and dressing the part of the boulevardier.

ANOTHER who created quite a splash socially in Gay Paree was old Sam McVey. This American Negro boxer, who came out of Oxnard, Calif., was a real globetrotter, and wherever he showed up he played a leading role in whatever frolicking was going on.

He spent more than three years in Europe, practically all of it in Paris, where he missed none of the fun to be found in the French capital during a hectic stay from 1908 through 1910.

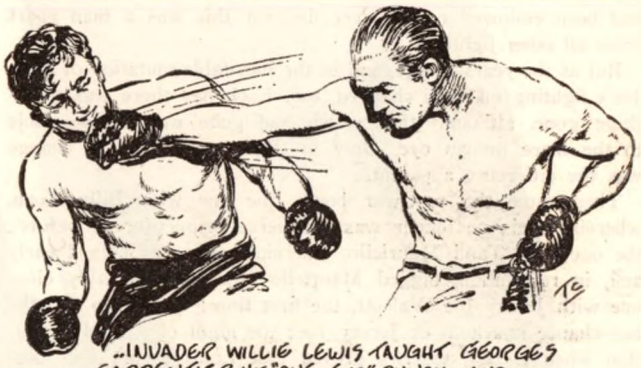
Although Sam was far from Sugar Ray in looks, his poise and personality went over big with the Parisians. By way of showing his appreciation for the adulation heaped upon him, Sam attempted to be more Parisian in dress and manner than the flossiest Boulevardier. Besides affecting all the trappings of the French man-about-town, complete with striped pants, cutaway and silk topper and cane, old Sam paid the French an additional compliment by spelling his name M'VEA, discarding the back-home version

Sam s ability was such that in spite of his sunset-to-sunrise socializing he only lost one of 18 fights in the French capital.

This defeat came in one of the most famous fights of all time, the Paris meeting between McVey and Joe Jeannette in 1909. McVey, after flooring Jeannette some 20 times, called it quits in the 49th round.

The only other real opposition Sam ran into came from his old Negro playmates, Jeannette, Langford and Battling Jim Johnson. McVey engaged in drawn battles with each one of these, all in Paree.

The pace Sam McVey set outside the ring was to catch up with him unfortunately. He passed away in 1921 at the age of 37.



..INVADER WILLIE LEWIS TAUGHT GEORGES CARPENTIER HIS "ONE-TWO" PUNCH.. AND... GEORGES BEAT HIM BY USING IT..!...

Jack Johnson had his share of good times, too, when he took it on the lam to Paris to escape a phony rap back in 1912. While the then heavyweight champion of the world proved to be hot stuff in the hot spots, he was no ball of fire in his foreign appearances.

JOHNSON'S defense smothered Frank Moran's wild swings easily enough in their Paris meeting in 1914 but aroused no great enthusiasm.

Jack never got his money for that one. His other showing over there, a hazy affair with Jim Johnson, seems slated to go down in history as the great what-was-it of heavyweight championship fights. It's listed in the books as a draw, but some accounts stamp it as an exhibition.

Whatever it was, Jack added little to his rating as one of the great boxers of all time in European appearances.

Despite his lacklustre exhibitions in Paris, Johnson received his share of attention as the heavyweight champion of the world from the tolerant French, although a

(Cont. on p. 37)

..JACK JOHNSON ALWAYS WORE A BERET AS A TRIBUTE TO FRANCE.!.

IN DEFENSE OF JOE LOUIS

Col. Eagan and Abe Greene Agree that It Is Up To Joe to Decide When He Is Ready To Hang Up His Gloves—The Brown Bomber Argues His Own Case

By BARNEY NAGLER

I REMEMBER it well, the first time I saw Joe Louis. It was down at Pompton Lakes, in New Jersey, in the ring pitched in the copse by the lakeside. He was in the ring, warming up for a sparring session, and as he moved in graceful preparation for the work ahead, the thousands in the audience who had come to see Joe Louis sat silently, intrigued as I was by the rhythmic quality of this big man.

This was before Louis' second fight with Max Schmeling, back in 1938 and it came to mind then, sitting in the shade of the old trees, that the natural qualities with which this fighter had been endowed could never die, for this was a man apart from all other fighters.

But as the years passed, and in the inevitable mutation of man, Joe's fighting qualities changed, too. Each day there was something gone, although that which had gone wasn't discernible to the mere human eye. Only in the accumulation of change was the difference apparent.

Then came the post-war bouts, the one with Billy Conn, wherein Louis no longer was the fierce competitor of before; the one with Tami Mauriello, wherein Louis was tagged early and, in retribution, tagged Mauriello; the uncomfortably close one with Jersey Joe Walcott, the first time; the return and the last-chance knockout of Jersey Joe; the night of painful revelation when Ezzard Charles proved that Louis wasn't the "old" Joe, but was just old Joe.

LOUIS came out of the Charles fight uncertain of his future. Those around him—Marshall Miles, the manager, and Mannie Seamon, the trainer—said quickly, in the somber quiet of the dressing room deep in the stands at Yankee Stadium, that Louis was through as a fighter. "That's the last," Seamon had said. And Miles had agreed. Louis was silent and pained. He said nothing.

A few weeks later, quietly and properly, Louis called in the newspapermen and said he was going to fight again. Immediately the cry was raised against Louis' return. Some said Louis was badly advised. Others charged Louis was being "used" by those around him. Nobody seemed to bother to ask Louis about all this.

One friend went to him and said, "Joe, what's this all about? Why do you keep fighting?"

Louis looked up, impassive and kindly, as usual. "Those fellows yelling about me fighting again, they don't know what's inside me. I'm fighting because I want to keep fighting. I'll be the first guy to know I must quit when I can't fight any more. Right now I think I'm okay."

THIS was in New York, before Louis went out to Chicago to fight Cesar Brion, the South American, in the Chicago Stadium. Louis wasn't the same old Joe against Brion. He doesn't have a right-hand punch any more. He evidenced this against Charles, two months before. But Louis proved that he still possesses the left jab of before.

It was thi weapon, the jab, which won the fight for Louis. He virtually made it a part of Brion's face. He hurt Brion with it in several rounds. Some seemed surprised by the efficacy and power of the jab, but others couldn't understand this.

I remember how Charles looked after the fight with Louis. He came to a party at the Hotel Edison in New York. It was a celebration of his coming of age as a genuine world heavyweight champion. The crowd at the party clustered around and tried to pump Charles' hand. Only the right hand was available. He held an icepack in his left, which was raised to his left eye. This eye was closed tightly. There were bumps on his forehead. There seemed to be more face on the left side than on the right.

Somebody said to Charles, "That fellow's got a good left, hasn't he?"

"I was never hit harder by a left jab."

THIS was the world heavyweight champion speaking. Charles is the best in his class, the best in the world. Of all authorities he is No. 1 as an expert on Louis' left. He concedes it is still a dangerous, punishing weapon.

The prodigy of Louis' left is being burdened here only because there has been widespread in the land the tale that Louis, in the ring, is defenseless. For sure, Ox DaGrosa, of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, attempted to give this impression when he called for National Boxing Association banishment of Louis a few weeks ago.

It seemed untoward that so many earnest defenders of Louis went tangental in their arguments in behalf of the great ex-champ. Abe J. Greene, commissioner of the N.B.A. and a man constantly disposed toward saying and doing things in the best interest of boxing, was one of those victimized by sentiment.

He said, in reply to DaGrosa's misguided call for an embargo on Louis, that he would not like to be a party to such action. If alleged memory serves, Greene said: "A man who has done as much for boxing as Joe Louis should not be served so shabbily by the sport he helped so much."

It would have been more effective, certainly, if Greene had, in realization of the fistic facts, pointed out that Louis still was a competent fighter, if no longer of championship quality. If Mr. Greene will stand for somebody putting words in his mouth, here's how it should have gone: "Louis is still the second best heavyweight in the world, 36 or not. As such he should be permitted to work at his trade, which is fistfighting."

SUCH argument isn't original here. It comes from Louis himself, who said, in reply to DaGrosa's diatribe: "When I can't pass the medical examination asked by boxing commissions I'll be glad to hang up my gloves, but until then I don't think anyone should stop me from making a living."

Beyond that, Louis asserted: "There was no question of my being in physical shape when I was examined for my fight with Cesar Brion last week. After going ten rounds with Brion, I felt as fresh as I did after many fights six or seven years ago."

In this regard, Mannie Seamon pointed out that much was made, erroneously, of the manner in which Louis rested after the Brion bout. In his dressing room at the Chicago Stadium Louis lay on his back on the rubbing table and was covered with a sheet and a blanket.

Immediately several newspapermen assumed that the former champion was so tired by the ordeal of ten rounds against Brion that he had to lay flat on his back to recover. Forgotten was the fact that Louis, after all major fights, had spent at least ten minutes in his dressing room, relaxing in just this manner.

It must be remembered that Louis has lost only two fights in his entire career. He was knocked out by Schmeling in 1936. He lost to Charles in 1950. Between these debacles he built a record unequalled in the archives of boxing. This mark can't be ignored now, not so much as something on paper but as evidence that even half a Louis is a lot of fighter, as they say.

Is there a pricemaker in the land willing to make Louis the betting underdog against any heavyweight other than Charles.

Match Louis with Rex Layne. Who would be favored?

Put him in there with Rocky Marciano, as Al Weill plans. Would you wager on Marciano if you're a betting fellow?

These, mind you, are the young heavyweights, the hopefuls. These are not aged, decrepit men. Yet, at 36, Louis must be considered the choice over both in pre-fight judgment.

It is certain, for one thing, that no pressure has been exerted upon Louis to keep him in the ring. No pressure, that is, except the necessity of making money in large, coarse sums. Some will say that Louis should retire because he can no longer earn purses as large as he did as champion. Nonsense.

Louis' purse from the fight with Brion came to more than $20,000, a substantial sum. It was a pittance by contrast with the $630,000-plus gained from the second fight with Conn. But it is a lot of money nevertheless, and a lot more than Louis can earn in any other endeavor on any other night.

BY and large state athletic commissions have adopted a reasonable attitude toward Louis' activity. He was permitted to fight in Chicago and in Detroit. Should he come back to Madison Square Garden for a bout in March, as is planned, Eddie Eagan, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, will approve his license.

"The rule in New York says that the maximum age for a fighter is 40, provided, of course, that he is physically fit," Commissioner Eagan has said. "I can't see how Louis can be stopped from fighting in New York, nor why he should be stopped. If 40 years of age is the maximum, Louis qualifies. I assume that he is physically fit. We have doctors to check on this."

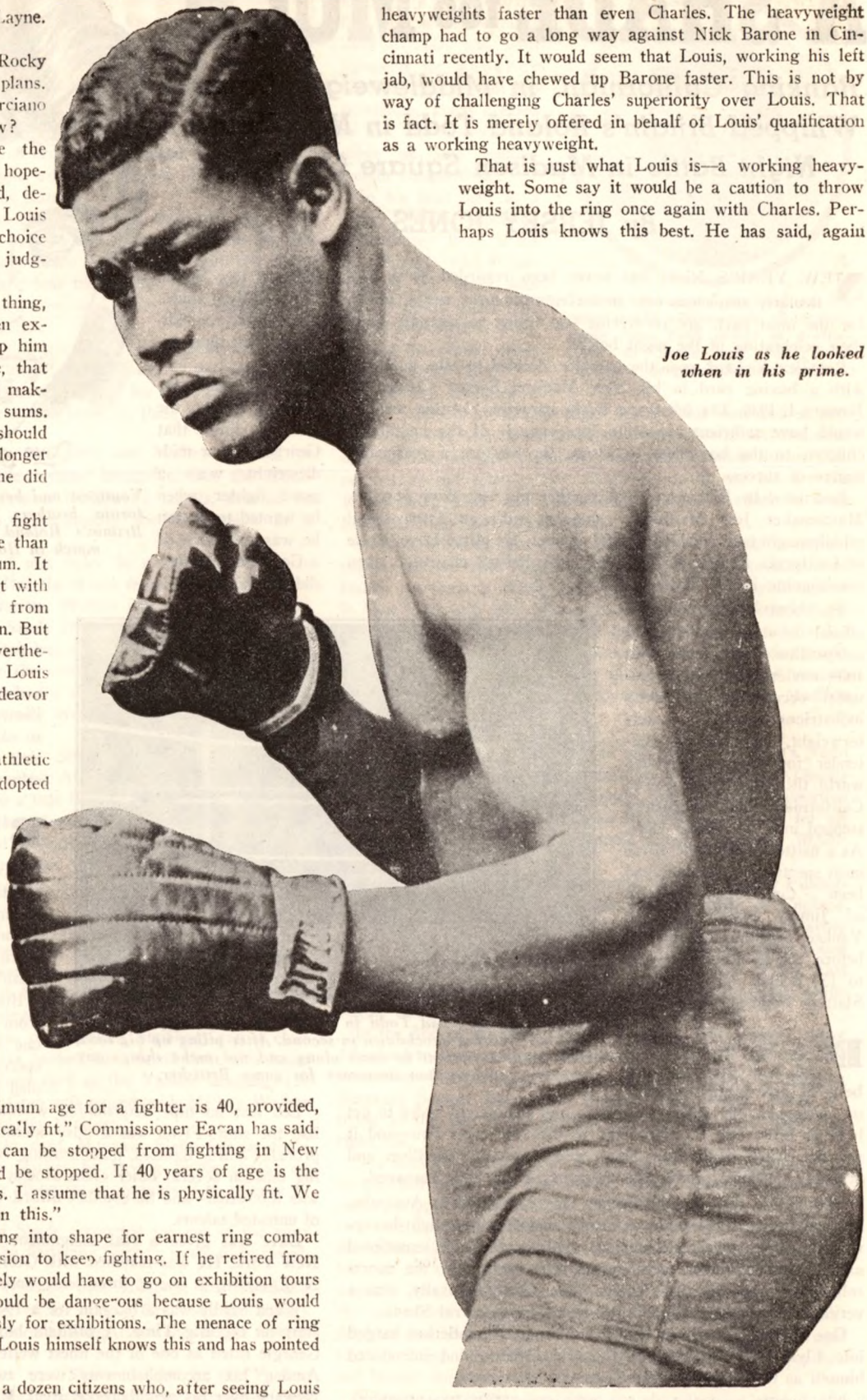
The necessity of getting into shape for earnest ring combat is a factor in Louis' decision to keep fighting. If he retired from actual fistfighting he surely would have to go on exhibition tours to earn a living. This could be dangerous because Louis would not have to train seriously for exhibitions. The menace of ring injury would be greater. Louis himself knows this and has pointed it out repeatedly.

I know of at least half a dozen citizens who, after seeing Louis fight via their television iconoscopes, gasped, "They shouldn't let him fight anymore. Did you see what I saw? Why, he's got a bald spot."

This is the kind of argument that has no basis in boxing fact. Samson is mere legend to fight folk. Hirsute adornment is no talisman of strength in the ring. Louis, bald at 20, would still have been a great champion. Semi-bald at 36, he still is the second best heavyweight in the world.

The bare facts are that Louis possibly could take care of some heavyweights faster than even Charles. The heavyweight champ had to go a long way against Nick Barone in Cincinnati recently. It would seem that Louis, working his left jab, would have chewed up Barone faster. This is not by way of challenging Charles' superiority over Louis. That is fact. It is merely offered in behalf of Louis' qualification as a working heavyweight.

That is just what Louis is—a working heavyweight. Some say it would be a caution to throw Louis into the ring once again with Charles. Perhaps Louis knows this best. He has said, again and again, that he is not thinking in terms of a return bout with Charles, but is going along, fight by fight.



Joe Louis as he looked when in his prime.

It was after DaGrosa's ill-advised blast at Louis that the former champion repeated what he had said before: "I'm taking these fights as they come. If I see I'm not good enough to go back with Charles I'll forget about it. But I want two or three more fights to find it out for myself."

Louis deserves such a chance. He's earned it. Are there any dissenters in the house?

A SHADE too MUCH

Ranking Californian, in Middleweight Debut, Whipped Britain's Roland Todd in New Year's Night Battle in Madison Square Garden

By JERSEY JONES

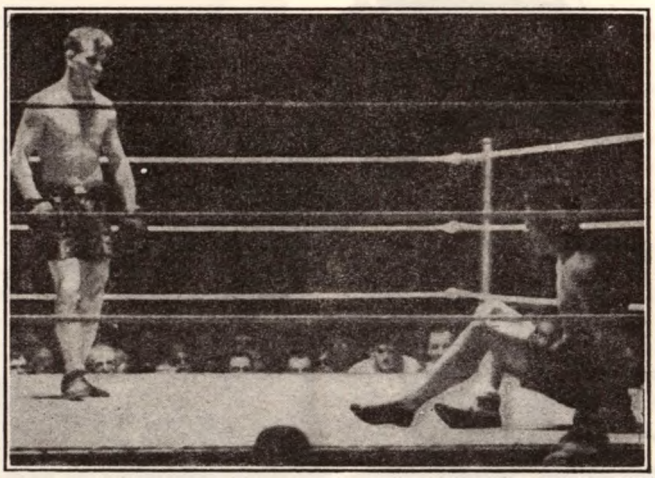
Youngest and best of three fighting California brothers, Dave Shade, whipped Britain's Roland Todd in international match in House that Tex Built.

NEW YEAR'S Night has never been regarded as a particularly auspicious date in the entertainment world. Folks, for the most part, are recovering—or trying to recover—from their celebrating of the night before.

But Tex Rickard, ever the gambler, decided to take a chance with a boxing card in his New Madison Square Garden on January 1, 1926. Tex felt that a fairly attractive clouting carnival would have sufficient appeal to lure enough of the neighbors' children to the box-office to assure the venture a reasonable degree of success.

Instructed by Rickard to put together the best show possible, Matchmaker Jess McMahon came up with an international middleweight bout for his headline number. He pitted Dave Shade of California against Roland Todd, the British champion, then campaigning in the United States.

The bout marked Shade's official debut in middleweight competition. But tangling with 160-pounders was not an unusual occurrence in Dave's industrious career. As a welterweight, and leading contender for Mickey Walker's world title, the lantern-jawed Californian had frequently stepped into the heavier class. As a matter of fact, one of his most spectacular triumphs had been a three-round knockout of Jimmy Slattery at the Yankee Stadium the summer before. Shade built himself up to 153 pounds for that bout. Slattery weighed 162½.



Shade frequently had Todd in trouble in early rounds, and is seen here scoring knockdown in second. After piling up big lead, Dave seemed content to coast along and not make things any tougher than necessary for game Britisher.

DAVE was the youngest—and, as it developed, the best—of three fighting brothers of California. The others were Billy and George. In order to get hold of Billy, Leo P. Flynn had to take the other two—and it was the "baby" of the clan, Dave, who became the headliner and probably the most prolific money-earner Flynn ever managed.

Billy Shade, then a middleweight, was a sensation in Australia. He had beaten the island continent's middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight champions, and reports of his sensational exploits Down Under were getting big spreads in the sports columns of the American dailies. The result, naturally, was a veritable stampede among Yankee managers to corral Shade.

One afternoon, early in 1921, a middle-aged gentleman barged into Flynn's headquarters in the Old Garden, and introduced himself as the father of Billy Shade.

"Seems like everybody wants to manage Billy," said Shade, Sr. "But I've been figuring things out, and you look like the best bet to me. You've got a fine reputation as a manager, and with your connections with Tex Rickard and Madison Square Garden, I figure you could do more for Billy than anybody else could. So I came all the way from California to talk things over. You can have Billy, but there's one condition—"

"What is it?" Flynn asked.

"Well, I've got two other boys, George and Dave. They're fighters, too. If you want Billy, you've got to take the others. I want them together."

Flynn wasn't too enthused with the idea. He knew that George, also a middleweight, was a good fighter when he wanted to be, but he was too much of a Goodtime Charley, didn't take the business as seriously as he should have, and seldom was in condition. As for Dave—well, he was only a 19-year-old kid, and pretty much of an unknown quantity. But Leo was so eager to get hold of Billy that he agreed to take the other two.

BILLY SHADE, growing into a light-heavy, failed to live up to his Australian reputation, and became just an ordinary journeyman worker. Flynn hadn't expected too much of George, and he wasn't disappointed.

But young Dave clicked from the start, and became one of the most active and successful fighters ever handled by Flynn.

Leo lost no time determining whether or not the youngster had the stuff. Flynn was a busy operator—what with managing probably thirty fighters, matchmaking for the Garden, and keeping tabs on several other clubs around the country in which he was interested—and he couldn't afford to waste time with a kid of untested talents.

Dave was given a real assignment for his first showing in New York. He was matched with Georgie Ward, the Elizabeth, N. J., stylist, in one of three ten-rounders in the Garden.

Ward hardly was a bargain for a 19-year-old making his first start on the Big Time. A brilliant boxer and snappy puncher, Georgie rated as one of the finest welterweights in the business. Among his accomplishments were two no-decision wins in Newark over his neighborhood rival, Mickey Walker.

The unknown Shade figured to be a soft touch for Ward, but the youngster came through with a surprising upset. Georgie couldn't fathom Dave's crouching, weaving style, and the Californian was a decisive winner.

FROM then on, Shade was one of the busiest campaigners in the welterweight ranks. In the next four years there were few ranking 147-pounders he didn't meet in his industrious

meanderings. He went clear through the field, accommodating the fancy boxers, the rugged sluggers, the dangerous punchers. They were all the same to him. He went in there with Mickey Walker, Jack Britton, Frankie Schoell, Eddie Shevlin, Morrie Schlaifer, Bermondsey Billy Wells, Jimmy Jones, Billy Ryan, Pinkey Mitchell, Nate Siegel, Bud Logan, Paul Doyle, Pete Latzo, Tilly (Kid) Herman, Jack Perry, Cowboy Padgett and Allentown Joe Gans, and on occasion he stepped into the heavier middleweight class to tangle with Bert Colima, Ted Moore, Phil Krug, Osk Till and Augie Ratner.

Many of his opponents Shade met not once but often. The dangerous Schlaifer, for instance, was his vis-a-vis in no less than five engagements. Four times he hooked up with the clever Schoell. He also met Ward four times after their first meeting in the Garden. The rugged Jones and Perry were among those he faced in three arguments.

Shade covered considerable territory in his bustling campaigning. There were few, if any, major centers in the nation that did not see him in action at least once, his itinerary stretching from Boston to Los Angeles and from St. Paul to Houston.

A SHOWDOWN between Shade and Mickey Walker for the welterweight title became inevitable. But the Elizabethan, with a healthy respect for Dave's talents, evinced no overwhelming desire to accommodate the Californian in a championship match.

Walker and Shade had met twice in no-decision affairs in Newark before Mickey lifted the crown from the aging cranium of Jack Britton in the Garden. Walker was credited with winning the first bout when Shade fractured an arm in the eighth round and had to quit, but it was a ding-dong brawl all the way, and anybody's fight up to the unfortunate ending. With Shade's arm in working order again, the rivals resumed their feud, and this time Dave was generally credited with having the better of things.

As champion, Walker gave Shade as wide a berth as the statute of limitations permitted. At one stage, in 1923, Mickey's refusal to take on Dave in a title bout resulted in the New York State Athletic Commission "deposing" him and sanctioning a match between Shade and Georgie Ward in Binghamton as for the championship. Shade whipped Ward, but the public and press still recognized Walker as title holder, despite the Commission's action.

Then, in the summer of 1925, things happened that were finally to bring the rivals together.

Jimmy Slattery, sensational young Buffalonian, who had twice outpointed Jack Delaney in brilliant boxing duels in the Garden, and whose record also embraced knockouts of Augie Ratner and Frankie Schoell, a decision over Young Stribling, and a close fight with Harry Greb, was booked for one of three star bouts on the Italian Hospital Fund card at the Yankee Stadium. (In the other matches, Harry Greb was paired with Mickey Walker and Harry Wills with Charley Weinert.)

Since Walker was on the card, Manager Flynn felt he could help force the issue with Mickey by having Shade appear on the same bill. Despite the disparity in weights, Leo offered to pit Dave against Slattery.

The match went in, and Shade accounted for one of the most stunning shocks of the era by flattening Slattery in the third round.

SHADE'S sensational triumph over Slattery, and Walker's gallant, though losing, effort against Greb for the latter's middleweight laurels combined to bring the welterweight rivalry to its long-delayed payoff.

Ten weeks later Walker and Shade tangled in the Yankee Stadium, and only a desperate last-round drive saved the title for Mickey. Shade was well ahead on points going into that fifteenth stanza, but Walker uncovered a blazing finish that all but swept Dave out of the ball park. Despite Mickey's sensational rally, the majority of the fans and critics thought Shade had won.

An immediate clamor went up for another meeting of the rivals but Walker was in no hurry to tangle with the Californian again. Meanwhile, Shade was beginning to find it a troublesome problem keeping his poundage down to the welterweight limit of 147, and with prospects for another crack at Walker not too promising, Dave decided to quit the division and move up into middleweight competition.

In his final bout as a welter, Shade outpointed Bermondsey Billy Wells in Detroit, then announced his entry into the 160-pound ranks. His match with Roland Todd marked his official debut in the heavier class.

Tommy Freeman, destined to become world welterweight champion, made New York debut in preliminary to Shade and Todd, and stopped Sergeant Sammy Baker.

Todd had compiled a brilliant record in British rings. Among his outstanding performances had been a knockout of Frank Moody and decisions over Ted Moore, Gus Platts and Australian Frankie Burns. Outpointed by the veteran Ted (Kid) Lewis in one bid for the British title, Todd had come back in another effort to whip Lewis and take the championship.

Roland, however, had found the going more than somewhat rugged in American rings. On a previous jaunt, he outpointed Italian Joe Gans in Wilkes-Barre, but lost to Tommy Loughran in New York and Jock Malone in Boston, and was knocked out by Malone in another meeting in St. Paul.

Disappointed, Todd had returned to England, but now, nearly two years later, he was back for another campaign, and starting a brand new year by facing Dave Shade in New Madison Square Garden.

THE show convinced Rickard of one fact—New Year's Night definitely was *not* an ideal date for a boxing card. Despite the attractiveness of the main event and a strong supporting card, there was slightly more than half a house present for the festivities. Official figures announced were: attendance, 10,530; receipts, $28,808.

The show opened with a four-rounder in which Johnny Pilkington, Yorkville feather, drew with Phil Richards of England. In the next four, Andy Divodi, Brooklyn welter, flattened Barney Keeley of the West Side in the second. Two of the better young light-heavies of the era, "Hold 'Em Yale" Okun of the East Side and George Manley of Denver, hooked up in a sixer, Okun edging out a close decision in a clever boxing duel.

In the first of the tens, Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs welter (destined to become world champion), showed for the first time in a New York ring, and celebrated the occasion by stopping Sergeant Sammy Baker, the Mitchel Field clouter, Baker retiring at the end of the seventh with an ugly gash under his right eye.

The semi-final, also set for ten, produced a real squabble. Just as the bell ended the first round, Willie Harmon, East Side welter, clipped Nate Goldman of Philadelphia with a fast one-two, and Goldman dropped in a heap, his head crashing against the canvas. He was completely out, but his seconds hauled him back to the corner and worked frantically over him during the minute's rest, while a wrangle ensued over the legitimacy of the knockdown punches. Goldman's cohorts insisted the Philadelphian had been hit *after* the bell, and demanded that Harmon be disqualified. The officials, however, decided that the punches had landed simultaneously with the gong.

Goldman was still groggy when the second round started. He stumbled out of his corner and promptly fell on his face. He tried to pull himself up, but couldn't make it, and was counted out by Referee Ed Purdy.

The main event proved to be little more than a workout for Shade. The Californian, scaling 155½ to Todd's 159, carried every round of the ten, and several times had the Britisher close to a knockout. As a matter of

(Continued on page 39)

WAXMAN KEY FIGURE *in* DEMPSEY'S SUCCESS

By THE RING INTERVIEWER

THERE'S a wide difference of opinion as to which fighter was managed best during his active career. There should be no argument as to which boxer was handled best after he quit fighting. This is Jack Dempsey, and the master-mind entitled to all the bows for the current Dempsey prosperity is Max Waxman.

Folks who know Dempsey well, and even the ex-champion himself, concede that, left to his own devices, the old Manassa Mauler would never have gained his present solvent affluency. For one thing, the old champ could never say "No" to a touch. For another, he always was and still is a great one for doing things free, gratis and for nothing.

Holding forth at a table in Dempsey's Broadway restaurant, Baltimore-born Max Waxman had this to say about Dempsey's free-handedness:

"A guy would walk up to Jack and offer him a grand or so to plug a hair tonic or something like that, and Dempsey would tell him, 'Never mind the dough, you're O.K. with me. Glad to give ya a break.'

"Then I'd have to explain to Jack that the thousand he was offered was part of the advertising bill, and believe me, I'd waste no time grabbing it for him."

WHILE nearly all the restaurant and tavern ventures of other boxers have been washed away in a flood of red ink, the Dempsey-Waxman spot on New York's Broadway has prospered fantastically.

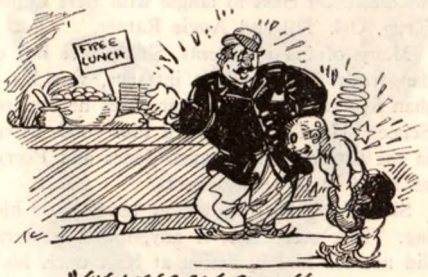
"Since we opened the place in partnership with Jake Amron in 1938, we've done a total business of 12 million dollars," Max reveals.

"The World War II years were our best ones, as one might expect," Waxman continued. "We've gone as high as a million and a half for one year's business, and we've never been below $750,000 for any year."

Dempsey and Waxman have also done handsomely in the hotel business.

"Our places in Los Angeles, Miami and Mexico just about held their own, but we took over the Great Northern Hotel here in New York and two years later we got rid of it and cleared $400,000 in the deal," Max confesses.

Endorsements are a consistent source of revenue to the Dempsey-Waxman till, but they are sometimes a headache.



"THE LOSER GOT PAID OFF WITH FREE LUNCH..."

"The biggest mistake I've ever made with Jack was allowing him to endorse a whiskey. That was a real boner and it taught me a lesson. I found out that the public wouldn't go for his okaying whiskey, cigarettes or even beer. I couldn't get out of that contract soon enough, although it paid a good price. But that's why they have erasers on lead pencils. We all make mistakes," sighed Mr. Waxman.

"THEY never stop coming to Jack with all kinds of propositions, offers and contracts," Max went on, "and you've got to be on the lookout every second for con men, swindlers, gold brick guys, fake stock sellers, and phoney operators and promoters. Some of these guys would fool anybody. A lot of them look as respectable and honest as a person could be. Some of them flash big bankrolls, but there's a gimmick somewhere.

"If you're not extra careful, you can get mixed up in a deal that's an out-and-out swindle. That's happened to us, but luckily we've always been able to prove it was just an honest mistake on our part."

A listener at the table wanted to know when Waxman first met Dempsey.

"That happened down in Baltimore more than 30 years ago," answered Max. "Dempsey was champion then and was doing a show in the Gaiety Theatre, a burlesque house in which I had an interest. I was handling fighters, too, and I remember clearly that Jack remarked a couple of times to me, 'Some day you'll be my manager.' Don't know what gave him the idea, but that's what he kept saying.

"I ran into him down in Long Branch back in 1932. We came to an agreement and I became his manager, and that was the best thing that ever happened to me."

"It didn't do Dempsey any harm, either," put in a hearer.

"WE HAVE TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT ALL THE TIME FOR CON MEN WHO SHOW UP WITH ALL KINDS OF PROPOSITIONS..." Says WAXMAN...

HIS success with Dempsey has somewhat obscured the fact that Max Waxman is one of the most able managers of them all. He is the only one to ever pilot two brothers to world's titles as he did with Vince and Joe Dundee, middle and welter kings of some years ago. He maneuvered Harry Jeffra into championships in two classes—bantam and feather. The spidery Baltimorean held the crown in both these divisions.

Born in Baltimore in 1891, he is a real veteran of the business.

"I had my first fighter some 40 years ago," he discloses. "His real name was Meyer Horowitz and what do you think he called himself in the ring? Young Italy!" laughed Waxman.

I wanted to *(Continued on page 47)*

GOOD CLUB FIGHTERS

By Harvey Thorne

Tony Spano, Chicago West Side featherweight.

Sanford Barrom, a lightweight from Memphis, Tenn.

Kader ben Miloud, Moroccan lightweight.

TONY SPANO

TWO fight due to necessity imbues a man with the determination to win or stand in there as long as he can lift his hands. Be it in private life or in the ring the man who must fight, often termed a "hungry fighter," is hard to beat.

Tony Spano, twenty-one year old boxer from Chicago's West Side, is such a fighter. The oldest of five boys, Tony comes from poor parentage and he has had to fight all his life.

Spano has been picked on from the time he was a child and even after he had matured he had his troubles. Today he has grown into a featherweight and to put it accurately, to fight is what comes naturally.

It was in one of Tony's street fights that Frank Tomaso, probation officer, working out of the Criminal Courts Building, first came across the lad. He watched the youngster polish off his much larger opponent with a well timed right to the jaw and what Tomaso saw he liked. He spoke to Spano and took him under his wing with the result that Spano had his first amateur fight the following week.

In the simon pure loop, including his fights while in the army, the Windy City beak buster had a total of sixty-one fights with fifty-eight wins, of which forty-five were via the kayo route. In 1949 he turned to the folding-money bistros and since then has done a creditable job.

This year Spano has had fourteen bouts losing three. Pete D'Amico, Al Roberts and Tony La Cassa turned the trick but Tony has avenged two of these defeats in later bouts. D'Amico and La Cassa were both pounded by Tony. As for Roberts he had been beaten by Spano in a previous bout and plans are underway for a rubber match to decide the issue.

Tomaso is the first to admit that his boy is not ready for Pep or Saddler but he feels that Spano has the stuff to make the grade with a little more seasoning.

Don Bowman, Asheville, North Carolina, 130 pounder.

ABDEL KADER BEN MILOUD

CONSIDERING the comparatively short span that big-time boxing has been popular there, the North African lands of Morocco, Algeria and Tunis have put together a remarkable record in professional competition. Two world champions—flyweight Victor (Young) Perez and middleweight Marcel Cerdan—have been among their outstanding products, and scores of other headliners have been sent out to the international fistic wars. At present no less than three Algerians—Albert Yvel, light-heavy; Kid Marcel, middle, and Emile Chemama, bantam—hold French national titles, and currently campaigning with the best in Europe are such other North African favorites as Hadi Tijani, Tunisan bantam, and Abdel Kader ben Miloud, Moroccan lightweight.

Miloud, who is contemplating a jaunt to the United States shortly, is a busy, colorful performer, whose speed and aggressive style have earned him the appelation "The Whirling Dervish," has been a consistent winner in both amateur and professional rings. In medal-chasing competition, he lost only one decision in 40 matches, and only two defeats have been posted against him so far in as many outings in the money ranks. The young man—he is just 24—doesn't pick his spots. He fights anybody, anywhere, at any time. He has invaded France, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden and Italy, to whip the likes of Roberto Ruiz, Kurt Kruger, Guiseppe Fusaro, Manuel Morrell, Barolomeo Marti, Julien Degryse, Antonio Fenoy, Frank Hermal and Paul Renucci, and one of his two setbacks was on a close decision to the Danish sensation, Joergen Johansen, in the latter's back yard, Copenhagen. The "Whirling Dervish" really must be something to see.

(Continued on page 37)

Bob Fitzsimmons, who at the age of thirty-eight, became a hot challenger for crown he had lost to Jeffries.

WHEN FITZ MADE COME-BACK BID

By EDWARD VAN EVERY

THE return of Joe Louis to the ring after his abdication as king of the heavyweights occasioned no surprise in fistic circles, but it fell far short as a comeback effort to the bid made by Bob Fitzsimmons to regain the crown at the turn of the century.

Just fifty years ago next August, Old Fitz—he was already past his thirty-eighth birthday—stood ready to meet Gus Ruhlin, the Akron Giant, on the 10th of the month; to face Sailor Tom Sharkey two weeks later and, if successful against these two formidable contenders, he was to climax the two engagements only six days later by taking on James J. Jeffries, to whom Fitzsimmons had lost the championship the previous year. That he did not quite make it, was not altogether the fault of Fitz. He gave it a try that rates a top place in the annals of Fistiana.

To begin this first-hand account of one who admits to being a reporter of early vintage, it should be set down that the bold defy on the part of Fitzsimmons came almost with the announcement that the Horton Law, under which professional boxing then enjoyed legal tolerance, had been repealed to take effect on September 1, 1900. For the next two decades, the sport in the State of New York became a thing of more or less fly-by-night promotion under the club membership dodge, and the status of the pastime improved but little under the Frawley Law, which countenanced ten round contests minus decisions and operated from 1911 to 1917. Not until May 20, 1920, did the Walker Law come into existence and under which to the present day there has been a cauliflower blossoming, though weeds persist—political, occupational and otherwise.

THE swan song of swat for Senator Horton's bill was to the tune of let's make hay while the sun still shines. It was indeed a hot time in the old town, the citizenry being all in a perspiration under a record heat wave as the sizzling broadcast from Fitzsimmons hit the sports pages. The champion could not very well ignore the challenge hurled by the man from whom he had won his laurels. Nor did he. The Jeffries reply implied it only remained for Fitzsimmons to make good against Ruhlin and Sharkey, who had gone twenty and twenty-five rounds, respectively, with the Giant Boilermaker, as Jeffries was known.

"I will give Fitzsimmons his chance to regain the championship," promised the titleholder's statement to the press, "providing he agrees to fight me before the repeal of the Horton Law."

Little old New York was all agog and the daily papers went to fantastic extremes, *The Evening World* in particular, to keep the public informed as to what the fighters said and did as the day of the match neared for the first of the hurdles Fitzsimmons had set himself. *The Evening World* announced that Terry McGovern—who had taken the featherweight crown from the great George Dixon—had been signed as the paper's fistic expert and would report the contest in full in its pages. Terry did.

At least there were seven or eight columns under the McGovern signature—not counting some front page stuff—and embellished with action pictures, drawings which would seem crude by present-day standards. The McGovern story was not so good either. He was replaced by another expert for the Fitzsimmons fight with Sharkey.

Though it was still unbearably hot, the night of August 10, a near capacity crowd of 10,000 was on hand and good for a gate of $33,000, all of them then of the 100-cents to the dollar variety. Ruhlin looked the taller, but the Fitzsimmons shoulders were the wider. Gus, for all his advantage of thirty pounds over Bob, who had scaled under the 170 mark, appeared nervous in contrast to his opponent and fidgeted in his corner as Joe Humphreys made his announcements in tones resonant if not pear-shaped.

Fitz, not looking his years for all his balding pate, appeared quite at ease in his pink tights, a contribution to his ring wardrobe from the not-so-little woman who, even as Rose Julian, contortionist of vaudeville renown, had been a buxom lass. Mrs. Fitz was of the opinion the pink tights set off hubby's complexion; hubby was known as Ruby Robert as well as Freckled Bob.

BRISK action rewarded the spectators almost with the opening bell, Fitz staggering his opponent with a right to the jaw in the early mixing. Youth—comparative, that is—was being served a going over until Ruhlin rallied and Bob slipped to the floor in the midst of a torrid exchange. Gus accidentally caught Bob with a heavy left to the eye just after the bell that plainly left Bob a bit dazed as he went to his corner at the end of what was voted a good round from the ringsider's viewpoint.

Both came up strong in the second until Fitz remedied this for his part when he had the man from Akron bleeding from the nose and, soon after, found opening for a right smash to the body that had Gus groggy. Bob lost no time getting over another

Gus Ruhlin, who fought 20-round draw with Jeff, but was halted by Ruby Robert in six rounds.

drive to the stomach sending Ruhlin to his knees. He was on his feet as the bell ended the round, which was voted another good one—but not for Gus.

Fitzsimmons was all over his victim in the third and Ruhlin's counters were feeble. Still, he managed to stay erect in this round and the next one, though he staggered through the fourth like one who had imbibed too freely, as he undoubtedly had of punches of the leather description. Gus improved somewhat—though not much—in the fifth, being forced to hold desperately before this session was over.

Gus came out in the sixth fairly fresh—but not for long. He was sent to the floor under another of Fitz's pile-driving body smashes. Gus might well have "chucked it" then and there. Instead he struggled up drunkenly to serve as an open target for a combination left and right to the head. That did it. Ruhlin fell flat on his face and the winner was ready for Sharkey. The contest was closed four days later.

WITH the signing, Tom O'Rourke, Sharkey's manager, let it be known that Tom the Sailor, or rather Saloonkeeper—the former gob was by now the keeper of a tavern in the town on New York's East Fourteenth street—would gladly take the place of Fitzsimmons against Jeffries if Fitz should not be available as a result of his meeting with Tom the Saloonkeeper. Thus the champion seemed assured of a fight no matter who won the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey contest. To which Jeff this time didn't say yes and he didn't say no.

Jeffries said sure he stood ready to make good on his promise to defend his laurels before the Horton Law was a dead one, but the business arrangements were up to his manager, Bill Brady, the same Bill Brady of theatrical renown who passed away only this year at the age of 86. What Brady had to say was, there was small likelihood of the champion defending his title on the night of August 30 since the match between Jim Corbett and Kid McCoy had already been set for the final night of the Horton Law.

Jeffries, however, might be ready to take on a challenger thirty days later at some spot to be decided on and where the match would not be outside the pale of the law, as would be the case on September 1 anywhere in the Empire State. Whereupon Fitzsimmons made declaration that, in the event he defeated Sharkey and Jeffries evaded his challenge, he (Fitzsimmons) would claim the title.

For all this buildup, the attendance at the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey scrap fell far below expectations. There was a long delay to the unmistakable annoyance of the fans, who made up in vociferousness what they lacked in numbers, before the warriors climbed into the ring of the Seaside A.C., which on other than fight nights was Bauer's Pavilion, down by the sea waves of Coney Island.

FITZSIMMONS, it developed, insisted on his promised guarantee in full before he would consent to go on with Sharkey. He remained in his dressing room until he saw the money in the hands of his brother-in-law and manager, Martin Julian. It must have been a struggle for the promoters to dig up the dough for the bout went on a full hour behind schedule.

How to explain the disappointing attendance? Sharkey, to be sure, had lost to Ruhlin in the same ring two months earlier. Still, in between this setback and his twenty five setto with Jeffries the previous November—Sharkey had knocked out all six of his opponents, some of them pugilists of prominence. Incidentally, the verdict in favor of Jeffries in the Sharkey bout was as strongly criticized as was the decision which saved Louis his title in the latter's first fight with Jersey Joe Walcott.

It may have been the protracted heat that was in the main responsible for the poor turnout in Fitz's mill with Sailor Tom. The thermometer had hit a high of 94 that afternoon.

Among those present and conspicuously so, was John L. Sullivan, now a corpulent and benign party with nothing to suggest the gladiator who had been wont to bray his offer to fight any so-and-so in the house. He was present in the line of duty, having been hired to replace Terry McGovern as the boxing reporter for *The Evening World*.

John L. had a well-sharpened pencil behind his ear as badge of his assignment. Though the pencil remained there all through the contest, the Sullivan account of the embroglio, together with pictures, took up an entire page of *The Evening World* on the following day. The writer won't divulge the name of the individual who really wrote the Sullivan story, but we thought the story a good one—far superior to the one authored by Terrible Terry and certainly not a bad job of batting in the Sullivan vocabulary or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

THE bout was shorter, but even more exciting than Fitz's clash with Ruhlin, that Sullivan had to cover. Sharkey, to general surprise, showed semblance of cleverness such as no one believed him to possess. Tom not only side-stepped and ducked Bob's swings with some success, but landed what was known in boxing parlance, as a corker with his left. It was a hit so well placed and powerful, it caused Bob's pink tights to hit the floor with such force that he did not arise on his pipe-stem legs until seven had been counted over him. Not a few were of the opinion it was just as well for Fitzsimmons the bell ended the round at this juncture.

Though Fitz went to his corner none too sprightly and Sharkey came at him with a rush as the second round got under way, the round was not very far gone before Bob found an opening for his efficacious right to the body. This time it was Tom who sat down on the canvas and with far more violence than Bob had done in the preceding round.

It was the turning point of the encounter. Sharkey never shook off the effects of the blow and the erstwhile Salt sagged with an expression on his face that seemed to say, Lord help the sailor on a night like this. He was soon completely sunk and had to be towed to his corner a few seconds later and he failed to come up for a third time.

THE victor was so fresh and frisky following his ring exertions he went from the arena dressing room to a dance hall in the Bergen Beach area of Brooklyn known as the Alhambra and owned by Percy Williams, the well known theatre man. There Fitzsimmons tripped the light fantastic until 3 A.M. and was even prevailed on to raise his voice in song. Which he did to the strains of Sir Arthur Sullivan's Titwillow, but with the words of Sir W. S. Gilbert replaced by lyrics that were, according to *The Evening World*, the brain child of Fitzsimmons, and which were as follows:

By the shores of dear Bergen
Lives honest old Fitz,
With his wallop, his wallop, his wallop.
He met Gustave Ruhlin
And knocked him out cold
With his wallop, his wallop, his wallop.
Then he took on Tom Sharkey
And gave him a cramp
And he'll make Big Jim Jeffries
Look just like a tramp
And win back his title
Of heavyweight champ,
With his wallop, his wallop, his wallop.

After the song, Fitz reiterated his readiness to tangle with the Giant Boilermaker. Jeffries, the following week, bowed gracefully to one and all and only then did he make his departure for his nearby home and a well-earned rest.

BY noon of the following day, Fitzsimmons was to be seen parading along Park Row's Printing House Square in a snappy straw sailor hat which, with his "fly's skating rink" covered, made him look far from an old gaffer verging on 40. He appeared much younger than the two more youthful athletes to whom he had given their lumps in the brief period of fifteen days. He was trailed by a horde of admirers as he made the rounds of the newspaper offices. *(Continued on page 47)*

NEWS of the MAT WORLD

By STANLEY WESTON

SOME of the most colorful people connected with this wrestling business are the promoters. Down through the years, mat publicity men have found more material associated with the men who stage the shows than from the wrestlers themselves. Jack Curley rates with Tex Rickard and Mike Jacobs as the top ring promoters of all time. During the thirties, Curley's name made headlines day after day. His great attractions in Madison Square Garden and several other arenas have never been topped as far as thrills and attendance records go.

Ray Fabiani, the Philadelphia violin player, was another colorful personality connected with wrestling promotion who always hit the sports pages and made excellent copy.

Jack Pfeffer, the little Russian mat impresario, was good for a story or two before any of his attractions were staged. Pfeffer made a fortune out of the mat sport and, being the smart operator he is, Jack still has all his marbles.

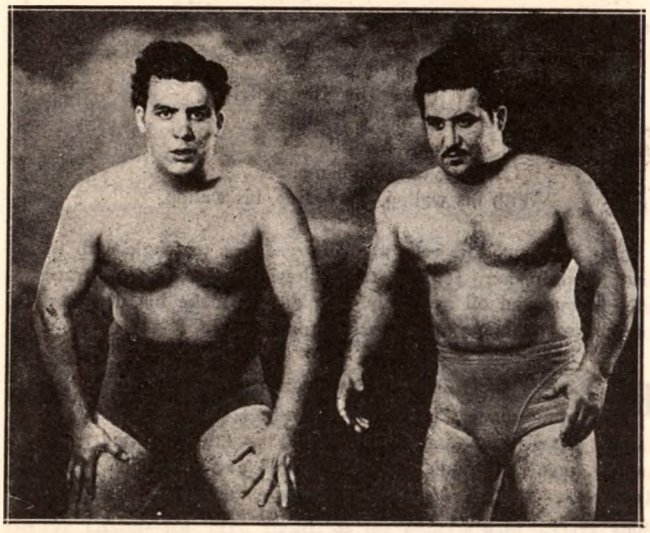
Pfeffer's great ability lies in that he can make a star out of any average wrestler. Grapplers who hitched their wagons to Jack's star have made plenty of money. Take Buddy Rogers, for example. Buddy teamed up with Pfeffer some time ago and was developed into one of the country's leading attractions. A lot of credit for this success story must go to the little man with the giant imagination—Jack Pfeffer.

Pfeffer used to have his office in the Times Building on Times Square in New York. From there he staged shows throughout the Eastern seaboard. Recently he moved to Toledo and concentrated his efforts in the Mid-West. Jack's keen mind for creating effects which attract the public has never been surpassed in the wrestling game.

ANOTHER wrestler developed into a star by Jack was the giant Polish grunter, Talum. During the lean years, Talum was the only big shot name wrestler Pfeffer controlled, but clever maneuvering with his lone protege resulted in both men making a good living.

Jack Pfeffer will do most anything to get people to purchase tickets for his shows. Antonino Rocca, as you all know, proved to be the top boxoffice star in the sport last year. Well, Pfeffer couldn't get Antonino on his cards, so he quickly created a Rocca of his own.

Thus, Jumping Rocca was born. Jack also made his own "Angel," the "Swedish Angel." He even went so far as to dream up the "Lady Angel." Pfeffer also books his own troupe of female wrestlers and bills them as the only girls not connected with the monopoly.



Eddie Gardenia (left), and his brother Tony, tough Italian stars who wear real gardenias over their ears. They are wrestling in the East.

"Lord" Leslie Carlton shown with his faithful valet. "His Lordship" is a powerful fellow with a load of gate appeal, and a keen eye for showmanship.

To give you an idea of how Jack Pfeffer works, here is a typical show staged by the mad genius:

For the Heavyweight Championship of the World
Dave Levin
vs.
"Zuma," The Man from Mars
Best Two Out of Three Falls

Tarzan Lord Pincerton
vs.
The Mighty Titan
One Fall

Hopalong Rokko, The Flying Saucer
vs.
The Volga Boatman
One Fall

Pancho Romero, Mexican Champion
vs.
The Red Devil
One Fall

We have been covering wrestling for many years, but to be honest, who these wrestlers really are is a complete mystery to us.

LOOK for wrestling to come up with a new twist every time. Latest oddity around these parts is the Gardenia brothers. Just to give more oomph to their exhibitions, the boys parade around with gardenias pinned behind their ears. They swear that Gardenia is their Christian name.

Eddie and Tony Gardenia hail from Steubensville, O., and have been wrestling for a little over three years. Eddie used to box and acted as a sparring partner for Billy Conn, when the latter trained for his second battle with Joe Louis. Ed is the heavier of the pair, weighing in at 235 pounds, while brother Tony tips the scales at 218.

Our old buddy, Lee Savoldi, writes from Dyersburg, Tenn., that he will be back East shortly. Lee is a wrestler who rates a chance from local promoters, because he's a good thrill provider.

BRONKO NAGURSKI, former heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, was voted the greatest football player to come out of Minnesota in the past 50 years. That's a modest boost to the great All-American of yesteryear. We have heard it said by experts that Nagurski is the greatest fullback who ever lived.

Here is a long-range prediction: Verne Gagne will become the best wrestler in the world during the next few years. Gagne recently won the junior heavyweight title in Tulsa, Okla. This boy is really amazing. Words cannot present a vivid enough picture of how clever and fast Gagne is. You must see with your own eyes to believe a wrestler could be that good.

Buddy Rogers and Billy Darnell put on the most thrilling exhibitions that can be seen in the business today.

"ANYTHING for publicity," that seems to be the code of present-day athletes. Here is a letter received from Doc Doganiero, a Camden, N. J., heavyweight wrestler:

"I am a professional wrestler from Camden, N. J. I would sincerely like to challenge heavyweight champion Ezzard Charles or Joe Louis to a mixed contest, a wrestler versus boxer contest. Better still, I desire to challenge my fellow townsman, Jersey Joe Walcott, to a similar contest. I am willing to turn over my end—purse, i.e.—to Army and Navy relief to help the boys in the front lines of Korea. I have a kid brother there now. I am willing to tour all Army camps or Navy bases and meet any and all professional boxers in such contests to provide entertainment for the GI's.

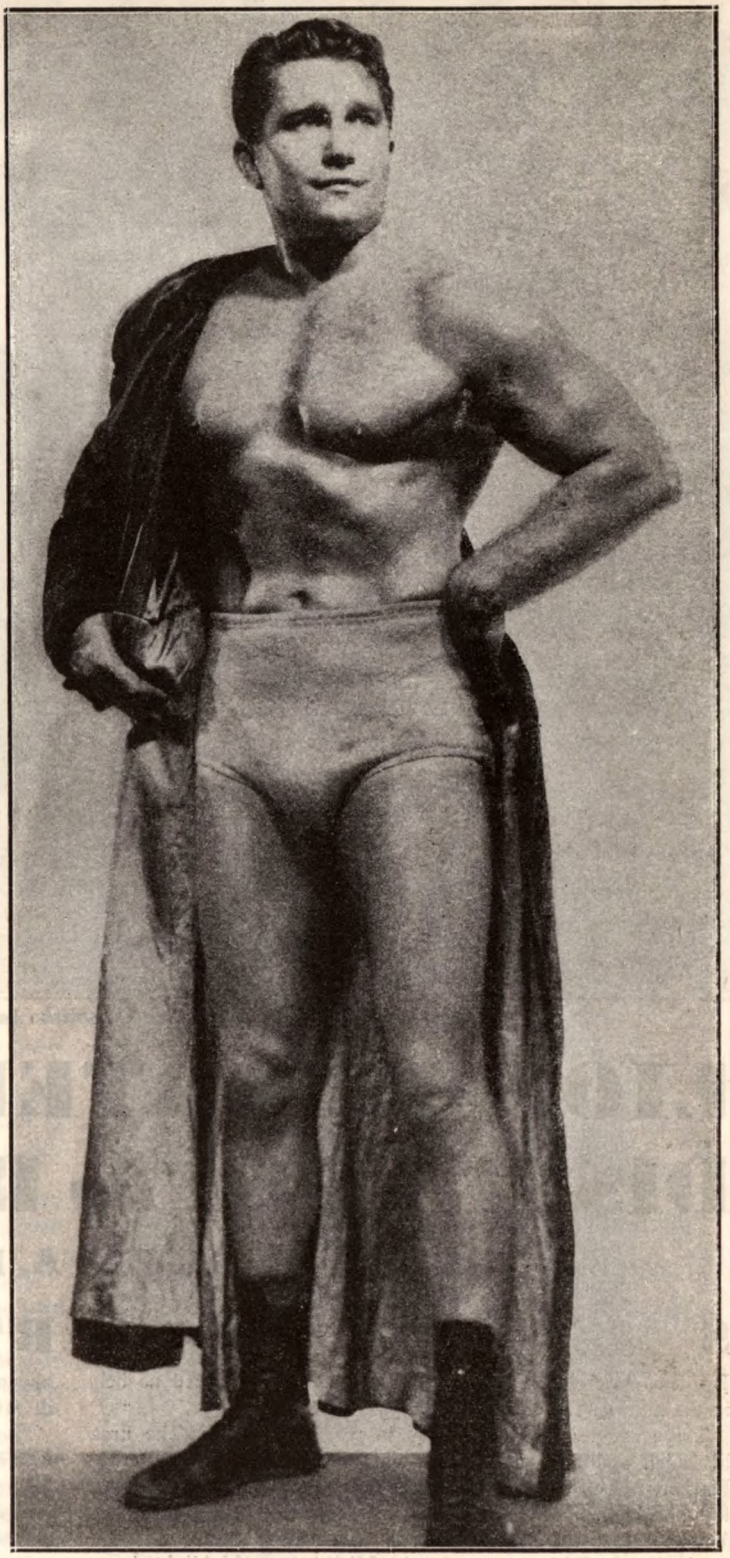
"Particularly do I want to meet Jersey Joe Walcott.—Dominic (Doc) Doganiero, Camden, N. J., Heavyweight Wrestler."

PADDY MULDOON raced into the office a few days ago prepared to clamp a headlock on your reporter for failing to note in a recent issue that he was heavyweight champion of all Ireland. Let it be known that Muldoon is HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF IRELAND. Anything to keep Paddy as a friend and make him stop seeking us out with blood in his eyes.

Muldoon recently returned from a New England tour where he met up with his fellow countryman, Steve Casey. Casey owns a pub in Boston and the reunion was a flowing success. It was suggested that Paddy and Casey make a tour of Ireland in the spring. Both are thinking it over.

Several fans have asked when Dave Levin can be expected back in his home town. He writes that he'll be in the East before spring. He has had a very successful stay in California. The former heavyweight champion has always been one of the top drawing powers around the East.

George Bothner, the 83-year-old mat great, did a turn before the television camera when he appeared on the "Life Begins at Eighty" show. As always, Bothner walked off with top honors.

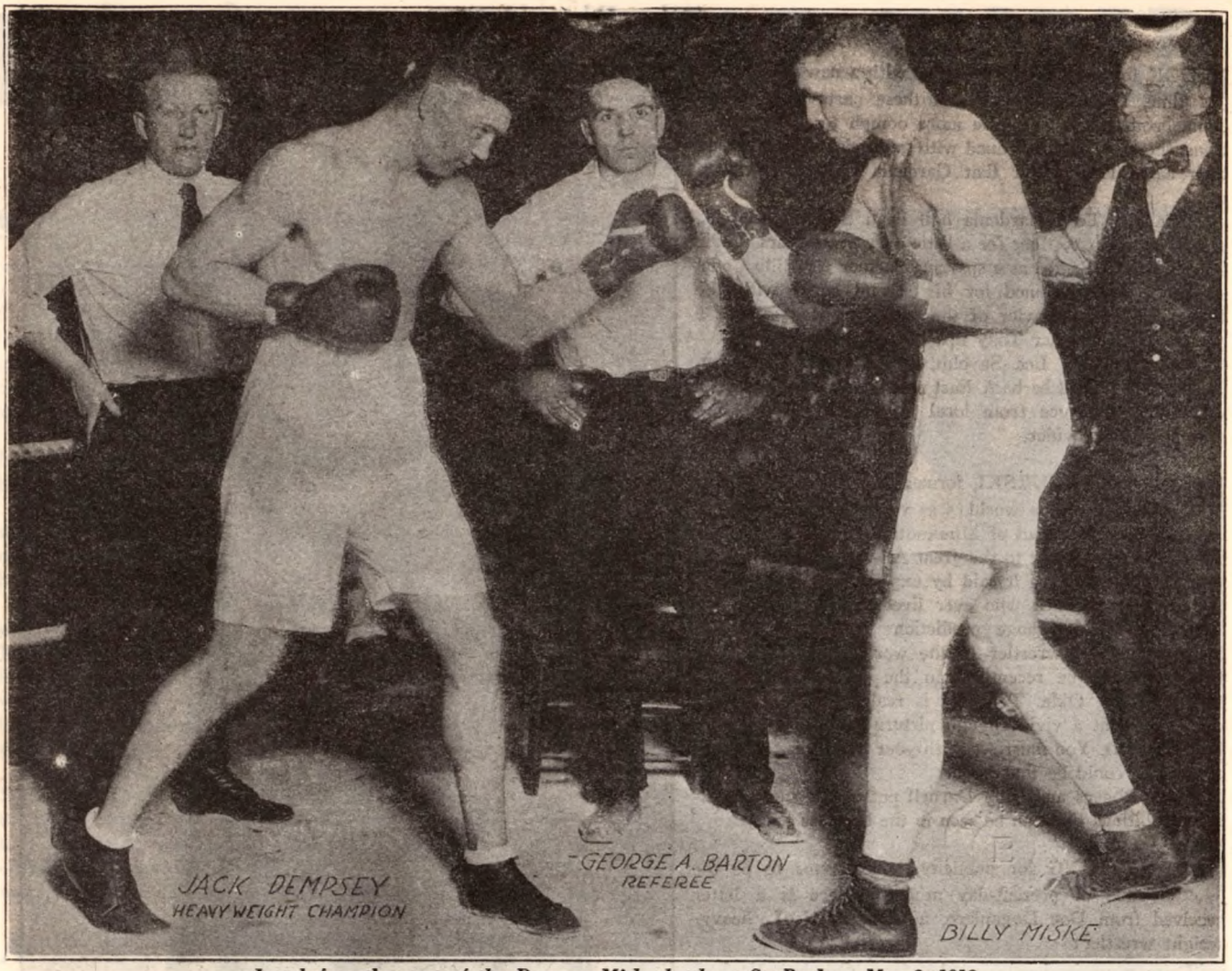


One of the latest pictures of Kenny Ackles. Here you see one of the most popular young wrestlers in the country. He has an army of fans. Kenny is the typical television favorite type.

Leach Cross, one of the top lightweight fighters of the early 1900's, is a wrestling judge for the New York State Athletic Commission.

Your reporter would still like to see the 11 o'clock curfew law lifted in New Jersey and New York states. Somehow we have always felt that the law cheated patrons out of getting their full money's worth. If boxing does not have the curfew, why does wrestling?

Too frequently, a match that has been stirring, is curtailed just as the fans intensely await the finish.



Just before the start of the Dempsey-Miske battle at St. Paul on May 3, 1918.

LION-HEARTED COURAGE DISPLAYED *by* BILLY MISKE

By GEORGE A. BARTON

SOME day Hollywood will get to a great story—the drama of the closing years of the career of Billy Miske, the St. Paul heavyweight. Miske himself will be able to afford no help in the filming. He died on January 1, 1924.

There are two striking facets in the Miske story. The first, his third and last engagement with Jack Dempsey, at Benton Harbor, Mich., on September 6, 1920. The second, Miske's last fight, on November 7, 1923, at Omaha, Neb. Miske was ill, dying. Yet he belted out Bill Brennan in four rounds.

There are Christmas angles in Miske's two highlighted engagements. He got the fight with Dempsey because he already was seriously ill, with kidney trouble, and in financial straits. And he got the Brennan fight because by that time he was broke, and his family needed a Christmas tree.

Miske lost all of his savings when his automobile business failed in 1920 and most of his ring earnings of 1921 and 1922 had gone into a new home and other expenses, including medical bills, for Billy was a very sick man.

Miske's illness forced him to retire from the ring after knocking out Harry Foley on January 12, 1923. Unable to fight, too ill to work, Billy stayed home most of the time with his wife and three children. The months of idleness had depleted the Miske bankroll as Christmas was coming.

BILLY pleaded with Jack Reddy, St. Paul boxing promoter, who had been his manager for a number of years, to get him a fight. Reddy naturally refused, for he really knew how ill Miske was.

"Look, Jack," pleaded Miske. "Here's how it is. I'm flat broke. I haven't done anything for eleven months. I know I haven't long to go. I want to give Marie and the children one more happy Christmas before I check out. I won't be around for another."

Reddy argued that it would be foolhardy, for in his condition he might die in the ring.

"Sure, I know that better than you do," answered Miske. "But after all, I am a fighter. I'd rather die in the ring than sitting home in a rocking chair."

Reddy protested. He offered to do anything he could to help Billy financially. He pleaded with Billy to abandon the idea, for he didn't want his pal's death on his conscience.

"Tell you what I'll do," Reddy finally said. "Go into the gym and start working out. If you get into some kind of shape, we'll talk about getting you a match."

"Jack," replied Miske, "you know I can't do that. It's impossible for me to train. I've got to have one more fight for my family's sake. Please get it for me."

There was no talking Miske out of his scheme. Reddy reluctantly said he'd look around.

After pondering the matter for several days, Reddy matched Miske with Brennan at Omaha. Miske had decisioned Brennan in three previous fights which were closely contested and exciting enough to warrant a fourth meeting.

Brennan had been a tough hombre, but the wear and tear of a long, active career, and battles with all the top heavyweights of the era, had finally taken their toll, and Bill was pretty well near the end of the line. His "name," however, still was an attraction in the smaller cities and towns of the nation, and there figured to be a strong sentimental appeal to a match between him and Miske.

When I got a tip Miske was matched with Brennan, I called Reddy on the telephone, and gave him heck for being willing to risk Miske's life to make a few bucks for himself.

I threatened to expose Billy's physical condition and blast Reddy for being a party to such an affair.

"Hold everything," said Reddy when I paused for breath. "Please don't write anything until I bring Billy to your office. We'll be there shortly and explain everything."

Miske told me his story and begged me not to reveal it. I was a close friend of both Miske and Reddy, and finally, with reluctance, promised to keep his condition secret although he feared, as Reddy did, that Billy might die in the ring.

All this took place about a week before Thanksgiving Day. The Miske-Brennan fight was set for November 7.

Miske, of course, wasn't able to train. When inquisitive newspapermen and boxing fans asked Reddy why Billy wasn't working out in the Rose Room gymnasium in St. Paul, Jack explained he had a gym rigged up at his Lake Johanna home and Miske intended doing all his training there.

This was so much hooey Billy remained at home, saving his strength. He didn't go to Omaha until two days before the fight.

STATE athletic commissions weren't as strict with medical examinations then as now. Maybe the doctor gave Billy only a cursory examination I wouldn't know about that.

I do know Billy knocked out Brennan in four rounds and picked up approximately $2,400 for his trouble. Reddy waived his managerial cut, so Billy kept the entire purse.

Billy spent Christmas day at home with Marie and the children gathered around him. He was just about the happiest fellow in the world, although he knew it would be his last Christmas with them.

Although actually in agony from pain, Billy told Marie he felt fine He romped with the children and laughed and kidded with relatives

Early on the morning of Dec. 26, Billy telephoned Reddy.

"Come and get me to a hospital, Jack. I can't stand the pain any longer. I know I'm dying."

Reddy and Mrs. Miske rushed him to St. Mary's Hospital in Minneapolis Billy died early on New Year's day, 1924. Maybe someone can name a gamer boxer than Miske. I can't.

LOOKING back over a refereeing career covering a period of thirty-three years, during which I officiated in more than 12,000 professional and amateur bouts, I must single out the first fight between Dempsey and Miske at St. Paul, for providing me with my greatest thrill.

The 10-rounder, held on May 3, 1918, attracted national attention because Tex Rickard had announced he would consider the winner as an opponent for Champion Jess Willard after the first World War.

The 23-year-old Dempsey, after an unimpressive start under two incapable managers, created considerable stir after placing himself under the guidance of Jack Kearns the latter part of 1917.

Noted boxing writers of the time like W. W. Naughton of San Francisco, Ed W Smith of Chicago, Tom Andrews of Milwaukee and Otto Floto of Denver were touting Dempsey as the next heavyweight champion. He had knocked out Fireman Jim Flynn, Carl Morris, Bill Brennan and Homer Smith. They were impressed with the punching power of the Manassa Mauler.

Ringworn Bill Brennan, knocked out by Billy Miske in what was to prove the last ring appearances of both rivals.

Miske, at 24, already had established himself as one of America's outstanding heavyweights with victories over Fred Fulton, Gunboat Smith, Carl Morris, Charley Weinert, Battling Levinsky, Tom Cowler, Jack Dillon and Bob Moha.

DEMPSEY and Miske were little more than light-heavies. Jack weighed 181, Miske 183 on the day of the fight.

I took a strong fancy to Dempsey, both as a fighter and friendly personality, shortly after he arrived in Minneapolis two weeks in advance of the bout. He moved around with the speed and agility of a middleweight, displayed terrific punching power with both fists, and the zest for battle *(Continued on page 36)*

Charles, Fighter of the Month

By NAT FLEISCHER and STANLEY WESTON

THE new year, which from all indications should be an active one for the top-notch fighters, has already seen many changes in the top-ranking positions. The major change has resulted in the drop of Lee Savold, recognized in England as world champion, from his high post of second leading challenger to fourth place due to continued inaction. Though Lee is awaiting a crack at the world crown or a shot at Joe Louis to prove his right to such a battle, he has been on the side lines too long to merit the high standing RING has given him since his knockout of Bruce Woodcock. If Lee engages in one contest and wins, he will resume his post.

Joey Maxim, world light-heavyweight king, who has been winning consistently against heavyweights, replaces Savold. Clarence Henry, who gave Omelio Agromonte a shellacking in their recent Garden bout, is next in line. Lee Oma has been dropped out of the first ten.

In the light-weight class, two big changes are recorded. Freddie Dawson, who lost a much-disputed decision to John L. Davis some months ago but has been doing far better work than his conqueror since, is named the leading challenger for Ike Williams' title. In his last fight he knocked out Johnny Gonsalves, a rated lightweight, and this earned him his new position.

Calvin Smith, young Philadelphia lightweight, a sensational battler, won a close decision over James Carter, a highly-rated lightweight, and because of that victory he is now listed in sixth place and Carter has been dropped from fourth to seventh. Gonsalves has been eliminated from among the elite.

During December and January, Ike Williams, world lightweight king; Ezzard Charles, heavyweight champion, and Ray Robinson, welterweight titleholder, went into action as did a number of European champions and their appearances perked up interest in world boxing.

Ezzard Charles is the "Fighter of the Month." His victory over Lee Oma was the highlight of the new year's fights. As we go to press, Joe Louis will again appear in a contest, this time in Florida. During the past month he stopped Freddie Beshore in four rounds and made an excellent showing.

Abroad, Gene Jones, who has been doing well, flattened Wilson Kohlbrecher in Germany in three rounds, and Bill Weinberg stopped Johnny Williams in six when the latter was forced to retire due to an injury.

Don Mullett retained his New Zealand crown by outpointing Jack Boyd but lost in a non-title bout to Dave Sands, British Empire middleweight champion.

Archie Moore continues to hold the top line as a contender for light-heavyweight honours. His latest victory was over Billy Smith who walked out of the ring in the eighth round. Dan Bucceroni of Philadelphia, the elongated light-heavyweight, continues to pile up victories in his class and in overweight bouts, but his opponents are none too good. We would like to see him against better opposition as he seems ready for that. He's an excellent prospect.

With the start of a new year, several fighters who had been rated in 1950 and received high positions in the annual ratings, based on a full year's performances, have been placed lower or dropped entirely due to defeats in the past month, inactivity, or because they no longer are fighting in the class in which they were listed during the past year.

Take the case of George Costner, ranked Number One welterweight contender in the annual ratings. Costner's last bout took place in July, 1950, when he defeated the lightweight king, Ike Williams.

He has been inactive since due to a suspension of his licence because of poor vision. Until he gets a clean bill of health and resumes boxing, he will have to be held on the sidelines.

The results of the month follow:

Heavyweights

Clarence Henry topped Willie Bean, 12.
Former world champion, Joe Louis, stopped Freddie Beshore, 4.
Rocky Marciano stopped Bill Wilson, 1.
Andy Walker decisioned Frankie Buford, 15.
Gene Jones flattened Wilson Kohlbrecher, 3.
Bill Weinberg won over Johnny Williams on latter's retirement, 6.
Don Mullett retained New Zealand title by outpointing Jack Boyd, 15, but was beaten in non-title bout by British Empire middleweight champion Dave Sands, 10.
Werner Wiegand stopped Ernest Chalonon, 9, and kayoed Richard Grupe, 3.
Doc Williams trimmed O'Dell Riley, 10. Jack Nelson chilled Sonny Orrock, 5. Jimmy Gambino stopped Hank Saxen, 3.
Piet Strydom outpointed George Hunter for vacant South African title, 12. Red Applegate lost to Marty Marshall, 6. Billy Horan knocked out Cecil Roland, 1.
Ringo Harris stopped Dutch Culbertson, 4. Bob Finley decisioned George McDonald, 4.
Fred Powell kayoed Jack Longford, 2. Jack McVicar flattened Ben Bowden, 1. Bobby Mitchell knocked out John Donnelly, 3, and Bill McClure, 8.
Roland LaStarza outpointed Ted Lowry, 10.
Rex Layne stopped Bill Roberts, 9.
Ezzard Charles knocked out Lee Oma in the tenth heat (non-title).
Clarence Henry defeated Omelio Agramonte, 8.
Keene Simmons stopped George Kaplan, 2.
Archie McBride kayoed Floyd Gibson, 6. Jimmy DeLange bested Sylvester Jones, 4.
Billy Horan halted Mark Maguire, 1.

Light-Heavyweights

Archie Moore chased Billy Smith out of the ring and was awarded an eighth round kayo victory. Dan Bucceroni iced Jimmy Bell, 1.
European Champion Albert Yvel stopped Jackie Marr, 8. Reuben Jones drew with Billy Kilgore, 10.
Harold Johnson knocked out Harry Daniels, 2.
Heinz Sachs won German title by kayoing Richard Vogt, 2. Willi Hoepner knocked out Jean Seres, 4.
Hal Boylston beat Billy Brown, 10.
Jimmy Carroll outpointed Jack Harris, 8, but lost to Johnny McGowan, 10. Fred Protas flattened Cornell Butler, 2.
Gene Fowler decisioned Jock Taylor, 8, but was stopped by Bill Wood, 7. Gerry Nolan drew with Johnny Nuttall, 8. Mac Foreman won over Dave Williams, 6, and Jim Hockley, 8.
Ken Sterling decisioned Willi Fazlau, 8. Phil Saxton won over Andrew Walker, 4. Billy Ferguson beat Sid Edwards, 6.
Tony Lord outpointed Dave Williams, 6. Koffi Kiteman decisioned Jim Allsopp, 10. Billy Dean kayoed Ernie Comley, 8.
Fitzie Fitzpatrick knocked out Charley Lee, 1.

Middleweights

World Welterweight Champion Ray Robinson knocked out Robert Villemain in 9 and Hans Stretz in 5. Both non-title matches.
British Empire and Australian Champion Dave Sands whipped heavyweight Don Mullett, 10.
Gene Hairston flattened J. T. Ross, 3. British Champion Randolph Turpin won over Tommy Yarosz on disqualification, 8.
Steve Belloise retired from the ring after being knocked out by Billy Kilgore in 3 rounds. Kilgore then drew with Reuben Jones, 10.
Ray Barnes won from Billy Brown, 10.
German Champion Freddie Muller whipped Gilbert Stock, 10, but was held to a draw by Karl Schmidt, 12. Stock also lost to Gustav Scholz, 8, but kayoed Franco Molina, 5.
Jimmy Flood stopped Artie Diamond, 8. Jimmy Herring lost to Vic Cardell, 8.
Charley Anglee whipped Sammy Walker, 10, and stopped Otis Graham, 8.
Don Lee knocked out Hans Baumann, 4, but was beaten by Hans Strelecki, 8. Strelecki also won on a foul over Burl Charity, 3. Charity drew with Heinz Balzer, 8. Ivano Fontana stopped Georges Royer, 3. Paul Pender kayoed Norman Hayes, 7.
Billy Corbett stopped Freddy Greenfield, 9. Gino Campagna won Italian title by defeating Fernando Janilli, 12. Joe Giardello stopped Leroy Allen, 5.
Tiberio Mitri was knocked out by Mario Minatelli, 2. Joe Giavdello beat Freddie Lott, 8. Fritz Ehringer outpointed Georges Schiltz for Luxembourg title, 10.
Marvin Edelman dropped Al Garcia, 1. Jimmy Langston stopped Pedro Jiminez, 8. Jacques Royer-Crecy outpointed Widmer Milandri, 8.
Eric McQuade polished off Dick Langley, 1.
Dick Finley knocked out Palomo Corrales, 3. Tommy Bazzano trimmed Sonny Levitt, 8.
Duggie Miller outpointed Michael Stack, 10, and stopped Bob Cleaver, 3. George Holzman iced Jerry Samsky, 3.
Carmine Vitale chilled Joe Harley, 2. Eddie Vail licked Dom Zimbardo, 4. Harold Drucker stopped Eddie Harris, 4.
Chester Slider outpointed Dave Andrews, 8. Ron Bebbington decisioned Koffi Kiteman, 8. Bill Andy shaded Freddy Tibbs, 6.
Les Allen whipped Belgian Champion Albert Heyen, 10. Richard Armah stopped Freddie Webb, 5, and whipped Bos Murphy, 8. Bob Stecher beat Wilbur Wilson, 8.
Alby Hollister kayoed Sam Burgoyne, 1. Joe DiLiberto defeated Herb Elly, 4. Henry Hall

RING RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Ending February 6th, 1951

Heavyweights (Over 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (Not exceeding 175 pounds)	Middleweights (Not exceeding 160 pounds)	Welterweights (Not exceeding 147 pounds)
World's Champion Ezzard Charles	World's Champion Joey Maxim	World's Champion Jake LaMotta	World's Champion Ray Robinson
1—Joe Louis	Archie Moore	Ray Robinson	Kid Gavilan
2—Joey Maxim	Harry Matthews	Laurent Dauthuille	Johnny Bratton
3—Clarence Henry	Bob Satterfield	Dave Sands	Billy Graham
4—Lee Savold	Bob Murphy	Randolph Turpin	Charley Fusari
5—Rex Layne	Nick Barone	Jimmy Beau	Eddie Thomas
6—Bob Baker	Jimmy Slade	Gene Hairston	Johnny Saxton
7—Joe Walcott	Doc Williams	Ray Barnes	Mickey Tollis
8—Jack Gardner	Dan Bucceroni	Robert Villemain	Joe Miceli
9—Rocky Marciano	Connie Rux	Walter Cartier	Maurice Harper
10—Willie Bean	Don Cockell	Paddy Young	Charley Cotton

Lightweights (Not exceeding 135 pounds)	Featherweights (Not exceeding 126 pounds)	Bantamweights (Not exceeding 118 pounds)	Flyweights (Not exceeding 112 pounds)
World's Champion Ike Williams	World's Champion Sandy Saddler	World's Champion Vic Toweel	World's Champion Dado Marino
1—Freddie Dawson	Willie Pep	Luis Romero	Jan Sneyers
2—John L. Davis	Ray Famechon	Manuel Ortiz	Terry Allen
3—Tommy Campbell	Percy Bassett	Peter Keenan	Luis Skena
4—Del Flanagan	Charley Riley	Luis Galvani	Vic Herman
5—Art Aragon	Luis de Santiago	Elley Bennett	Honore Pratesi
6—Calvin Smith	Ronnie Clayton	Emile Chemama	Stumpy Butwell
7—Eddie Chavez	Al Phillips	Maurice Sandeyron	Teddy Gardner
8—James Carter	Lauro Salas	Tommy Proffitt	Norman Tennant
9—Rudy Cruz	Ciro Morasen	Hadi Tijani	Henry Carpenter
10—Arthur King	Rudy Garcia	Gianni Zuddas	Black Pico

decisioned Welsh Champion Tommy Davies, 10.
Jackie Lovatt nodded Bob Stecher, 10. George Holzman stopped Jim Doxie, 2. Fredi Teichmann won over Marco Brito, 6.
Ron Crookes whipped Bos Murphy, 6. Al Miang beat James Suber, 4, and Pete Adams, 6. Oswaldo Silva chilled K.O. Romero, 3.
Dave Sands whipped Boy Brooks, 12.
Art Towne dropped a close ten-rounder to Gene Hairston, 10.

Welterweights

World Champion Ray Robinson outpointed Jean Walzack, 10; knocked out Robert Villemain, 9, and stopped Hans Stretz, 5. Walzack also lost to Charles Humezt, 10.
Kid Gavilan took the measure of Joe Miceli, 10. Billy Graham won from Tommy Ciarlo, 8.
Charley Salas kayoed Terry Gibson, 5. Johnny Bratton flattened Sammy Mastrean, 3. Australian Champion Mickey Tollis stopped Al Wilburn, 10.
Fitzie Pruden beat Beau Jack, 10. Gil Turner kayoed Massimo Sanna, 1.
Gilbert Lavoine retained French title by whipping Omar le Noir, 15, and flattened Manuel Morell, 10
Vic Cardell outboxed Carmen Basilio, 10, Jimmy Herring, 8, and stopped Tony Cimmino, 7 Charles Humezt walloped Gilbert Ussin, 10.
German Champion Walter Schneider drew with Walter Blumenthal, 8. Lloyd Tate kayoed Santa Bucca 2. Alger Smith whipped Roy Davies, 6.
Vinnie D'Andrea whipped Matt Corbin, 8. Marcel Brisbois defeated Red DeFazio, 6.
Chuck Taylor stopped Art Davis, 6. Chico Vejar stopped Andy Viserto, 2, and Joe Moore, 2. Scottish Champion Bill Rattray outfought Ezzie Reid, 8, and decisioned Kay Kalio, 8.
Danny Womber beat Jose Diaz, 8, and Honey Johnson, 6. Stan Reypens won over Bruno Marostegan, 10, knocked out Maurice Mombaert, 9, and whipped Alois de Wulf, 10.
Omar le Noir decisioned Jean Mougin, 10. Manny Leal flattened Sammy Guiliani, 1. Alf Danahar outpointed Bob Frost, 12.
Israel Boyle whipped Danny McKay, 10, but lost to Johnny Downes, 8. McKay also was outpointed by Jackie Marshall, 8. Irish Champion Tommy Armour drew with Ron Price, 8.
Bobby Rosado tripped Al Wilson, 6. Terry Ratcliffe outfought Les Rendle, 6, and Kay Kalio over same distance.
Joey Carkido stopped Ruby Kessler, 7. George Flores licked Phil Rizzo, 8.
Louis Ortiz drew with Nate Spellman, 4, and beat Jim Demitrios, 6. Eddie Wenger knocked out Manny Gonzales, 1. Vinnie D'Andrea licked Manouk Markarian, 8.
Rafael da Sylva drew with Luigi Vanentini, 8. Piet van Staden lost to Ron Price, 8. Vinnie Vingo iced Irv Gerhardt, 3. Danny Richardson halted Joe Giacobbe, 3. Richie Anderson kayoed Dick Cannady, 3.
Phil Rizzo drew with George Flores, 8. Lou Volpe stopped Bobby Gainsville, 4.
Norman Thompson beat Chief Crazy Horse, 8.

Lightweights

World Champion Ike Williams won from Rudy Cruz, 10 (non-title), and then Ike flattened Jose Gatica, 1 (non-title).
Percy Bassett knocked out Sonny Boy West, 7, and beat Ted Davis, 10.
Del Flanagan knocked out Jackie Graves, 3.
Enrique Bolanos whipped Tote Martinez, 10, but lost to Eddie Chavez, 10. Phil Morizio outpointed Tim Dalton, 8.
Arthur King kayoed John LaBroi, 6. British Champion Billy Thompson won over Guiseppe Colasanti on disqualification, 5.
Alfie Clay outpointed Claude Dennington. 12. Harold Jones trimmed Babe Herman, 10.
Italian Champion Luigi Male retained title by drawing with Duilio Loi, 12. Male then lost to Emilio Marconi. 10, knocked out Efisio Melis, 6, and whipped Coluzzi, 10, in non-title matches. Roger Baour outpointed Bartoleme Marti. 10.
Bob Sandberg stopped Elis Ask, 4. Belgian Champion Joseph Preys drew with Gustave Perrot. 10.
George Daly outpointed Johnny Flannigan, 8. Jean Labalette whipped Ivor (Kid) Germain, 8. Tony Allegro iced Ralph Jacobs, 6.
Ralph Giordano beat Murray Levine, 6. Chick Boucher decisioned Jay Parlin, 4, but was stopped by Art Suffoletta, 6. Bill Neri stopped Billy Liggett. 5, and beat Kid Dussart, 8.
Peter Indaco drew with Eddie Sellers, 6. Mickey Flanagan edged out Terry Riley, 8.
Ernie Roberts beat Phil Morizio, 8.
Gordon Goodman whipped Roy Coote, 8, and drew with Johnny Hazel, 10. Johnny Kamber nodded Danny Colletti, 8.
Selwyn Evans won on disqualification over Johnny Hazel, 8, and drew with Cliff Anderson, 8. Anderson outpointed Johnny Carrington, 8. Tommy Shaw drew with Bobby Anderson, 8.
Alan McFater beat Archie Goodbee, 8. Luis de Santiago outpointed Boudjemi Mokhfi, 10. Hermie Freeman kayoed Bobby English, 7. Tommy McGovern edged out Tommy Barnham, 12.
Billy Dixon decisioned Ronnie Latham, 8. Reg Quinlan retained Welsh title by stopping Ron Bruzas, 10. Tommy Dixon beat Tommy Coleman, 4.
Emmett Kenny outpointed Bob Anderson, 8. Bruno Lijoi trimmed Ermano Bonetti. 6. Allan Tanner won over Vince Marshall, 8. Heinz Sander whipped Gaston Herriot, 8. Peter Fallon outpointed Eric Davies, 8.

Prospects of the Month

Heavyweight — Al Adams, Lansing, Michigan.
Light-heavyweight—Fred Protas, Detroit, Michigan.
Middleweight—Jean Jacques Invernizzi, France.
Welterweight—Terry Ratcliffe, England.
Lightweight—Tommy Nee, Boston, Mass.
Featherweight—Tommy Salem, Cleveland, Ohio.
Bantamweight—Glyn Evans, England.
Flyweight—Jimmy Carruthers, Australia.

Laurie Buxton stopped Stan Parkes, 3. Abdel Kader ben Miloud repeated previous decision over Bartolome Marti, 10. Marti drew with Houcine Khalfi, 10.
George Araujo beat Roy Andrews, 12. Fred Monforte won on a disqualification from Luis Ramos, 4.
Mario Trigo nodded Ronnie Harper, 10.
Solly Cantor defeated Spider Thompson, 10.

Featherweights

European Champion Ray Famechon pounded out a unanimous decision over Glen Flanagan, 10, and then shaded Charley Riley, 10.
Percy Bassett whipped Teddy Davis, 10.
Jackie Graves belted out Rudy Pasco, 4. Rudy then lost to Charley Titone, 6, and Graves was kayoed by lightweight Del Flanagan, 3.
Ronnie Clayton retained British title by whipping Jim Kenny, 15. Rudy Garcia took a close duke from Lauro Salas, 10. Corky Gonzales beat Bunny Berrigan, 8, and Packy McFarland, 10.
Baby Gonzalez beat Luis Castillo, 10. Alfie Clay whipped Ernesto Aguilar, 12. Charley Titone beat Richie Howard, 8.
Frank Johnson returned to ring after 11-months' absence to stop Jock Bonas, 7. Al Phillips stopped Ron Cooper, 4.
Pat Mareune decisioned Bill Bossio, 8, but Bill kayoed Danny Falcone, 6. Libby Manzo trimmed Joe Wamsley, 6, and Richard Crump, 6. Dai Davies edged out Zeke Brown, 10.
Italian Champion Ernesto Formenti retained championship by beating Nicola Funari, 12. Tommy Bailey won over Jackie Turpin, 10. Turpin came back to kayo Harry Croker, 1. Alvaro Cerasini posted another kayo by halting Wil'i Swoboda, 4. Ray Coleman stopped Ken Wenman, 14.
Francis Bonnardel whipped Dante Venturi, 10, then retained French title by stopping Jean Archambault, 13. Andy Tissong knocked out Young Veeran, 9. Fanie van Grann outpointed Billy Lamberton, 10.
Bert Jackson whipped Peter Guichan, 10, but Guichan came back to stop Stan Rowan, 4. Arthur Jarrett won over Denny Dawson, 8.
Tony Lombard kayoed Lou Alter, 1, and outboxed Hugh Mackie, 8.
Terry Riley stopped Mickey Forrester, 6. Dave Gallardo outpointed Cecil Schoonmaker, 10. Bobby Bell trimmed Bobby English, 8.
Eddie Dumazel drew with Hugh Mackie, 8. Wilfred Dancross knocked out Johnny O'Brien, 4. Tommy Blears drew with Eddie Magee, 8.
Teddy St Jean beat Johnny O'Brien, 6. Joe Wamsley laced Charley Slaughter, 6.
Jimmy Cooper knocked out Little Dynamite, 6. Charley Titone defeated Harry LaSane, 10.

Bantamweights

Emile Chemama became French champion by kayoing Marcel Mathieu 8.
Maurice Sandeyron trounced Gaetano Annaloro, and Caliostro Etter, in ten-rounders. Peter Keenan outscored French flyweight champion, Louis Skena. 8.
Gianni Zuddas whipped Amleto Falcinelli, 10. Jimmy Carruthers kayoed Keith Francis, 10.
Eric Marsden outfought Ron Perry, 8. Tommy Proffitt stopped Freddie Hicks, 8.
Scottish Champion Eddie Carson won over Billy Daniels, 8. Dante Benet drew with Sam Conforti, 10.
Ron Johnson whipped Peter Fay, 8. Jimmy Cardew decisioned Jackie Sutton, 8.

Flyweights

French Champion Louis Skena lost to bantamweight Peter Keenan, 8. Jimmy Pearce outpointed Paddy Hardy, 8, but lost to Scottish Champion Norman Tennant over same distance.
Welsh Champion Glyn David stopped Frank Tierney, 4, but was beaten by Henry Carpenter, 8. Carpenter also knocked out Billy Ashton, 2, and Jimmy Jennings, 6.
Kalla Persson stopped Tiny Corbett for vacant South African title. 2. Jackie Bryce edged out Billy Barnes, 8. Bernard Marshall kayoed Sid Charles, 4, and Roy Blewitt, 2.
Hugh Riley decisioned Mark Harrison, 6. Stan Almond won over Dickie O'Sullivan, 8.
Ogli Tettey stopped Jimmy Thompson, 4, and Les Carter, 2. Australian Champion Stumpy Butwell decisioned Rod Cutter, 12.
Jimmy Carruthers scored his fifth straight kayo as a professional by halting Jimmy McFadden, 9. Teddy Gardner halted Robert Mouginet, 2.

EUROPEAN GOSSIP

(Continued from page 53)

A packed house at the Paris Palais des Sports saw the referee, M. Vaisberg, halt the bout between Ray Robinson and Robert Villemain in the ninth round to save the Frenchman from further punishment. Apart from the sixth round, which was even, the American dominated the entire combat. Villemain's manager protested afterwards that the fight should have been allowed to continue.
On the same card, Kid Marcel was somewhat lucky to gain a draw with Claude Ritter when he defended his French middle crown. Ritter did most of the forcing. Mornay Kamara got the edge over Jacques Prigent in their lightweight clash over eight rounds, and in two cruiser bouts, Albert Yvel slaughtered the Spaniard, Luis Sierra, whose manager wisely threw in the sponge in the sixth round, while handsome Marcel Begeot neatly outpointed the North African, Marc Guedj, over six.

At the Paris Stadium, Abderrahman Keddad scored his third successive win in Paris by beating the good local feather, Roland Mounier.

At Milan, Emmanuel Clavel disappointed a large audience by his poor performance against Luigi Valentini, who won the ten-round welterbout with little trouble from the once-dangerous French slugger. Luigi Male made his debut as a welter successfully, beating Coluzzi on points over ten. Gino Campagna scored a big upset in his own bailiwick by entertaining the Italian middle champion and succeeding in capturing the said title from Fernando Jannilli at La Spezia after a rather dull contest.

Hans Stretz celebrated his Christmas by taking the most terrible punishment from Ray Robinson of any of the world champ's previous opponents in Europe. Many U. S. soldiers collected in the Frankfurt Festhalle to watch the German ex-champion take eight trips to the canvas, most of them for a count of nine, and eight times he got up to carry the fight right back to Robinson, who had his hair mussed for the first time in his tour of the Continent. The end came in the fifth round, as was inevitable, but Stretz was certainly the most troublesome opponent Sugar Ray had yet met over here.
Gustav Scholz, excellent Berlin welter, came through with a brilliant win over Gilbert Stock of France, in eight, and Heinz Sander registered a victory over another Frenchman, Gaston Henriot, over the same distance, lightweights. Burl Charity was unlucky to get a draw with Guenther Balzer in a middleweight argument, as the American had dominated the earlier rounds.

Sensations were the order of the day in Hamburg, when Peter Mueller retained his middle title against Carl Schmidt in the main attraction. Schmidt continually attempted to end the fight with one punch, finally gave up the struggle and was content with a draw, although Mueller had the edge. The Luxemburg Colossus, Werner Wiegand, took a count of seven in the first round against Richard Grune, but came back to flatten the Hamburger in the third.

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NAT FLEISCHER SAYS

(Continued from page 17)

which he scored four knockouts and gained the decision in the other. He knocked out Jean Stock in Paris in two rounds; Luc Van Dam in Brussels in four; beat Jean Walzack in Geneva in ten rounds; stopped Robert Villemain in nine rounds in Paris, and ended his tour with the kayo of Hans Stretz in Frankfurt, Germany, in five rounds.

In other international matches, Johnny Williams stopped George Kaplan in London; Lloyd Marshall of America beat Tommy Farr; Randolph Turpin won on a disqualification in eight rounds over Tommy Yarosz of America, and Bill Weinberg stopped Johnny Williams, who injured his hand and had to quit.

Jose Gatica of Argentina knocked out Terry Young of New York in four rounds; Ray Famechon of France beat Glen Flanagan of Minneapolis in ten rounds and stopped Archie Devino of New York in seven rounds.

Also in mid-November, Don Cockell, British cruiserweight champion, won on a foul from Lloyd Marshall of America. In addition there were a number of international matches in Australia and in South Africa. It was the biggest year for such bouts since the early twenties.

The RING TEST

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CAN YOU KO THIS QUIZ?

EACH question correctly answered adds points to your score. Ten points for a knockout; six or more gives you the decision; five earns you a draw; less than five calls for more workouts with THE RING Magazine and Record Books. Experts average six points on this quiz!

Opening Bell! Pile up an early lead! Each round worth ½ point. (Mark True or False.)

Round 1: To date Joe Louis has been defeated on four occasions in his pugilistic career. Twice as an amateur and twice as a pro.

Round 2: Jack Root fought George Gardner on five occasions, losing the light-heavyweight championship of the world to Gardner on July 4, 1903, when he was stopped in 12 rounds.

Round 3: Buddy Rogers and Dutch Rhode are one and the same person.

Round 4: Joe Louis was not counted out in his first fight with Max Schmeling. The referee stopped the contest.

Round 5: Gene Tunney was knocked out only once in his entire career.

Mid Way! Watch your step, opponent is fighting back. Each round worth 1 point. (Underline correct answer.)

Round 6: The Hard Rock from Down Under was the nickname of: (Young Griffo) (Tom Heeney) (Les Darcy)

Round 7: Which outstanding professional wrestler of about fifteen years ago is today an outstanding football coach? (Lou Little, Columbia) (Herman Hickman, Yale) (Charles Wilkinson, the U. of Oklahoma)

Round 8: How many seconds are permitted in a corner of a heavyweight championship fight? (3) (4) (2)

Round 9: Who was the first southpaw to win a world title? (Al McCoy) (Tiger Flowers) (Melio Bettina)

The Big Round! Worth 3½ points.

Round 10: Name the contestants in the first fight to be recorded by the motion picture cameras.

(Answers will be found on page 39)

He was one of the contestants who participated in round 10.

LION-HEARTED COURAGE DISPLAYED BY MISKE

(Continued from page 33)

that denotes a man born to be a fighter.

Young Dempsey trained like the old timers. After doing eight to ten miles on the road mornings, he boxed, or rather I should say fought, from eight to ten rounds in the gymnasium in the afternoon along with other work.

My admiration for Dempsey increased tenfold while going over the rules of the Minnesota Athletic Commission with him and Kearns three days before the fight.

Dempsey said: "The rules are okay with me, George, but I wish to make one thing clear to you. If Miske hits me low, don't give me the fight on a foul. Just give me a rest and I'll continue. I don't want to win on a foul, and I hope Miske feels the same way about it."

Those were the days when a boxer's only protection for blows parked in the groin was a small aluminum cup which was easily dented by punches not carrying much power. Miske, like Dempsey, was noted for courage and ability to absorb punishment, as well as dish it out.

WHEN I told Billy about Dempsey's statement regarding low blows, he replied:

"Whatever suits Dempsey, suits me. I can stand anything he can."

The fight was a savage give-and-take battle that had a capacity throng of 10,000 yelling with excitement from start to finish. The only time either contestant gave ground was when he was knocked back.

I recall vividly the seventh round. Dempsey caught Miske with a terrific left hook to the jaw that fairly lifted him off his feet and hurtled him against the ropes.

To the amazement of Dempsey and everybody else in the arena, Miske quickly shook off the effect of the wallop, rushed at Dempsey and traded haymakers with abandon until the gong ended the wild melee.

The fight went the ten-round limit with Miske and Jack slugging it out willingly.

Those were the days of the no-decision law in Minnesota, but Dempsey won the unanimous newspaper verdict, in which I concurred.

The majority of sports critics at the ringside, including myself, hailed Dempsey as the next heavyweight champion of the world.

Jack made good our prophecy fourteen months later by knocking out big Jess Willard in three rounds at Toledo.

HAROLD WARMAN

One of the most popular figures along the New England boxing scene is Harold Warman, colorful Providence fight announcer. Born in New Brunswick, Canada Warman moved to Providence at an early age. He took to the stage, where he performed for over 20 years.

In 1918 he joined the Canadian army and became a boxer. Harold's announcing services are much in demand around New England.

Warman is always ready to do his bit for any worthy charity. His regular stints at the Rhode Island Auditorium are a show in themselves. Harold is also a top-notch golfer and billiard player, having given exhibitions in each game.

IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

(Continued from page 6)

record reveals a total of 42 knockouts in 69 bouts—not quite as imposing a mark as Murphy's, perhaps, but Matthews has been up against generally stronger opposition than Bob has faced. Though not as spectacular in action as Murphy, Matthews is regarded as a better boxer and smarter ring general.

Matthews isn't entirely Irish. According to his manager, Jack Hurley, Harry has "some Scotch and German in him," but he's *mostly* Irish."

THAT two of the outstanding Irish ringsters of the moment should happen to be light-heavies is not surprising. Since the class was created half a century ago, Irishmen have played important roles in 175-pound competition.

One of the division's early champions was George Gardner of the celebrated Lowell, Mass., clan. (Two of George's brothers were Jimmy and Billy, while a sister, Jennie, married Joe Thomas, one-time claimant of the world middleweight title.)

George Gardner became head man in the light-heavyweight class when he stopped Jack Root in twelve rounds in Buffalo on July 4, 1903. He didn't remain in front very long, however, losing the title on September 25 of the same year when Bob Fitzsimmons outpointed him in a 20-rounder in San Francisco.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was the next Irishman to be recognized as champion. He knocked out Fitzsimmons in twelve rounds in San Francisco on December 20, 1905. O'Brien was more interested in the heavyweight title, however, and he permitted his light-heavyweight laurels to lapse while he chased after Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson.

It wasn't until 1912 that the 175-pound division was revived, and its first champion was an Irish-Scot, Jack Dillon, who bossed the class until Battling Levinsky outpointed him in a twelve-rounder in Boston on March 24, 1916.

The Irish remained out of the championship scene for six and a half years, while the title passed from Levinsky to Georges Carpentier to Battling Siki. But when they did return, it was with a perfect setting—St. Patrick's Day in Dublin, 1923, Mike McTigue outpointing Siki in twenty rounds.

McTigue held the championship until May 30, 1925, when he lost it to Paul Berlenbach on a fifteen-round decision in New York.

WHEN Jack Delaney, a French-Canadian, who succeeded Berlenbach as champion, relinquished his laurels in 1927 to step into heavyweight competition, McTigue reclaimed the title, but was beaten for it by another Irishman, Tommy Loughran, in fifteen rounds in New York.

Loughran reigned for two years when he, too, decided to go after heavyweight honors. In an elimination tournament sponsored by the New York State Athletic Commission, the Irish came out on top when Jimmy Slattery was recognized as champion after whipping Lou Scozza in a fifteen-rounder in Buffalo on February 10, 1930. But "Slats" didn't head the 175-pound parade very long. He was beaten by Maxie Rosenbloom in fifteen rounds in Buffalo on June 25 of that year.

It was more than nine years before the Irish came up with their next light-heavyweight champion. In those nine years, the title moved on from Rosenbloom to Bob Olin to John Henry Lewis to Melio Bettina. Then Billy Conn crashed into the scene to whip Bettina in a fifteen-rounder in New York on September 25, 1939.

Conn held the championship less than two years when, emulating two of his Irish predecessors, O'Brien and Loughran, he gave it up to go after heavyweight laurels.

In the last decade, the Irish have been conspicuous by their complete absence from titular competition in the 175-pound class. Anton Christoforidis, Gus Lesnevich, Freddie Mills and now Joey Maxim have taken turns in billing themselves as champion.

Ten years can be a long time in anybody's life. In this rugged leather-tossing trade, it can be almost an eternity. The Irish are long overdue for a return to the top of the 175-pound heap. But they have a pair of good bets in Bob Murphy and Harry (Kid) Matthews.

ROBINSON'S EUROPEAN TOUR

(Continued from page 21)

refugee from his own country at the time. So much so, that the Galveston man was to retain a lasting affection for the gay city on the Seine until his last days.

Jack paid tribute to the French metropolis by discarding more conventional headgear in favor of the black beret he was to wear for the last 25 years or so of his life.

Most of the first American boxers on the Continent spent a great deal of time teaching the rudiments of the sport to foreign beginners.

Frank Erne may have been the first of these. Willie Lewis gained a reputation throughout Europe for his pioneering in boxing instruction. Bobby Dobbs, a remarkable performer, whose ring career covered some 35 years—the last 12 in Europe—was another who helped lay the groundwork for boxing in Europe. Both McVey and Jeannette tutored Georges Carpentier, among others.

In Germany, one of the earliest American boxers of any merit to appear was Paul Sampson, German-born but raised in America. Sampson, a workmanlike performer who had given Gene Tunney, among others, stern opposition in the United States, showed up in Germany during the post World War I period.

Boxing was in its infancy in the Reich then and the Germans had the idea it was a game primarily of strength. Most of the early German heavyweights were reformed weight-lifters with huge, bulging muscles.

When the comparatively slim Sampson took off his robe in his first fight over there, the startled Germans shook their heads sadly as they compared the puny German-American to the bulky, ponderous Berliner he was to meet.

Their sympathy turned to amazement as the ringwise Sampson easily evaded the crude efforts of his clumsy foe, jabbed him off balance and then toppled him to the canvas with a straight right hand.

German boxing was revolutionized that night. The weight men went back to their barbells. The strong men returned to the circuses, as a trim, slenderish light-heavyweight named Max Schmeling began a rapid rise.

Robinson came home some $45,000 richer as a result of his socking safari. If so, this is still another feather in the cap of the wily warrior, since money troubles have plagued American boxers returning from Europe since Johnson's difficulties 36 years ago. This is especially true under present regulations involving transport of currency.

It has just been disclosed that not only is Jersey Joe Walcott still seeking his money from his Ten Hoff fight in Germany, he is still short much of the purse for the Tandberg tussle in Norway.

Robinson's smashing success overseas has added immeasurably to his standing in the States. Many even see in his superlative exhibitions over there a hint to the impressionable Europeans that American prowess in the ring, as exemplified by Robinson, can be extended to whatever fields necessity requires.

GOOD CLUB FIGHTERS

(Continued from page 27)

DON BOWMAN

DON BOWMAN, a 130 pounder from Asheville, North Carolina, the lad with the educated left. A good boxer who keeps his opponents off balance by continually flicking a left jab and moving in with left and right hooks.

In recent battles he defeated Jesse Underwood (Dave Shade), who is no one's patsy, Jim Mevzouk and Doc Deneaux—all over the ten round route.

Ted Ball, who is handling the ring affairs of Bowman, says that Don is willing to meet anyone in his class.

Don is twenty-three, stands 5 feet 9 inches and is a Sunday School teacher as well as a scoutmaster two evenings a week. Out of 53 fights he has 46 wins, 17 via the kayo route.

A few of the gladiators he has faced are: Miguel Acevedo, Eddie Compo, Biff Jones, Proctor Heinold, Bud Smith and so on.

He started in the pay ranks in 1946 and ran up 29 straight wins before meeting anyone who could match his speed.

Ball says Don is ready, that he has found himself, and is all set to go places.

SANFORD BARROM

SANFORD BARROM, a lightweight from Memphis, Tenn., who came out of the Golden Gloves 1947 Chicago Tournament and right into the pay ranks where he has been a consistently good club fighter.

A twenty-three year old fighter, Barrom still has time to make the select circle. At times he has shown a flash of what it takes to make the grade but he has never quite managed to come through, although he has always given the crowd a run for their money.

Among others he has faced are, Jackie Blair, Ed Walker, Pat Atkins, Al Selby, Jerry Dwain and Johnny McRae.

NEW FACES

By ART COLLINS

Ernie (Gene) Smith, Washington, D.C., featherweight prospect.

ERNIE (GENE) SMITH

THE little fellers have been grossly neglected in recent years and the public's interest has waned as a result of the lack of these little denizens of the pugilistic world. However, in the last year several bantams and feathers have come along to once again claim the fight fans' interest.

One of the youngsters adding to enthusiasm in the featherweights is Ernie (Gene) Smith, a citizen of Washington, D. C., and a capital fighter in every way.

Smith started in his fistic endeavors in December of 1949 and before the year was out, had belted two opponents into submission in less than two rounds. It was a sign of what was to come. In 17 professional contests, Ernie has been undefeated and has knocked out 13. The men he has faced have been anything but stiffs. Joe Camretti, Little Dynamite, Danny Dancosse, Nick Darby, Johnny Lemons and, in his latest fight, his debut in Madison Square Garden, Charley DeBow—a kayo in four heats.

He is a member of the same stable as Rocky Graziano, who has imparted many a helpful hint to the youngster. Irving Cohen is his mentor.

HONEY CHILE WHIPPLE

IN these days of supposed lack of talent, stars in the embryo are not too hard to find. What happens to them on the way up is a matter for great dissertation, but the talent is there to start with.

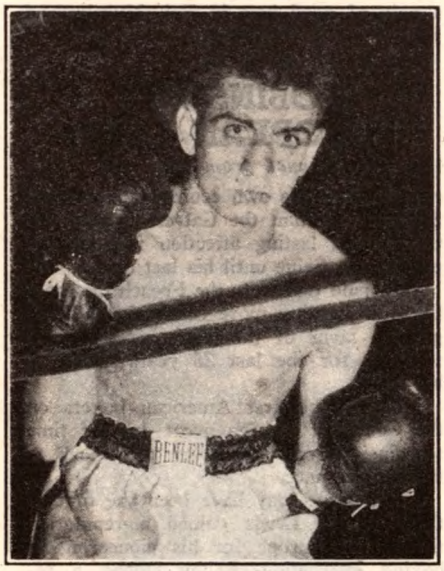
Here's a promising kid who, if he lives up to expectations, should help to replace the vets who are over the hill. His name is Honey Chile Whipple, a Negro socker with a hefty wallop in both fists, and a bobbing, weaving, style that spells trouble for his opponents.

Whipple never laced on a glove as an amateur, but since turning to the professional ranks in May he has had ten straight wins, eight of them by way of the knockout route.

The lad showed he could take it when, in his recent fight with James Morris, he had to come off the deck to win. He not only won but kayoed Morris in the fourth heat of their battle.

Honey Chile is a middleweight and he fights out of Miami, Fla., where he has become a favorite of the fans.

He is managed by Eddie Feinstein.



Eddie Zacker, West Side Chicago lightweight.

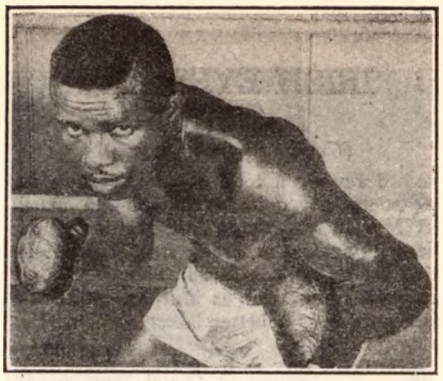
EDDIE ZACKER

CHICAGO has been known as a rugged city, so it is no wonder that a rugged fighter should come winging onto the fistic horizon with the Windy City as his background.

Eddie Zacker, a lightweight, standing five feet, six inches, with a punch in either mitt, is the guy we are talking about. He's Polish by ancestry, loves to fight, and when he lowers the boom, watch out.

In the simon-pures he stacked up about 50 wins out of 60 bouts and then last June he turned pro. His record for the lettuce speaks for itself. Ten bouts and undefeated. Sonny Harris, Red Hadley, Ronald Snubling, John Morgan, Lloyd Triplett, Al Davis, Bobo Gueraro, Dick Brewer and Herman Mills are the lads he faced.

Angelo Petitti, his manager, expounds on the 20-year-old youth's possibilities. "He's got moxie, loves to fight, is a good puncher, and when you've got those you go to the top!" So says Angelo Petitti.



Honey Chile Whipple, Miami, Florida, middleweight.

GIL TURNER

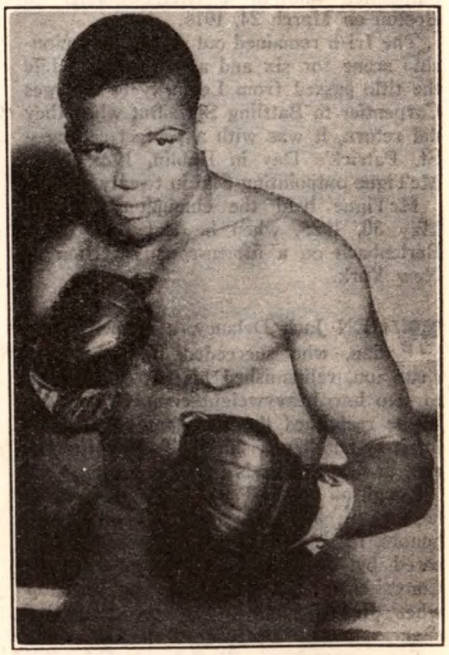
PHILADELPHIA has a superb welterweight in a 19-year-old youngster who, in less than a year of professional fighting, has forced the boxing world to take notice of his great potential.

Gil Turner is the lad in question, a buzzsaw who, in simon-pure competition, garnered the National A.A.U. welter crown, Philadelphia Golden Gloves bauble, and the Philadelphia Diamond Belt—all in 1950.

Joe Gramby, manager of former lightweight champ (New York version) Bob Montgomery, noticed the boy in the amateurs, and along with George Katz, was so impressed that he and Katz joined hands in managing the youngster's ring career.

As a pro, the Quaker City flash has iced ten straight opponents, the last being Massino Sanna, who was disposed of in one heat. This achievement forced the doubting Thomases to cast the dice with the remainder of the boxing world in acknowledging that this youngster is a prospect who demands attention.

His trainer, Willie Redish, a good heavyweight of a few years back, is really high in his praise of Turner. And co-manager Gramby insists the kid is just as good a prospect at this stage of his career as Montgomery was at the same period in his development.



Gil Turner, Philadelphia, Pa., welterweight.

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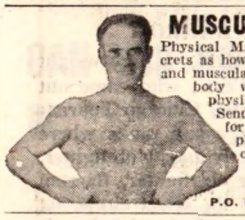

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A SHADE TOO MUCH

(Continued from page 25)

fact, ringsiders gathered the impression that Shade could have stowed Todd away.

Shade started fast, and it looked as though he was out for a quick win. Almost with the first punch of the fight, Dave staggered Todd with a vicious left hook, then crowded him against the ropes and blazed away with a withering two-handed assault.

Shade's left hook had Todd in difficulties again in the second, and Dave added to his opponent's discomfort by jolting him with a couple of rights, one of which dropped Roland for a count of two.

Shade slowed down his pace somewhat in the third, but still made things miserable for Todd. Roland looked better in the fourth, when he scored with left jabs, but before the round was over, the Britisher was rocked by a left hook and a whistling right.

Todd made the mistake of backhanding Shade early in the fifth, and Dave, nettled by the breach in ring etiquette, proceeded to give Roland a rough going-over.

Shade had the better of a slow, uneventful sixth, but in the seventh Todd came on with his best round of the fight. The Britisher scored with several jabs and sent Shade back on his heels with a right to the head, but the Californian turned loose a strong rally that had Todd on the defensive when the round ended.

Shade had things pretty much to himself in the final three frames, scoring just about when and where he pleased.

The decision, of course, was a mere formality. So far as Todd was concerned, Dave was a Shade Too Much.

* * *

(The next installment in this series of famous fights in the House That Tex Built will cover the two middleweight championship bouts between Harry Greb and Tiger Flowers, held six months apart in 1926.)

ANSWERS TO RING TEST ON PAGE 36

1. False. Joe Louis was defeated four times as a simon pure and twice as a pro. In the amateurs he lost to: Johnny Miler, Clinton Bridges, Stanley Evans and Max Marek. His pro losses were to Max Schmeling and Ezzard Charles.
2. True. Root fought Gardner five times, winning two, losing two and drawing in one. He lost his crown to Gardner in 1903 battle.
3. True. Wrestler Buddy Rogers also used the name of Dutch Rhode.
4. False. Joe was counted out.
5. False. Tunney was never knocked out.
6. Tom Heeney.
7. Herman Hickman, Yale.
8. Four.
9. Al McCoy.
10. Bob Fitzsimmons and James Corbett at Carson City in 1897. Fitz kayoed Corbett in the 14th.

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MEMORIES

Thrilling Knockouts—They Turn Bored Spectators Into Frenzied Fight Fans—The Saga of Jimmy McLarnin

By NAT FLEISCHER

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THE most thrilling chapters in the history of pugilism have been written around knockouts. A knockdown often turns a bored, somnolent gathering into a horde of wild men actuated by primitive passions. To be known as a knockout king is the goal of every fighter.

As one turns the pages of fistic history, he finds that the knockout artists have been the darlings of the fight fans—the big box office attractions. From Sullivan to Joe Louis, the fighters who possessed the knockout wallop, have been the ones who have packed 'em in at the arenas. Sullivan, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey, Joe Louis, Peter Maher, Stanley Ketchel, Sam Langford, Benny Leonard, Jimmy McLarnin, Billy Petrolle, Tony Canzoneri, Mickey Walker, Max Schmeling, among only a few of the many powerful hitters in pugilism, proved that.

Three famous knockouts, in two of which a championship was involved, took place in 1931, and each carried a thrill that made the winner a splendid drawing card for his next appearance before the public. On the night of July 17 at the Yankee Stadium, before a gathering of 35,000 persons, Al Singer of New York stopped Sammy Mandell of Rockford, Illinois, in one round to win the world lightweight crown. Though Singer was a strong favorite because of his punching power and because of the difficulty Mandell had in making weight, no one expected Sammy to be shorn of the title in a jiffy.

That kayo of the lightweight king was the second shortest on record. Previously Joe Gans had shorn Frank Erne of the crown by disposing of him in less than one minute of the first session.

Singer's success in defeating Mandell in jig time, gave him an over-abundance of confidence and he demanded a match with Jimmy McLarnin, then the hardest hitter, pound-for-pound of any boxer in the smaller divisions. They agreed to meet for ten rounds in an over-the-weight affair, but this time, the shoe was on the other foot or rather, the punch soporific was landed on the other chin.

Singer outboxed McLarnin for two rounds and then Baby-Face inveigled Al into a punching bee in the third round in which the lightweight king decided to swap blows with his little Irish opponent, often referred to as the Pacific Coast "killer." Quick as a flash, Jimmy's right crashed against Singer's chin and he landed on his back. At nine, Al was just getting up when Jimmy, thinking that his opponent couldn't beat the count, did his usual handspring, a customary stunt with him when he won a bout.

As Referee Johnny McAvoy was about to bring down his arm for the count of the doleful decimal, up jumped Singer and McLarnin was flabbergasted. He had just completed his handspring and for a moment he was taken off his guard but as Singer came rushing toward him, Jimmy lunged forth, dodged his opponent's left and crashed a left hook to the champ's jaw, putting an end to the show.

A few months later, on November 14, Singer went to the post in defense of his crown, this time against Tony Canzoneri in Madison Square Garden. In that bout, a near record was set when Tony battered his man into submission in one minute and six seconds of the opening round, a most unusual ending for a championship tilt. The knockout came with dynamic suddenness. It took the fans off their feet. It was a left to the jaw that ended the bout and came after almost a minute of inactivity in which both boys were sparring cautiously.

A scribe sitting at my side was dictating a story to his operator telling how the boys were just feeling each other out when suddenly Canzoneri landed a left hook that caught Singer off balance and drove him back on his heels. Another followed and Singer fell on his back, his head striking the floor with a thud. He tried to pull himself to his feet by grasping the ropes but collapsed and medical attention was required.

Jimmy McLarnin, Pop Foster and brother Sammy, posing in the back yard of their Vancouver home which was used as training quarters when Jimmy started his pro career.

Among the smaller boys of recent years there were few who surpassed Jimmy McLarnin as the "Master of Sock." The story of his career is most interesting. Jimmy for a time took the place of Andy Chaney, the Baltimore K.O. King. When Jimmy went into the ring, like Sam Langford, he brought with him his own referee—his iron fists. The Vancouver fighter enriched modern pugilism with many sensational knockouts that took the burden of reaching a decision out of the hands of the referee.

It was in 1928 that Jimmy first attracted attention in New York when his lengthening right finished Sid Terris, as already told in a previous article. It is extremely doubtful to this day if Terris knew what had hit him. Jimmy's whip-like right spoke once and that was enough. At the time I was Sports Editor of the *New York Telegram* and a radio reporter for the paper, listening in, took short-hand notes of the battle as it came in over the air from the lips of Sam Taub and here is how Sam's report went:

"Terris comes out fast at the opening gong. Terris jabs McLarnin and gets away. Sid leaps in with two lefts. Terris is boxing beautifully. The crowd is tense. McLarnin has not yet started a punch. They expect dynamite to explode when Jimmy gets going.

"Sid is in again with a beautiful left to the nose. He lands another straight left. He is fast as a streak. Terris leads again—

"Oi, oi, oi—Terris is down. McLarnin nailed him with a right to the chin that took Sid off the floor and landed him on the canvas.

"There's the count. Seven—eight—nine—ten. He's out. It's all over.

"The crowd is dumbfounded. The fans can't believe what they've just seen. New York wil have to wait awhile for Benny Leonard's successor."

One punch—a dynamite-laden fist landed it and the thrill that packs 'em was experienced by a vast crowd.

In the present boxing era we have had many sensational battles where the kayo blow figured prominently. Among those who furnished the thrills were Ezzard Charles, Gus Lesnevich, Ike Williams, Steve Belloise, Rocky Graziano, Tony Zale, Ray Rob-

Jimmy and Pop as they looked at the time that McLarnin fought Ross for the third and last time at the Polo Grounds of New York which Jack Dempsey refereed and McLarnin lost.

inson, Al Davis and Sandy Saddler They each carried into the ring the punch that packs 'em in. So long as boxing can furnish kayo artists, they'll never have to worry whether boxing will die. Every now and then there comes to the front a powerful socker of the school of which such great ringmen as Stanley Ketchel, Sam Langford, Andy Chaney, Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis were members, and when such gladiators are discovered, they are worth their weight in gold.

In 1924 I carried a story in the *New York Telegram* of which I was Sports Editor, about young Jimmy McLarnin, in which I pointed out that northwestern critics were exceedingly impressed with the Vancouver Wonder Boy and shortly after the article was published, Andy Lytle, Sports Editor of the *Vancouver Sun* sent word that I wouldn't go wrong in praising Jimmy. "Vancouver is certain it has the next world champion in McLarnin in whatever division the kid fights,' wrote Lytle.

At the time, McLarnin was only sixteen and scaled only 112 pounds How good was Lytle's judgment is well known by those who follow boxing, for McLarnin not only won a world title, but made Boxing's Hall of Fame He goes down in ring history as one of the greatest little fellows of recent years

He started his career as an amateur when only fourteen years old Prior to that, he had been an active member of the Turner Institute in Vancouver, a Methodist athletic center where he starred in basketball, football, baseball, boxing and wrestling. He engaged in his first fist fight in a newspaper alley where a ring was formed and he handed a shellacking to a fellow fifteen pounds heavier and stopped him in the third round.

Two years later he fought Mickey Gill for the amateur flyweight title of Vancouver but lost a questionable decision but so close was the affair that they were rematched and Jimmy won hands down. Shortly after, Jim Tracy, the Australian heavyweight blew into Vancouver and began staging some pro shows in a dingy backstairs club. McLarnin boxed three shows at $20 a show, won every start and Jimmy began to bloom. He became a favorite in the Northwest.

Jimmy's manager was a Canadian veteran, Pop Foster, one of the most colorful characters in pugilism. Pop, an untutored Englishman with a broad lowland accent, had fought half a hundred ring battles some thirty years previously and had trained the great Spike Robson. When Pop and McLarnin made their Eastern debut, Foster assured the scribes that he was never more certain of anything in his life as he was that Jimmy McLarnin would win a world championship in all divisions in which he fought as his weight increased.

Both were in financial straits when they first met Lytle and from him they obtained some letters of introduction to sports editors and promoters in California and shortly after they hiked away on their great adventure. Jimmy came from a very poor family, honest, kind Irish folk who didn't have any money to toss away on their pugilistically inclined son and that's why they turned the boy over to Foster who had eked out a more or less precarious living around the waterfront for years He plainly was out of his element in any environment other than the waterfront or the ringside.

South they went to reach the city by the Golden Gate, with just sufficient funds between them to keep them from starving. They first reached Oakland, Cal., where they went to the gymnasium of Tommy Simpson, local promoter and pleaded for a chance to fight.

"Take that kid back to school," said Simpson to Foster

Discouraged but not undaunted, the pair paid daily visits to Simpson's but without success Their funds were rapidly diminished and Foster took to crab fishing in the Bay with Jimmy pulling the rickety craft about in search of succulent bivalves

Finally, Simpson seeing their plight and being kind-hearted, sent Jimmy into the ring in a curtain raiser McLarnin disposed of his man in so workmanlike a style that Simpson was impressed in spite of himself and the following week Jimmy again was put to work at the same club McLarnin's rise from then on was rapid He didn't lose a fight in twelve starts and was a California headliner when he and Pop packed their bags to head for home.

When they reached Vancouver, Pop was dressed in new clothes and Jimmy no longer was the awkward, dirty-faced kid He was now a boxer with a pretty good fighting reputation. He was then just sixteen and scaled 112. He spent two months fishing up the coast still pulling the boat and doing daily training stunts while Pop did the fishing At the end of 1924 Jimmy had gained five pounds and was now ready to meet the nation's best boys of his weight. He beat Fidel La Barba twice, lost a very close one to the clever and hard-hitting Bud Taylor and beat Pancho Villa.

When he went back to California he scaled 127 He had boxed about a dozen times for Jack Doyle in Vernon, for Simpson in Oakland and for San Francisco promoters and had accumulated more coin than he or his family had ever believed was in existence. He had accumulated enough to enable him to purchase a $7,000 home for his folks in the fine suburban residential district of Grandview and he turned the property over to his mother

Then he headed for New York where his success placed him on the top rung of the ladder.

In an era of great fighters Jimmy needed to take a backseat to no one. McLarnin, the little socking Irishman whose knockout punch made him one of the highest priced fighters rose to the heights in meteoric fashion His actions were dramatic inspiring —his fists, all-conquering. Who could duplicate the feats of the Vancouver boy, who took New York by storm in knocking out its fistic idol, Al Singer world's lightweight champion? How many could trace the career of the little stick of dynamite, who defeated eight champions cleaning up the lightweight division in so decisive fashion, before he took the welterweight crown

McLarnin whipped 13 different past and, at the time, current world champions during his 14 years in the ring a record that stands alone and speaks for itself Five of his bouts drew better than $100,000 gates

What the promoters today wouldn't give for another Jimmy McLarnin!

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By JERSEY JONES

IT was in one of those informal get-togethers at the New York Boxing Writers' Dinner, and we were gabbing of this and that with Hy Goldberg and Willie Ratner, of the Newark *Evening News,* and Chickie Bogad, currently unemployed matchmaker. Charley (Broadway) Rose ambled by.

"Hey, Charley, come here," said Ratner, "and tell the story about how you lost that finger on your left hand."

"Aw-w-w-w," mumbled Rose, with an unaccustomed display of modesty.

"Well, it's a good yarn, and if you won't tell it, I will," said Willie.

"It is back in December, 1914, and Charley is working with Freddie Welsh, then lightweight champion, who's boxing Joe Shugrue in the old Garden. I'm only a kid at the time, just beginning to cover an occasional sports assignment for my paper, and my seat in the working press is just below Welsh's corner.

"The third round is over, and Rose goes rushing up the steps. He grabs the ropes, but his ring gets caught in the spike which is used to twist the turnbuckle and tighten the ropes. Charley is traveling too fast to stop, and the finger is ripped right out of its socket.

"The blood starts to gush all over the place, and Welsh is soaked with it. 'Git out of here,' Freddie yells to Rose, but Charley won't. You should have seen the excitement in that corner, Welsh trying to push Rose away from him, and Charley battling right back to stay there. There's more action in that one minute between Welsh and Rose than there is in the ten rounds between Welsh and Shrugrue.

"They finally got Rose out, but needed the police to do it. . . . By the way, Charley, what ever happened to the ring? After all the trouble it caused that night, I suppose you threw it away?"

"Threw it away, nothing," said Rose, poking out his right hand. "Here it is. I've never stopped wearing it. It's my lucky charm."

THIS department's insistence that, television or not, the cash customers will turn out personally if they're offered a sufficiently appealing attraction was amply substantiated by the Ray Famechon-Charley Riley brawl in St. Louis.

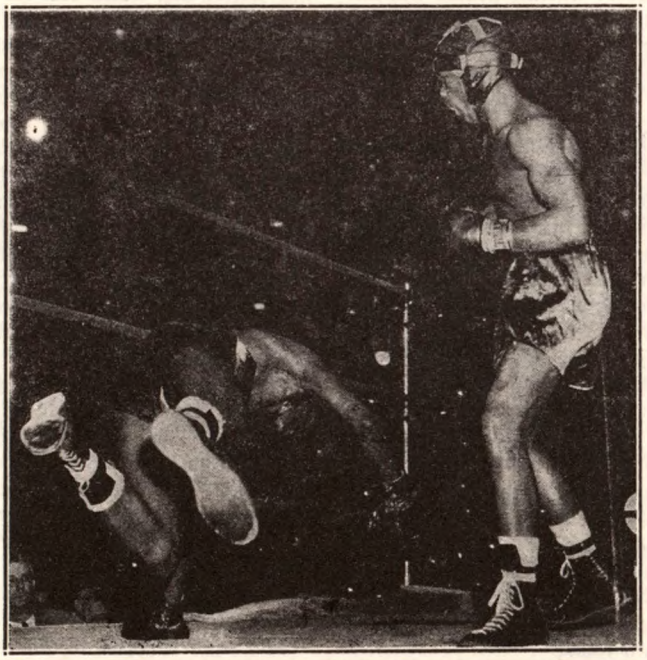
The scrap had TV competition—it was part of the International Boxing Club's Wednesday night setup—but that didn't stop 8,116 customers from filing through the doors for the return match between the featherweights who had staged a riotous brawl a few months previously.

An idea what those figures mean may be gleaned from a comparison with Madison Square Garden's statistics. Since the exit of the Rodeo last September and the return of boxing to the House that Tex Built, *only two* fight cards out of *thirteen* have drawn more customers than Famechon and Riley did in St. Louis. Rocky Graziano and Tony Janiro played to 10,461 clients, while Ezzard Charles and Lee Oma, with the world heavyweight title at stake, attracted 12,148.

IKE WILLIAMS has been noted mainly as a right-handed puncher, but the left hook with which he dropped Jose Gatica the first time in their brief encounter was one of the most devastating clouts ever turned loose in the Garden. It not only sent Gatica tumbling to the canvas but it kayoed the television apparatus for a minute, and by the time it was "revived" the fight was over.

Gatica, who arrived in New York from his native Argentina with a gay assortment of ring ensembles, elected to use the wrong color with Williams. For his local debut, against Terry Young a few weeks previously, Senor Jose had gone into the ring with white shoes, white socks and white robe. He did all right for himself, stopping Young in the fourth. For the Williams affair, he shifted to blue shoes, blue socks and blue robe. He may have had a premonition of what was coming. It certainly proved a blue evening for him.

Gatica was jolted by the first punch of the fight, a left hook. But he came back with a busy two-handed assault that had Williams somewhat flustered for a few seconds. Once he fathomed the Argentino's style, however, Ike lost no time settling down to serious business. The affair had gone slightly more than a minute when Gatica, rushing in, was left-hooked for his first trip to the canvas. He stumbled up at three, and tried to rush Williams again, but another hook dumped him for six. Having used his left for two knockdowns, Ike, by way of variety, gave his right a chance for the finale. Since three knockdowns in one round automatically spell finish in this state, Referee Ray Miller didn't bother to count. The round had gone 2:09.



A headguard didn't stop Bobby Bell from flying to the canvas, harness and all, in seventh round of his fight with Gene Smith on the Sonny Boy West benefit card in Washington. Smith won by a knockout. The benefit was the first in which the six-ounce headguard, ordered by the District of Columbia Commission, was used. The affair raised $19,000 for West's family.

GATICA'S flair for colored ring ensembles recalled another South American lightweight who featured bright red shoes in his New York campaign during the '20's. He was Luis Vicentini of Chile, and how that guy could clout! Vicentini wasn't much for the niceties of boxing, and never could catch such elusive artists as Johnny Dundee and Sid Terris. But he could do a pile of damage to anybody he could hit, and among those he flattened were Rocky Kansas and Sammy Vogel.

The good senor placed considerable store by those red shoes of his. When he was matched with Jack Bernstein at

Henderson's Bowl in Brooklyn, the shoes suddenly disappeared from his gym locker, and he refused to go through with the fight unless they were returned. They were.

Incidentally, Vicentini came within seconds of posting a one-round knockout over Bernstein. Jack, nailed by one of Luis' thunderous rights, was flat on his back, completely out, when the bell ended the round with the count up around seven or eight, as we recall. It was only brilliant work by his chief handler, Frank (Doc) Bagley, one of the best cornermen boxing ever has produced, that revived Bernstein sufficiently to come out for the second. Jack, a clever boxer and smart ring general, made certain Vicentini didn't nail him again, and he went on to outpoint the Chilean.

Writes Bernard Feikin, prominent Baltimore lawyer, and red-hot boxing fan: "Permit me to endorse your recent comments concerning Terry Moore. He's everything you say. Having a strong personal interest in Moore, I may be slightly prejudiced, but I doubt if there's a better 21-year-old ringman in the business today. Moore certainly deserves the chance to show in New York. When Walter Cartier called off his recent match with Gene Hairston in Madison Square Garden, Moore offered to fill in, but having had two experiences with him, Hairston apparently considered Terry too much for a short-notice substitute, and held out for something softer. Moore and Hairston had met twice, Gene winning in Atlantic City and Terry coming back to square the count in Baltimore. Moore also holds a decision over Holly Mims, who recently whipped Johnny Bratton twice in Baltimore. You cannot go wrong in touting Terry. As you so ably put it, the kid can fight."

Straightening the Records—In a batch of statistics issued recently, reviewing the twenty-five years of "New" Madison Square Garden's existence, Joe Louis and Jersey Joe Walcott were listed as having drawn the top gate for boxing, $216,447. Those figures were the gross, and included the 20 percent federal tax on admissions. . . . We trust we're not disillusioning somebody, but Jim Maloney and Jack Delaney set the mark for the House that Tex Built . . . In those days (1927) federal taxes were not included in the announced receipts, as they are now. . . . The figures credited to Maloney and Delaney were $201,725, but by the simple process of adding the 10 percent federal tax then in effect, you'll come up with a gross of $221,897, which is what the match actually drew by current standards.

That must have been some sort of Madison Square Garden record set by Vic Cardell, Hartford welterweight, in appearing on four cards in six weeks. Cardell broke in as a substitute, whipping Don Williams, then in succession came back with wins over Carmen Basilio, Jimmy Herring and Tony Cimmino. . . . Nat (Jolly) Rogers is branching out with his managerial activities. His latest acquisition is Bee Bee Wright, Harrisburg, Pa., welter. . . . Tex Pelte has put in a bid for the Canadian welter title for his Fritzy Pruden, and if it is recognized he intends filing a challenge to Britain's Eddie Thomas for an Empire title match. . . . Sammy Cohen, who reaches the half-century mark this month, was a corking good flyweight during the early '20's, when Paddy Mullins handled him. Sammy has since blown into a couple of flyweights—his present poundage is in the neighborhood of 230.

The month's results:

Ray Famechon, 127½, French holder of the European feather title, pitched a 10-0 shutout against Glen Flanagan, 127, St. Paul, in a lopsided windup in Madison Square Garden. Flanagan made little effort to fight. He back-pedalled at long range and clutched in close quarters. Famechon chased him all the way and carried every round on the scoreboards of Referee Jack Watson and Judge Bill Healy. Probably influenced by the holiday spirit, the other judge, Arthur Susskind (Young Otto), generously awarded Flanagan two sessions. In the semi-final, also listed for ten, but cut to eight to permit the main event to start at 10 o'clock, Pat Marcune, 126½, Brooklyn, evened his series at 2-all with Bill Rossio, 121½, Pittsburgh, by pounding out a decisive win. Vic Cardell, 147, Hartford, outslugged Carmen Basilio, 145½, Syracuse, in another ten. In fours, Chick Boucher, 137½, Manchester, Conn., outpointed Jay Parlin, 136½, Philadelphia, and Phil Saxton, 169, Newark, whipped Andrew Walker, 167½, Harlem. The combination of miserable weather and President Truman's "national emergency" message on radio and television contributed to the disappointing turnout of 4,742 and gross of $13,699.

Held to a fairly even count for four rounds at the Ridgewood Grove, Jimmy Herring, 156½, Ozone Park, nailed Jimmy Sanders, 152½, Warren, Ohio, with a vicious right to the jaw midway through the fifth, and that was the beginning of the end. Sanders was staggered by the punch and Herring lost no time following up his advantage. A volley of rights and lefts sent the Ohioan crashing to the canvas for nine, and he was in such tough shape when he stumbled up that the referee called a halt with only one second of the round remaining. Riggi Alotti, 146, East Side, hustled his way to a decision over Bobby Gainville, 143, in the semi-final six. Frankie Freese, 131½, East Side, beat Julie Colon, 135½, Brooklyn, in another six. In fours, Garry Drouin, 125, Quebec City, whipped Al Graziano, 123½, Brooklyn; Joe Giacobe, 141, Brooklyn, outfought Larry Mullins, 141, Harlem; Tommy Dixon, 131, Long Island City, won over Fred Maby, 135, St. Albans, and Eddie Wanger, 148, Bronx, kayoed Frank Fontana, 148, Brooklyn, in the second.

If Billy Graham droopped into the White Plains Community Center for a real workout, he couldn t have selected a better sparmate than the one given him, Tommy Ciarlo of Waterbury. The East Side stylist, who scaled 146¼ to his opponent's 147, won handily enough, but had to fight all the way to finish ahead of the busy, rugged Nutmeg Stater. New Jersey fighters had the preliminary card pretty much to themselves, with five entries from Newark and two from Bayonne. Of the three "outsiders" who squeezed into the party, only one was a winner, Eddie Vail, 158¼, New Rochelle, outpointing Dom Zimbardo, 158, Newark, in four. The two losers were Eddie Wanger, 147¼, Bronx, decisioned by Joe Tomasello, 151, Newark, in four, and Jack Randolph, 148¾, Dorsey, Miss., stopped by Pete Adams, 148, Newark, in the fourth of a six. Newark and Bayonne divided honors in pairings with each other, the former winning with Ralph Giordano, 138, who outpointed Murray Levine, 135, in six, and Bayonne coming back with George Holzman, 160¼, who flattened Jerry Samsky, 157, in the third.

A grim touch of irony to the tragic meeting of Percy Bassett and Sonny Boy West was that, while millions probably witnessed the bout on television, the St. Nick Arena itself housed the smallest gathering to sit in on a fight card there in ten years—if not in the club's entire history, dating back nearly 40 years. The total attendance was 895. Tony Allegro, 137, Bronx, knocked out Ralph Jacobs, 134¼, Newark, in the final round of a scheduled six. Another six wound up in a hurry when Billy Horan, 192, East Side, polished off Charles Roland, 175½, Philadelphia, in 1:36 of the first. In a third six, Libby Manzo, 130½, Elmhurst, rapidly establishing himself as the busiest preliminary kid hereabouts, punched his way to a decision over Joe Wamsley, 128, West Side. It was Manzo's eighth bout in less than two and a half months of pro campaigning. Nate Spellman, 139, Philadelphia, drew with Luis Ortiz Escuter, 147, Puerto Rico, in the opening four.

Using his height and long reach to good advantage, Bill Neri, 139, lanky Bridgeport youngster, now operating out of Brooklyn, boxed his way to a clean-cut decision over the Belgian veteran, Kid Dussart, 143¼, in eight at the Eastern Parkway Arena. Dussart made a lot of threatening gestures, but did little actual fighting, and Neri scored often enough with left jabs to take the unanimous verdict. Another Bridgeporter, Arthur Suffoletta, 137¾, posted his 20th knockout in 22 pro starts by stopping Chick Boucher, 135¾, Bronx, in the final round of the semi-final six. Tommy Pennino, 127, Brooklyn, halted a borough rival, Patsy Croce, in the fifth of a scheduled six. In fours, Claude D'Arcy, 140½, Washington Heights, decisioned George Tedesco, 136¼, Bronx; Vinnie Vingo, 142, Bronx, stopped Larry Mullins, 143, Brooklyn, in the third, and Howard Soligny, 151¼, Brooklyn, kayoed Johnny Tirado, 151½, Bronx, in the fourth.

A spectacular finish earned a split decision for Kid Gavilan, 146½, Cuba, over Joe Miceli, 146, East Side, in a sizzling ten in Madison Square Garden. Boxing well and using an effective left which jabbed and hooked Gavilan almost at will, Miceli was well ahead at the halfway mark, but he tired in the closing frames and Gavilan came roaring through to take the verdict. Referee Petey Scalzo voted for Miceli, but was outnumbered by Judges Frank Forbes and Bert Grant, who decided for Gavilan. In sixes, Marcel Brisbois, 145½, Montreal, whipped Johnny (Red) DeFazio, 147, Bayonne; Chico Vejar, 144½, Stamford, Conn., stopped Andy Viserto, 147, Bronx, in the second; Bobby Rosado, 148, Puerto Rico, outpointed Al Wilson, 148, Englewood, N. J.; Charley Titone, 123, Brooklyn, won over Rudy Pasco, 126, Toronto, and Jimmy Gambina, 195½, Greenwich Village, halted Hank Saxen, 203¾, Staten Island, in the third. Joe DiLiberto, 152, Buffalo, beat Herb Ely, 152, Bronx, in four. The attendance was only 4,476 and the gross $12,714.

Returning to action after an absence of two years, Ruby Kessler, 145, ran into misfortune at the Ridgewood Grove when a deep gash above his left eye prompted Referee Jim Crowley to halt his affair with Joey Carkido, 146¼, Youngstown, before the start of the seventh. Though obviously ring rusty from the long layoff, Kessler was holding his own with Carkido as far as he went. Loser by a close decision three weeks previously, George Flores, 143, East Side, came back to square accounts with Phil Rizzo, 150, Astoria, by taking the decision in a co-featured eight. Carmine Vitale, 161, Jackson Heights, polished off Joe Harley, 164, Philadelphia, in the second of a scheduled six. In a trio of fours, Fred Maby, 135, St. Albans, grabbed the verdict over Tommy Dixon, 133, Long Island City; Eddie Vail, 156, New Rochelle, had the better of Ben Perez, 160, Mexico City, and Jerry Drouin, 131, Quebec City, finished on even terms with Stanley McPherson, 134, Paterson, N. J.

Giving him a year's total of 13 wins in 14 starts for 1950, Johnny Kamber, 135½, Livingston, N. J., edged out a close decision over Danny Coletti, 136, Italy, in an interesting eight at the White Plains County Center. The rugged Coletti was the aggressor most of the way, but Kamber's sharper punching proved the deciding issue. Johnny dropped Coletti for six in the third and jolted him several times after that, but the Italian was still pegging away industriously at the finish. Wilfred Dancosse, 120½, Manchester, Conn., knocked out Johnny Brown, 120½, Boston, in the fourth of the semi-final, listed for six. In fours, Willie Orsini, 126½, lost to a Puerto Rican rival, Max Osario, 126¾; Rafael LaBoi, 126½, was the winner over Willie Rodd, 125, in another all-Puerto Rican affair, and a fifth Puerto Rican, Benny Perez, 164, was stopped by Al Niang, 160, Harlem, at the end of the third.

As savage and unskilled a back-alley brawl as New Yorkers have seen in months came to an end at the close of the eighth at the St. Nick Arena when Dr. Vincent Nardiello, Commission physician, refused to permit Artie Diamond, 160, Middle Village, to continue against Jimmy Flood, 162½, Yorkville. The vicinity of Diamond's right eye was badly mangled and bleeding profusely. Both boys absorbed terrific punishment in a free-swinging affair marked by an almost total absence of science. Diamond was slightly ahead in points when Dr. Nardiello called a halt. In the semi-final eight, Vinnie D'Andrea, 149, East Side, survived a nine-count knockdown in the first to whip Manouk Markarian, 148½, Argentina. In the other numbers, Libby Manzo, 129, Elmhurst, pasted Richie Crump, 129¼, Harlem, in six; Harold Drucker, 160, East Side, stopped Ed Harris, 161, Bronx, in the fourth, and Eddie Wanger, 148¾, Brooklyn, kayoed Manuel Gonzales, 147, Rochester, in the first.

A knockdown for eight in the first by Ernie Roberts, 138, Washington Heights, just about represented the thin margin between him and Phil Morizio, 135, Yorkville, in a furious eight at the Eastern Parkway Arena. Morizio also was down for two in the second, but more the result of a shove than a punch. Phil survived the rough early going to take the play away from Roberts from the third through the seventh, but he tired in the closing frame and Ernie finished the stronger. All three officials had the fight even, 4-4, in rounds, and one voted for a draw, but the other two gave Roberts the edge in points. Jimmy Demetrios, 146½, East Side, was too rough and tough for Johnny Noel, 153, Brooklyn, in another eight. Billy Ferguson, 183, Jamaica, was awarded an unpopular decision over Claude Rolfe, 188, Tampa, Fla., in six. Ferguson was down for nine in the fifth. In fours, George Tedesco, 136¾, Bronx, won over Bob Betancourt, 129, Puerto Rico, and Mickey Zezza, 131¼, Bronx, beat Jerry Russo, 134, Newark.

Hauled in all the way from California as a short-notice replacement for the ailing Walter Cartier in Madison Square Garden, lanky J. T. Ross, 162¾, San Jose, was no match for Gene (Silent) Hairston, 158, Bronx, and was flattened in 1:12 of the third. A left hook dropped Ross for six in the second, and a straight right dumped him on his back for the finisher in the next frame. In the semi-final eight, Vic Cardell, 149½, Hartford, proved too experienced for Jimmy Herring, 154½, Ozone Park, and was a handy winner. In another eight, Jose Alberto Diaz, 145¾, billed as the Venezuelan welterweight champion, was beaten by Danny Womber, 145¾, Chicago. Two fours wound up in quick kayos, Mandy Leal, 143, Rochester, polishing off Sam Guiliani, 144¾, Stamford, in the first, and George Holzman, 159½, Bayonne, coming up off the floor to flatten Jimmy Doxie, 156¾, Brooklyn, in the second. The last boxing show of 1950 in the Garden set the year's low for attendance and receipts, only 3,649 contributing a gross of $10,136.

Walter Haines, 143¾, Brooklyn, posted his third main-event win of the season at the Ridgewood Grove by edging out a split decision over Gaby (Frenchy) Ferland, 146, Montreal, in a bruising, hard-fought eight that bristled all the way with action and solid punching. Unbeaten Chico Vejar, 143½, Stamford, ran his first year's record as a pro to 21 straight wins, and 14th via kayo, by polishing off Jay Parlin, 140, Philadelphia, in the third of the semi-final. Two other knockouts on the card were registered by Jo-Jo Moore, 145, Hempstead, who stiffened Maurice Jenkins, 146, Newark, in the last of a four, and Ronnie Moore, 151½, West Side, who eliminated Howard Saligny, 153, Brooklyn, in the third. In the remaining prelims, both fours, Gerry Drouin, 131½, Quebec City, was a winner over Willie Orsini, 128¾, Bronx, and Manuel Gonzales, 146½, Rochester, had the better of Avalino Fiel, 142¾, East Side.

Too strong and aggressive for his opponent, Tommy Bazzano, 150¾, Middletown, Conn., thumped out a unanimous decision over Sonny Levitt, 156, East Side, in a fast-moving eight at the White Plains County Center. Levitt boxed well at long range, but was beaten by Bazzano's rugged work in close quarters. Sonny was stag-

(Continued on page 48)

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY WINKLER

THE most important fight of December in this area turned out to be the most disappointing of the entire year. This was the 12-rounder between Clarence Henry and Willie Bean, in which Bean not only lost his Pacific Coast heavyweight title, but also his prestige and following. It figured to be a terrific scrap, but it takes two to make a fight and Henry was the only one of such inclination.

After pasting Bean around in the first three rounds, Clarence laid it on in the fourth in an effort to win by a knockout, and it appeared that he was to do so, but, although Bean wouldn't fight back, neither would he go down and he stood up under the heavy bombardment. It was not until the seventh that Bean really started to fight and that outburst was only for about two minutes. Willie sent Henry reeling into the ropes with a left hook, then hurt him with a right, and later staggered him with another right. It looked as though the tide was to turn—but Willie ceased firing.

Bean came out with all his timidity in the eighth; in fact, he appeared almost apologetic for his behavior in the seventh, and Henry went to work on him again. The bout became very slow and somewhat boresome in the late rounds, for Bean was weary and discouraged, and Henry was very tired, or else eased up to express his appreciation to Willie for being the easy victim he made of himself. Bean struck out at his tormentor only on rare occasions, but when he did his blows were fast, accurate and potent.

The single thought of the entire crowd watching this one-sided affair must have been "How can a young, powerful, well-proportioned giant with so much ability, be possessed of so little fighting spirit?" Henry, 185, was tabbed winner by as many as 20 points. Bean, 209, was badly messed up at the finish.

The promising young Mexican fighter, Abel Fernandez, 174, was knocked out in the fourth round of the semi-windup of the Henry-Bean go, by Watson Jones, 173, veteran Negro clouter, who was making a comeback. Jones stalked Fernandez from the start, but most of his blows fell short. However, the inexperienced Fernandez seldom took advantage of all these openings and the "writing was on the wall" for him. Watson landed his loaded left on Abel's chin in the fourth—the end.

In the four-rounders: John Curtis, 183, Taft, Texas, decisioned Hank Thurman, 195, Modesto; Sammy Figueroa, 137, beat Bobby Brewer, 140, Pasadena; Russ Gillam, 155, nodded Frank Crane, 157, Seattle; Gilbert Cadilli, 122, and Jess Morales, 121, drew.

San Jose boxing fans packed their Auditorium to witness a contest between Eddie Chavez, the local pride, and Manuel Ortiz, former banty king. Chavez was declared winner after ten action-packed rounds, but one of the judges voted it a draw and that was what many of the fans thought it should have been. There were toe-to-toe exchanges in every round, with Chavez copping the early heats, Ortiz winning the late rounds.

The Toast of San Jose piled up his points with a fast left jab and short rights to both head and body when in close. Ortiz shook Eddie to his heels several times with punches to the head, but couldn't put the youngster off his pins. Chavez weighed 134, Ortiz 130. The gate, $12,086, set an indoor record for the Prune City.

Other results: Bobby Garza, 121, Los Angeles, and Frankie Dobales, 126, Stockton, fought six fast rounds to a draw; Luis Ortiz, 160 San Jose, K.O.'ed Danny Nunn, 156, Sacramento, in the fifth; Louis Packer, 123, San Francisco, iced Chuck Staton, 198, Oakland, in the third.

By the manner in which Lauro Salas took the state featherweight crown from Rudy Garcia, in a 12-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium, the beet'e-browed battler from below the border will be wearing the headpiece for some time. Salas not only outboxed Garcia, he possessed the most stamina and his punches were more effective than Rudy's. Garcia, a heavy-hitter, couldn't faze Salas, while Lauro had rugged Rudy hurt on several occasions.

It was an exciting, hard-fought go throughout, with many of the rounds being very close. Garcia tossed his heavy hooks continually, but Lauro's timely ducking had Rudy fanning the air and this missing took a lot of steam out of Garcia. Rudy tagged Salas with some hard rights to the jaw and whipped in solid blows to the body, to cop two of the rounds.

Salas won six of the heats, mostly with uppercuts, which had Garcia's head bobbing as though it were on hinges. In two of these rounds, Salas did everything but stop Garcia, pounding him all over the ring. The other four heats were even. To see the muscleless, frail-looking Salas become stronger and more aggressive, as the husky, well-conditioned Garcia began to wilt was an unusual sight. Each weighed 125.

In the semi, Charlie Sawyer, 146, surprised in stopping Baby Lee, 146, in the fourth round. For three rounds it had been a punchless affair. The continual booing of the crowd finally prompted the referee to warn the waltzers to fight. Sawyer rushed out in the fourth, pounded Ike to the canvas and it was declared over.

In three prelims, Clifton Lester, 148, decisioned Rudy Martinez, 149, in six; Ray Louis, 159, whipped Tony Renteria, 160, in a four; Dino Burns, 137, nodded Panchito Martinez, 137, in four.

As Henry Davis and Baby Leroy have shaken the California sand out of their boxing shoes (Davis has returned to Honolulu, Leroy to Cincinnati), Manuel Ortiz, Jackie McCoy, Dave Gallardo and Harold Dade are the foremost contenders for the state featherweight title, now held by Lauro Salas. And here is how evenly matched they are:

Salas holds wins over Ortiz and Gallardo (his decision over the latter was questionable), Ortiz has also beaten Salas, as well as Dade and McCoy (he didn't really beat McCoy, but did get his hand raised), Dade has nodded Ortiz, Salas and McCoy. Of course, some of these bouts took place a couple of years ago and these boxers may have either slipped a bit, or improved, but any one of them would give any of the others a close fight.

Incidentally, Harold Dade's name was overlooked when the Californian's ratings were made up last month, which was, of course, an oversight. Dade is one of Gus Wilson's boxers, which means that he is mostly always traveling and he had been out of the state for months. However, it can be seen by the above paragraph, that Dade is still one of the boys.

Fighting in Eureka is like being on the Reservation for Archie (Chief) Whitewater, for the Indian battler is very popular in the lumber town and it will take a good man—or a lucky one—to get his hand raised over the Chief. Lou Williams, stocky Negro lightweight of Kansas City, got a draw with Whitewater in a ten-rounder at Eureka, by outpointing Archie in most of the rounds.

Whitewater forced the milling, had the better of the inclose exchanges and shook Williams up a few times with hard rights to the head, but Williams, too, stopped Archie in his tracks on several occasions with some rights of his own, and he jabbed the Chief almost at will. The two judges voted for each fighter and the referee declared it a draw.

In the two principal prelims, Jimmy Smith and Ronnie Marshall, local middleweights, slugged four rounds to a draw; Chuck Donahue, Arcata middleweight, K.O.'ed Gene Campbell of Eureka, in the second round.

The big fistic show of the year in the Bay district is the annual San Francisco *Chronicle* Christmas Fund Show, sponsored by the beloved dean of Pacific Coast sport writers, Harry B. Smith. The money raised from it is used to send underprivileged boys to summer camps. This year's show featured Joey Maxim versus Dave Whitlock and grossed $16,000, which isn't bad considering the boxing situation at the time.

Maxim brought the contest to a sudden ending in the fourth round. Whitlock forced the milling, but Maxim didn't retreat as much as he usually does, and often caught Dave coming in. Maxim outpointed the local boxer in the first two heats, but Whitlock copped the third and had Joey bleeding from a cut over his nose.

They were engaging in a lively exchange in the fourth when Maxim whipped in a short right that caught Whitlock under the ear, dropping him on his back, with his head resting over the lower rope. Dave started to get up at count of seven, but didn't regain his feet until Referee Jack Downey had tolled ten. Maxim weighed 183, Whitlock 181.

Although the scheduled 30-round program produced only 13 rounds of boxing, every bout was exciting and the fans got their money's worth. In the supporting bouts, Mongo Luciano, 149, K.O.'ed Joe Gonzales, 155, in the fifth; Bob Saunders, 134, stopped Al Cota, 136, in the third; Sam Jordan, 174, iced Bob Wise, 175, in the first heat.

As usual, San Francisco's city officials and civic leaders turned out for this annual show, the district attorney, chiefs of the police and fire departments, county supervisors and city commissioners being among those at ringside.

Another indoor gate record was established at San Jose, when Eddie Chavez, 137, met Enrique Bolanos, 137, Los Angeles veteran, in a ten-rounder at the Municipal Auditorium. It was a fast and hard fought contest in which Chavez won the unanimous decision, partly due to Bolanos being penalized four points because of low blows.

Chavez started fast and piled up a nice lead with left jabs and straight rights to the head. A right to the chin spilled Bolanos in the second round, and another right staggered him later in the round. Bolanos started cutting down Chavez's lead in the sixth. Enrique forced the local pride to backpedal in the late rounds, with a body attack. Bolanos hurt Eddie with hooks to the body in the eighth, but lost the round due to some of the punches landing in foul territory.

In a ten-round semi-windup, Tote Martiniz, 136, Stockton, decisioned Chico Rosa, 133, Honolulu, thereby winning their "rubber" match.

The gate grossed $14,690.

Due to the tremendous popularity of Eddie Chavez, local Mexican lightweight, San Jose has become the biggest little city in the fistic world. Chavez's contest with Manuel Ortiz set an indoor record at $12,086. His bout with Maxie Docusen topped any previous outdoor gate by hitting over $20,000. And now his tilt with Bolanos has upped the indoor record to $14,690. And San Jose is a city of less than 90,000 people.

The only reason that John L. Davis is still the state welterweight champion is because his bout with Charlie Salas at the Hollywood Stadium was not for the title. The Arizona welter champ outboxed and outpunched the California title holder. Davis waged his usual aggressive battle, but was slower, unsteady and wilder than usual, while Salas was at his best, punching fast and accurately, and moving nicely on his feet.

The Phoenix pride made Davis look rather futile by the manner he avoided John's punches, tied him up and shoved him back off balance. The Oaklander's relentless attack slowed Salas down occasionally, but each time that it appeared that the tide might turn, Charlie would put on a leather barrage that stopped Davis in his tracks. Salas was credited with five of the rounds, Davis two, with three even. At 145, Salas outweighed Davis by nearly ten pounds. The Mexican boxer was given a big hand for his clever performance and Charlie figures to be a prime favorite among his countrymen during the months to come.

In the six-round semi, Luis Adame, 123, Mexico, was awarded an unearned decision over Chuck Wilkerson, 127, local Negro boxer, who landed the harder punches and outpointed Adame in four of the rounds.

In the prelims, Sal Flores, 159, chilled Charlie Green, 154, in two; Johnny Malloy, 124, bested Jesse Morales, 119, in a four; Chuck Moody, 147, defeated Ray Acosta, 148, in four; Pinky Martinez, 135, whipped Chuck Edwards, 136, in four.

The spectators are unhappy when the villain emerges the winner, so, the Eureka boxing fans were weeping in their beer when rehashing the clash between Al Spaulding, 209, Oakland, and Rusty Payne, 180 San Diego, which was won by the Oaklander. The events which made Spaulding the villain—in the eyes of the customers, and the winner—in the Record Book (Nat Fleischer's RING Record Book, of course) were:

Spaulding's mauling tactics displeased the crowd; Payne dropped him late in the first round. Spaulding was hurt and didn't make it to his feet until the timer had tolled "ten", but Referee Jack Rice allowed Spaulding to continue. In the second round, Spaulding wrestled, shoved and knocked Payne to the floor for a nine-count, then, as the referee had barely finished wiping off Rusty's gloves, Spaulding, who had not gone to a neutral corner, stepped in and nailed Payne before he could get his hands up. (This, gentlemen, is one of our referees.)

Spaulding decked Payne for another nine-count just before the bell, and Payne complained of being hurt and didn't want to come out for the third heat, but was persuaded to do so. Spaulding came out swinging and Payne, offering little resistance, was soon beaten to the canvas and the bout was halted. Spaulding, the winner, was loudly booed as he left the ring. Payne, the loser, was given a cheer.

Our RING didn't do right by Freddie Dawson, who, for over two years has been, and still is, the foremost contender for the lightweight title. Dawson handed Davis a thorough pasting, only to be robbed of the decision. Then, "adding insult to injury," Dawson was replaced by Davis as the foremost challenger.

It has been stated in this column more than once, and as far back as two years ago, that the only one rating the No. 1 spot for Ike Williams' title is the lightweight who can defeat Freddie Dawson. And that isn't John L. Davis, or any other 135-pounder that I know of.

The formulas for success probably do not mention it, but it is possible to fail in an achievement by trying too hard. Art Aragon may know it now. Aragon possesses a punch that will knock out the toughest of them, if and when he lands it squarely, and when Art is cool and collected, he is an accurate puncher. And there is no one who Aragon would rather co'dcock than Mario Trigo, who has been chilled by much less potent punchers than Art. So, Aragon could hardly wait for the first bell of their "rubber" match at the Los Angeles Olympic.

Aragon tore out at the opening bell, tossing hand grenades left and right. Most of them missed. Some landed, but not squarely, for Trigo is tricky and rolls or rides a punch. And when Aragon did connect solidly and hurt Trigo, overanxiousness caused him to miss the follow-

through finisher. Trigo, an artful dodger, caused Aragon to miss enough punches to stop every spectator for ten rows back. And the more Aragon missed, the madder he got, and the madder he got, the more he missed.

Trigo tossed some leather too, not as much as Aragon, but he did not miss as much as Aragon either. Mario shook up the Golden Boy several times and his occasional spurts kept the fight as close as it was furious. Aragon's missing slowed him down to a walk in the late rounds and Trigo copped three of the last four rounds to get a draw. Referee Mushy Callahan tabbed Trigo the winner, one judge voted for Aragon, the other figured it a draw. This observer had Aragon ahead by one point. Each scaled 137.

In the six-round semi, Bobby Garza, 119, Texas, decisioned Javier (Baby) Gutierrez, 125, in a fast and hard fought contest.

In the four-rounders: Sammy Figueroa, 137, beat Bobby Brewer, 140; Rocky Slater, 158, and Paul Kennedy, 152, fought a draw; Earl Keel, 172, outmauled Jackie Condon, 163; Aaron Junior, 141, nodded Pinky Martinez, 135.

The history of boxing is loaded with cases where certain fighters have been poison to some other boxers of much more ability and greater prestige. Such is the situation between Art Aragon and Mario Trigo. Aragon could easily defeat anyone who Trigo has won over, but many of Aragon's victims could beat Trigo. Yet, after three clashes, Art and Mario are all even, and if Aragon is smart, he will let it rest at that.

Aragon is at his worst against Trigo, partly because of his yen to render Mario hors de combat, but mostly because of Trizo's southpaw stance. Trigo is at his best against Aragon. Mario stands up under terrific punishment from Aragon, and his elusive fade-away and switch-hitting style have the Golden Boy looking very brassy.

Although making one of his luke warm efforts, Johnny Gonsalves, boxing stylist of Oakland, still had too much on the ball for Baby Ortiz of Los Angeles, in their ten-rounder at the Oakland Auditorium. For five rounds it was an uninteresting bout, for, one man cannot make a fight, although Ortiz gave it the old college try. And Ortiz's persistent attack finally got results—for the customers, promoter, and even Gonsalves, that is, but not for Ortiz himself. (There must be a moral to this. Betcha' a pessimist could do something with it.)

Gonsalves, under fire from both Ortiz and his critics, opened up in the late rounds and there was some real action in the seventh and eighth heats. Johnny also put on a spurt in the tenth that had the busy Baby slowed to a walk at the final bell.

The six-round semi produced quite a surprise—especially to those who are not familiar with the records—Ernie Greer, 141, winning handily over Emil Barao, 138. Greer, a substitute, outboxed and outpunched Barao.

In the only two prelims, Felix Coleman, 128, won by T.K.O. over Mike Martinez, 135, in the opening round, due to an eye cut. (Matchmaker Jimmy Dundee sure had his troubles on this night.) Grover Jackson, 161, decisioned Clinton Waters, 159, in a four.

Don't look now, but that red-faced man over there is probably a boxing commissioner. And here is how they get that way. Emil Barao was to have met Eddie Johnson in a ten-rounder on the above Oakland card, but Johnson was unable to appear and Ernie Greer was substituted. However, an official of the commission would not allow Greer to oppose Barao, at any rate, in a ten-rounder, contending that Greer was but a preliminary performer. But he did consent to them boxing a six-round semi.

So, Greer gives Barao a shellacking. (Incidentally, Greer had defeated Barao twice in preliminary bouts, the year before. So, it seems that Barao was once a preliminary fighter also, and not as good a one as Greer. And I have heard of others, in fact, I've been informed that most all main-event boxers come out of the preliminary ranks.)

For a few rounds of the Bolanos-Martinez bout, it appeared that Enrique was to drop his first fight at the Hollywood Stadium, as Tote Martinez had piled up a lead in the early heats. (Enrique has never lost a fight in the Movie City ring.) But Bolanos has a spirit that doesn't countenance defeat and this, with an incessant body attack, finally got him results.

Bolanos has slowed down considerably since his titular tilts and he was an easy target for Martinez's left jabs. The Stockton boxer also shook Enrique up several times with sharp rights to the head. But the fast pace and tummy thumping tired Tote and Bolanos came on strong in the late rounds to grab a split decision.

(Incidentally, Bolanos had better raise his sights a bit in hooking to the body, for too many of his shots are landing below the belt these days. Enrique lost one round of this fight due to a low blow and he was penalized four points for fouling in his bout with Eddie Chavez. And this in a state where the referees don't pay much attention to such things.)

In the semi, Javier (Baby Face) Gutierrez, 126, uncorked a right in the second round that put Tony Smaldino, 129, into a sound sleep. Smaldino was doing all right until that right exploded on his chin. It just goes to prove that you cannot trust these baby-faced guys!

Other bouts: Jesse Morales, 123, defeated Lavert Smith, 126, in a four; Sammy Figueroa, 136, beat Juan Zavala, 139, in four; Frankie Crane, 160, decisioned Russ Gillam, 155; Earl Keel, 169, stopped Jackie Condon, 165, in the fourth heat.

After seven rounds of a gruelling slugfest, Paul Kaylor, 161, Sacramento, had to "retire"—as they say in England—to Charlie Cato, 156, Oakland Negro, during their clash at the Sacramento Auditorium on November 30. It had been a rip-snorting punching affair, with Kaylor having the better of the early rounds, then fading and being on the receiving end of a pasting.

Kaylor dropped to his knees twice for nine-counts in the seventh, more from exhaustion than punches, and was too weak to answer the bell for the eighth, losing by a T.K.O. in that round.

In supporting bouts, Johnny Ortega, 111, Oakland, former national flyweight champion and undefeated as a professional, punched out a decision over Jimmy Espiritu, 118, San Francisco, 6; Robert Saunders, 137, San Francisco, outpointed Joey Madrid, 141, Stockton, 6; Jack Gibson, 184, Oakland, K.O.'ed Jim Courington, 219, Sacramento, in the opening heat.

To Freddie Herman goes the credit for staging the most thrilling individual performance of the past year—in the Los Angeles area. It was his sensational go with John L. Davis at the Olympic, a high blood pressure affair in which Davis retained his state lightweight title, but a fight that might well have been declared a draw, in spite of the fact that Herman almost caved in from exhaustion in the late rounds.

Herman surprised by making the 135 pounds; by walking out and exchanging punches with Davis; by pounding the Oaklander all over the ring in the early rounds, doing everything short of stopping him; and by sticking it out to the end of the 12 rounds, after having been weak and weary as early as the sixth round. Freddie staggered, rocked and dazed Davis for four rounds and dropped him to one knee in the second. The crowd was wild.

Davis survived the pounding and Herman's strength ran out. Freddie didn't win another round after the fourth, but he slugged it out on even terms in three of the other heats, with Davis copping five of the rounds. But John never won a round by nearly as big a margin as Freddie did in the first three and this observer had Herman one point ahead at the finish. One judge voted a draw, the other two had Davis ahead by only one and two points.

Other results: Lou Joseph, 153, Seattle, stopped Cordell Jones, 156, Oakland, in the third round of the semi; Bobby Brewer, 140, won by T.K.O over George Cramer, 140, in the second; Bobby Lee, 144, disposed of Paul Kennedy, 151, Portland, in the fourth; Charlie Green, 154, halted Rocky Slater, 157, in the second; Earl Keel, 170, nodded Ray Louis, 164, in four.

Proving too big and tough for his opponent, Tote Martinez, 142, Stockton, punched out a win over Chico Rosa, Honolulu, in a ten-rounder at the Eureka Auditorium. It was a fast and interesting bout, but Tote had an edge all the way. Rosa, who scaled 134, easily makes the featherweight poundage.

A scheduled ten-rounder between Al Spaulding of Oakland, and Ponce DeLeon of Spokane, heavyweights, was shortened to four rounds and presented as an exhibition, because DeLeon had not yet secured his license to box in California. (I'll let you figure that one out.)

In other bouts, all four-rounders, Sammy Garcia, 118, decisioned Ray Gensaw, 120; Jimmy Johnson, 152, and Ronnie Marshall, 154, slugged to a draw; Carroll Gensaw, 127, beat Johnny Lopez, 130; Chuck Donahue, 150, and Gene Campbell, 158, also ended up in a tie.

Another bout in which weight was too much of a handicap was the ten-rounder between Dave Gallardo, 125, and Cecil Schoonmaker, 116, at the Hollywood Stadium. It was their third meeting and the other two bouts were pleasing scraps, but this one was dull and uninteresting, due to Schoonmaker's reluctance to mix it up. However, it would be unfair to criticize Cecil for his actions in this one, as he substituted on three days' notice and was in poor condition.

Gallardo is one of the best featherweights in California while Schoonmaker can still make the flyweight class, and as Dave was trained for a fight with Jackie McCoy who was taken ill—Cecil could not match Gallardo's strength and aggressiveness, and therefore, backpedaled much of the time.

The Pier Six brawl in the semi didn't do the main event any good either by comparison. It was a six-round slugfest between Frank Muche, 137, and Joe Gurrola, 138, which resulted in a draw.

In the prelims: J. J. Cracknell, 152, defeated Russ Gilham, 155, in a four; Lavert Smith, 127, stopped Eddie Hernandez, 125, in the fourth; George Cramer, 142, decisioned Joe Perez, 137, in four; Dino Burns, 138, nodded Johnny Vega, 138.

For any information on California boxing, or boxers, kindly enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood 38, Calif.

NEWS FROM CUBA

By Dr. J. A. Vieites

DURING the past month only two important programs took place.

Featherweight Champ Ciro Morasen stopped Ray Castillo (Castillo outpointed Sal Ferrello in the Graziano-Janiro bout), in three rounds, and Jesus (Chico) Varona, welterweight star, stopped Che Olivera in two.

Varona went 13 times to the post during the year, four times in Caracas, Venezuela, where he first outpointed Jose Alberto Diaz in ten, then stopped Diaz in eight, Luis Monagas in six and Kid Pamballee in four, then he came to Havana, where he scored all his victories and then went to Santiago de Cuba, where he stopped Olivera as mentioned above.

That record gained for Varona the title of the Fighter of the Year.

After being stopped by Morasen, Ray Castillo went on to outpoint Ovidio Ochoa in eight. Complete results will be sent next month.

There are possibilities of a Gavilan-Agramonte bouts against American opponents and a Morasen vs. Galvani double title bout with a Chico Varona-Kid Charolito supporting bout.

DENVER AND VICINITY

By W. G. (Bill) Thomas, Jr.

EDDIE BOHN has been reappointed to serve another six years on the Colorado Boxing Commission.

On January 8—Corky Gonzales, Rocky Mountain Empire featherweight title-holder, won a ten-round decision over Packy McFarland of Arizona in the City Auditorium at Omaha, Nebr. Corky was scheduled to meet Jackie McCoy of Los Angeles in Denver, January 16.

There has been much activity all over the state in the amateur ranks. Most of the cities of Colorado have been holding amateur shows in preparation for the Denver Elks Golden Gloves Tournament.

Art Irlando, well-known Denver boxer, is in a serious condition with a broken back received in a truck accident December 1. Irlando, 22, is a one-time amateur turned pro and now boxing instructor at the state reformatory at Buena Vista. He was returning to Buena Vista early Saturday after a boxing show in Pueblo when his light panel truck missed a curve on U. S. 50 and plunged into the Arkansas River. His two companions, members of a boxing team, were uninjured and pulled him from the icy waters. It is expected that he will have to wear a cast for five or six months.

The writer's address is 4313 Sheridan Blvd., Denver, Colo.

NEW JERSEY BOXING NEWS

By Lewis Eskin

RAMBLING Around: The members of the Jersey fistic circle are still sitting up at boxing wakes in the Skeeter State. Laurel Garden in Newark may go into action near the end of January. The Newark Golden Gloves will get under way the last week in January and may act as a tonic for the boxing game.

In the annual rating of THE RING, Jersey placed five boys in contendership as well as Lightweight Champion Ike Williams. Lee Savold of Paterson and Jersey Joe Walcott of Camden in the heavyweight class, with Charley (Doc) Williams of Newark in the light-heavyweights, and George Costner of Camden and Charlie Fusari of Irvington in the welterweights. In addition, both Lee Oma and Joe Baski are part-time Jerseyites.

Will the families of any Jersey boxers who have entered the services since the start of the Korean War please write and let me know about it for my files?

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Lee
SAVOLD
...CLIMAXED AMAZING COME-BACK IN 1950..

TED GEROU

WAXMAN KEY FIGURE

(Continued from page 26)

know how in the world he ever got a handle like that.

"Well, these kids used to fight in the back of a saloon run by an ex-cop named Bill Lee in Canton, Md., explained Max, "ten bucks to the winner and free lunch to the loser. Nobody even bothered to ask a kid what his name was. The referee would look over at the corner, point at the kid and call him whatever he felt like. This Young Italy was a Jewish boy who looked Italian, so the guy took a look at him and yelled out, 'Young Italy' and that was that.

"I had another fighter they called Little Jeff, pretty good, too," recalled Max.

"I guess Joe Dundee was about as good a boxer as you ever had," I said.

"Well, I don't know," slowly replied Max. "You know, I had Kid Williams, the old bantamweight champ, for five years and he was a wonder right up to the finish. Still, everybody forgets that Joe Dundee stopped Mickey Walker in the Garden. Joe was a great fighter that night.

"Everybody who ever saw him will tell you that Lou Brouillard was about as good a southpaw as there ever was. Remember what a going-over he gave McLarnin? Well, Vince Dundee took 15 out of 15 rounds from him when he won the middleweight title up in Boston. There weren't many brothers better than my Dundees," declares Waxman.

SOMEBODY wanted to know how Red Burman, Max's heavyweight hope of some years ago, was making out.

"Very good," was Mr. Waxman's reply. "He has a successful restaurant and bar in Baltimore and two sons in a swell military school. Burman was a better fighter than he ever got credit for. They talk about how afraid of Louis the guys who fought him used to be. Well, Burman was one guy who wasn't scared, as anybody who saw the fight will tell you. He chased Joe plenty that night."

"But he wound up like the rest of them," cut in a wisecracker.

"True, but who could do anything else against Louis in those days? Burman beat Tommy Farr, though, don't forget that." Max answered defiantly.

Max, a veteran of World War I, is justifiably proud of the government recognition Dempsey received for his efforts in World War II, particularly for the Coast Guard.

He bade his listeners arise and herded them over towards the restaurant wall where Dempsey's reserve commission in the Coast Guard was displayed.

Returning to the table I complimented Max on the fine job he had done with Laurent Dauthuille.

"And without any New York appearances," he reminded me. "The Frenchman had the LaMotta fight won and was just 13 seconds away from the championship when it happened. Well, I guess it was just fate to be that way."

WHILE other places languish, the flow of patrons in and out of Dempsey's is constant.

"The first thing they do is look around for Jack," says Waxman, "and if he's in here, business triples right away. The thing that gets me is how the word can get around to out-of-towners so fast. They seem to sense it and make a beeline for the spot."

Dempsey's services for appearances are as eagerly sought after today as ever.

"We hold the record for a referee's fee. I got Jack ten grand for refereeing the Glen Lee-Ceferino Garcia fight in Manila."

Another overlooked winner for the Dempsey-Waxman combo is the Dempsey book, "Round by Round," a McGraw-Hill offering, which is now in its 10th printing, Waxman informs us.

The topper of all the Dempsey money makers is expected to be the movie, "The Dempsey Story," which goes before the cameras shortly.

"I can't reveal who they are, but some Florida money men are sinking a cool two million bucks into the picture," says Waxman.

Although his hair is on the verge of leaving him, Max Waxman wears his 59 years well. Childless, though married, he has lived in the Central Park section of New York for many years, but does a lot of skipping about the country looking after his, and Dempsey's, widespread interests.

Waxman further reveals that Dempsey was recently given a California real estate broker's license and is becoming more and more involved in the insurance, real estate and bonding businesses.

The old champ has an annuity which, aside from his other sources of income, assures his security for life. But judging from the results of the combination, it appears that the best insurance he ever took out for his own future was his signing up with Max Waxman.

WHEN FITZ MADE COMEBACK BID

(Continued from page 29)

Stopping first, of course, at *The Evening World* in the Pulitzer Building, he shook the hand that swung the pencil for Sullivan. It was a proud moment. Fitz informed the sports departments one and all:

"Bring on Jim Jeffries and the champion will find me ready next Friday night to fight him for dollars or peanuts!"

But nothing came of it. At least for the time being. Jeffries had no taste for peanuts and, when it came to dollars he wanted oodles of 'em to put his title on the line. Besides, he suddenly remembered, he was out of training and would need more time to get in shape.

It was not until two years short of one month later, that Fitzsimmons and Jeffries were brought together out in San Francisco. There the champion retained his title by knocking out Bob in the eighth round for a fat from glorious victory. For Fitzsimmons—though he had not fought since the meeting with Sharkey, while Jeffries had had the benefit of three bouts, gave the champion a severe battering until the old boy's hands gave out. His broken mauling fell helplessly in admission that he was through and Jeffries sent home the knockout punch.

By this time Fitzsimmons was two months past the 40 milestone. All of which provided grounds for speculation as to what might not have happened had Bob been afforded his golded opportunity when a mere stripling of 38 and in that August when Old Fitz, the weather and the fight game, were all hot.

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THE RING QUESTION BOX

A. J. McLarne Kenogami Que., Canada

Q.—Could the Louis-Charles or any other championship fight end in a draw?

A.—Yes That bout like any other, could end in a draw if two of the three officials called it so or if all three officials failed to agree as for example, one gave it to Louis, one to Charles and the third a draw. Or if a championship fight has only one official, a referee, and he wants to call it a draw, he may. There is nothing to prevent it.

However in the Charles-Louis case, Col Eagan of the N Y State Commission declared on the day of the fight that he had instructed his officials to avoid a draw by giving the fight to the man who in any one round had a big margin either in hitting or aggressiveness. If, however they could not agree and still called it a draw, his commission would not alter such a decision.

Louis Zaltman, Brooklyn

Q.—How much did Walcott and Louis weigh for each of their fights?

A.—First fight, Louis 211 and Walcott 194½; second fight, Louis 213¼ and Walcott 194¾.

For all such queries I suggest you get a copy of Nat Fleischer's 1950 Ring Record Book. It gives all weights on day of championship fights in heavyweight division. Only a few copies still left.

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OMA TAKES WALK

(Continued from page 5)

Some guy starts booing in the gallery because he thinks I hit low and then others follow. I don't know what they want me to do, but I suppose the underdog is always favored," the champion concluded when discussing his battle in his dressing room.

AT the age of thirty-four and after sixteen years of ring activity, Oma found the going a little too tough as the fight advanced. Throughout his long career he had never fought fifteen rounds and the champ saved Lee from charting unknown territory. Unlike the fight with Louis in which Charles gave a fine performance, in the Oma mill Ezzard missed frequently and at times gave a floundering exhibition due to the style employed by his cute and wily opponent.

Though one of the judges, Frank Forbes, had the fight even, four, four and one before the windup round, there could be no question about Charles' superiority. On my card he was in the lead by a tally of six to three. Judge Charley Shortell agreed with my count while Referee Goldstein gave Charles seven rounds and credited Lee only with the two which were awarded him for low hitting on the part of Charles. But in points, all three officials had Ezzard far ahead.

THE fifth and eighth rounds were the ones in which the champion was penalized.

Charles, an accomplished fighter, found Oma a tough target during the early sessions, as Lee kept riding or slipping punches by swaying or twisting and occasionally deflecting the blows with his shoulders. Frequently Charles, in an attempt to please the restless fans, tossed blows recklessly and missed, thus drawing boos from the crowd.

He was cut on the cheek bone near the left eye in the second round and in the eyebrow in the fourth and from the fifth to the finish, Oma kept stabbing away at the injury in an effort to damage it in the hopes that the fight might be halted. Though the cuts caused Ezzard some annoyance, they didn't bother him too much. He was master of the fight at all times and had the affair gone the limit, he would have won by a big margin on points.

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N. Y. BROADCAST

(Continued from page 43)

gered several times during the bout but managed to weather the rough sessions. Joe Wamsley, 128¾, West Side, came through with an upset win over Charley Slaughter, 129, Newark, in the semi-final six. In another six, Billy Ferguson, 170½, Jamaica, grabbed the verdict over Sid Edwards, 162, Newark. In fours, Tommy Dixon, 135¼, Jamaica, outpointed Tommy Coleman, 132½, Yorkville; Al Niang, 155¾, Harlem, had the better of a neighborhood rival, Jimmy Suber, 154½, and Vinnie Vingo, 149½, knocked out a fellow-Bronxite, Irv Gerhardt, 149½, in the third.

As a short-notice substitute for the ailing Eduardo Carrasco, Billy Liggett, 134, Trenton, N. J., was no match for lanky Bill Neri, 136, Bridgeport, Conn., and Referee Jim Freeman called a halt at 57 seconds of the fifth at the Eastern Parkway. Liggett was down for nine in the fourth, but more the result of being shoved than punched. Tumbled for nine early in the third, Carmine Vitale, 160, Jackson Heights, came back with a furious rally that twice dropped Johnny McGowan, 152, Brooklyn, first for seven, then for three, when Referee Johnny Colan decided to intervene at 2:06 to save McGowan from further punishment. Two of the fours were all-Puerto Rican affairs. Willie Orsini, 127, winning over Bobby Betancourt, 129¾, and Max Osario, 128, edging out Willie Rodd, 126½. Another Puerto Rican on the card, Rafael LaBoi, 125, was beaten by Patsy Croce, 121½, Brooklyn, and John Digilio, 131, Bayonne, outpointed Ruby Burns, 127, Mt. Vernon.

In the semi-final to the brief Ike Williams-Jose Gatica affair in Madison Square Garden, Vic Cardell, 144¾, Hartford, mangled the features of Tony Cimmino, 148, Bayonne, so thoroughly that the bout was halted by Referee Teddy Martin at 2:14 of the seventh. It was Cardell's fourth win in the Garden in six weeks. The only scraps on the card to go their full routes were a pair of sixes, in which Danny Womber, 146, Chicago, punched too hard and too often for Honeychile Johnson, 151½, Grays Ferry, Pa., and Bruno Lijoi, 135¾, Brooklyn, won over the veteran Ermano Bonetti, 135¾, Italy. In fours, Richie Anderson, 148, West Side, stopped Dick Cannady, 146½, Newark, in the third, and Danny Richardson, 141, Trenton, did likewise to Joe Giacobe, 139¾, Brooklyn. The attendance and receipts showed a slight improvement in recent figures for Garden boxing, 5,639 clients contributing a gross of $19,372 to the box office.

Boxing coolly and carefully, Charley Titone, 123, Brooklyn, edged out a split decision over chunky Richie Howard, 129, Halifax, N. S., in a lively eight at the Ridgewood Grove. Howard forced the action most of the distance, and was out in front at the half-way mark, but he slowed down in the closing frames and Titone, using an effective left hand, finished the stronger to eke out the verdict. In another eight, Joe Giardella, 155½, Philadelphia, was too rough for Freddie Lott, 163, Newark. In fours, Larry Gassa, 147½, whipped a Brooklyn rival, Johnny Cerky, 147½; Pete Arabello, 157, Brooklyn, had the better of Jimmy Suber, 154, Greenville, S. C.; Eddie Wanger, 148½, Bronx, copped the decision over Jack Randolph, 148½, Dorsey, Miss., and Phil Saxton, 173, Brooklyn, registered the only knockout on the card by dusting off Wayne Eckhardt, 174½, West Side, in the first.

Packing too much of everything for his opponent, Bill Bossio, 122, Pittsburgh, was credited with a knockout over Wilfred Dancosse (Danny Falcone), 118½, Manchester, Conn., at the White Plains County Center when Referee Harry Ebbets stopped the uneven affair early in the seventh. No match for Bossio, Dancosse was down in the first, third, fifth and sixth. Joe Wamsley, 129½, West Side, punched out a decision over Julio Colon, 133½, Brooklyn, in the semi-final six. Promising newcomer Al Niang, 153¾, Harlem, was a winner over Pete Adams, 152½, Newark, in another six. In a trio of fours, Tony Amabile, 125¼, Yonkers, looked good in winning over Patsy Croce, 121¾, Brooklyn; Max Osario outfought a fellow-Puerto Rican, Rafael LaBoi, 124½, and another Puerto Rican, Willie Orsini, 129½, was beaten by Ruby Burns, 129, Mt. Vernon.

'CEPT ONE

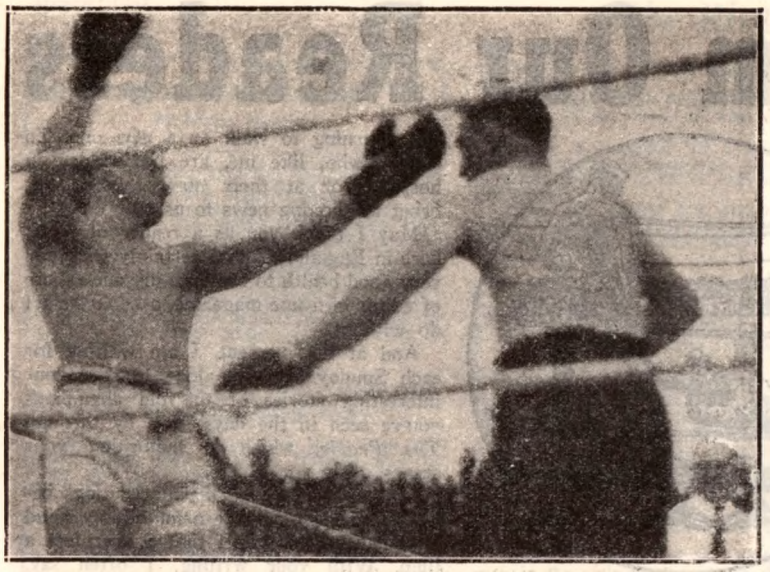
TWO farmers were discussing the appearance of Jess Willard in his circus. "He is the greatest fighter in the world," said Abner.

"'Cept one," replied his friend Rube.

"Where do you get that 'cept one?" asked Abner.

Pointing to a billboard, Rube read: "Jess Willard. Greatest fighter in the world. Sept. 1."

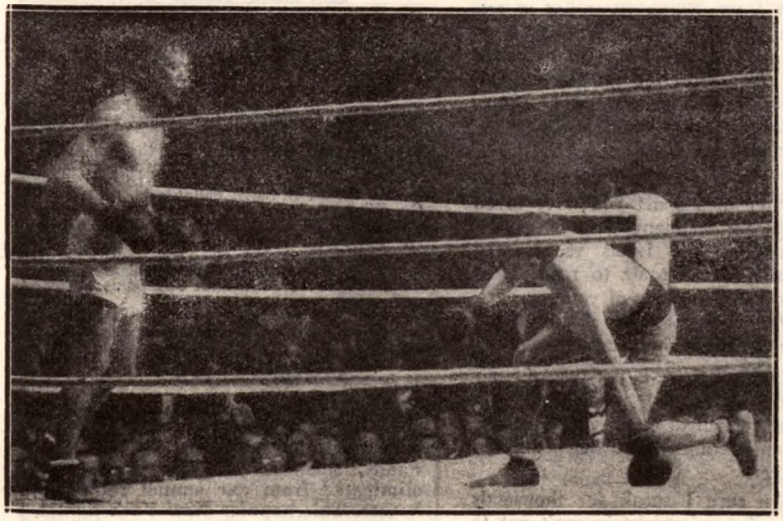
Famous Fights Recalled



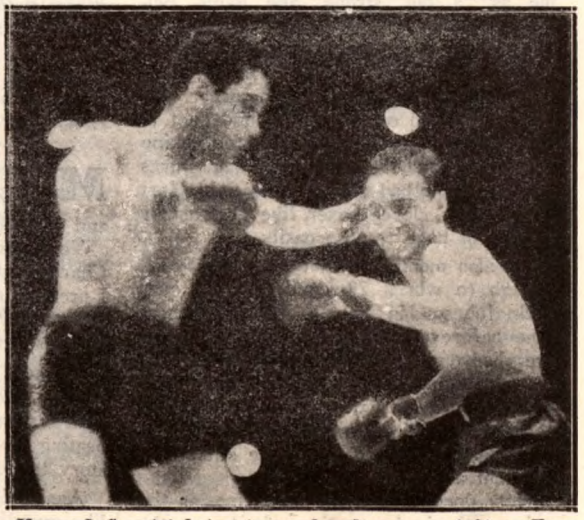
Georges Carpentier (left) staggers back from a left hook tossed by Tom Gibbons in their ten-round bout in Michigan City, Ind., May 31, 1924. Gibbons was a decisive winner.

Billy Conn (right) digs a vicious left to Bob Pastor's body during their battle in Madison Square Garden on September 6, 1940. Conn won by a knockout in the 13th round.

One of Britain's greatest all-around ring mechanics, Ted (Kid) Lewis knocks out Australia's Frankie Burns in 11th round at Holland Park, London, on June 19, 1922.



The beginning of the end for flyweight champion Jimmy Wilde as he hits canvas in the 17th round of his meeting with former bantam king, Pete Herman, in London, England, on January 13th, 1921.



Harry Jeffra (right) grins as he slips one of Sixto Escobar's jabs at Polo Grounds, New York, on Sept. 23, 1927. Jeffra won 15-round decision and world bantam title.

Letters From Our Readers

BEING an old-time boxing fan since the turn of the century and having read THE RING Magazine with much interest for a number of years; I am wondering if you could answer a question in my mind?

I have seen a number of the great boxers in all divisions in action; either in person or in the movies; including Jeffries, Johnson, Langford, Ketchel, Billy Papke, George Manley, Bat Nelson, Joe Gans, Jimmy Britt, Tommy Burns, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, old Jim Flynn, "the Pueblo Fireman," etc., and am frank to say that I believe the boys of that era were just a trifle better than the moderns; with the possible exception of Joe Louis a few years back and Sugar Ray Robinson, who, in my opinion, ranks with the best.

I predict that Ray Robinson will lift the middleweight title if opportunity affords. Also Dave Sands of Australia is a good prospect for this title. I think Ezzard Charles will hold the title for a while as he is better than cracked up to be. Keep an eye on Joey Maxim in this connection. Also Rex Layne of Utah, who has run up a strong K.O. record.

Why do boxing writers who in nine cases out of ten never saw the old timers in action always refer to Marvin Hart's "questionable right to the title"; also his "comparatively mediocre ability as a fighter?" I remember Marvin Hart well when he was boxing the best in three divisions. He got a chance to box Jack Root for the title simply because he had won something like 34 bouts, mostly by knockouts.

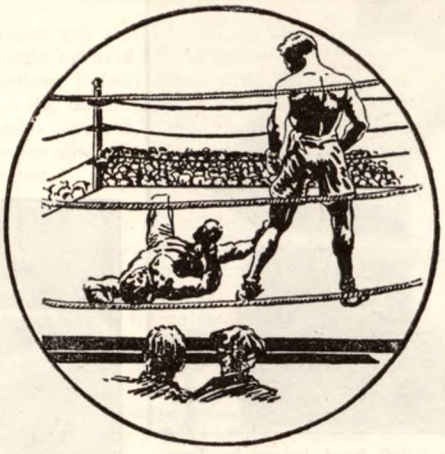
He defeated Root, didn't he? Prior to that he beat old Jack Johnson in 20 rounds on a decision. This is far more than Jim Jeffries did. Hart's record shows draws with Gus Ruhlin, George Gardner and other leaders of that age. Also a K.O. of old Peter Maher and no-decision bouts with Joe Choynski and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien.

Tommy Burns told me that the only reason he beat Hart was because he boxed him continuously and won on points. Any man that could stay 20 rounds with Tommy Burns or Jack Johnson in those days *just had to be good.*

Tommy Burns described Marvin Hart to me as "a big, strong, and game 190-pounder; not very clever, but making up for that in courage and knockout punch—a slugger pure and simple." He said that Jack (Twin) Sullivan in his corner told him at the end of the 14th round "not to fight another lick," but to continue boxing Hart as he had the bout in the bag. Burns said that if he had attempted to fight Hart as he did a clever boxer like O'Brien he would not have won so easily.

He also mentioned that Hart was good enough to win a 20-round decision over Jack Johnson in San Francisco a short time before and if I remember correctly everybody was ducking Johnson at that time, including Jeffries. It looks to me that on the record Hart was just a shade behind Jeffries in ability. In fact he might have defeated Jeffries had Jeff come out of retirement at the time.

How does THE RING Magazine, as the only authorized sporting sheet on the American continent today, rank Hart in



ability compared with the other greats of that day? I don't think that the really great sports writers such as Otto Floto, Bob Edgren, Tad, Uncle Bill Naughton, Van Loan, etc., would have described Hart as "mediocre in ability." It seems to me that we have a number of "punk sports writers" who never saw Hart, Johnson or Burns in action; who merely voice an opinion they read somewhere. Weren't Hart and Root the two best men available at the time they met for the title?

Does THE RING recognize Hart as a legitimate successor to the heavyweight title? If not, why not?

TIM FLANAGAN,
Denver, Colorado

(Hart was an excellent fighter. He was one of the top men of his division at the time he and Root fought for Jeffries' vacated title. After he stopped Root in the 12th round, he claimed the title, but there were others equally entitled to share in the challengers' role for such honors, among them Tommy Burns and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. The fact that he won from Jack Johnson in 1905 and beat Root didn't entitle him to world honors and the majority opinion sided with the decision. We did the same when Louis gave up his crown. We refused to designate or recognize Ezzard Charles as world champion until he won that right through an elimination and so it was with Hart. Burns succeeded in settling the universal claim when he took on all comers and clinched his right to world supremacy. This Hart did not accomplish. He was only a claimant, not world champion.—Editor's Note)

MAY I pay a great tribute to you as a writer in a sport you have loved and followed for so many years?

Your story of the Louis vs. Ezzard Charles battle was a tonic to read. I, as I presume other thousands of your readers, enjoyed every line of your "Hail King Charles" in the December number.

Again, I'm sure there is not one of your readers more interested than myself in your writing, which to me is going to take beating when it comes to putting a boxing story together.

Again, I'm sure I speak for thousands like myself who unfortunately can't get to a boxing contest. I've lost a leg and am now learning to walk on a new one. To others, who, like me, are bed ridden in hospitals or at their homes, you, Nat, bring the boxing news to us.

May I thank you as a reader of yours here in England? And I certainly wish you very good health to continue in your sphere of editor of a fine magazine, a book I can't do without.

And at the moment, I am waiting for each Sunday to come along to read your interesting stories of the old champions you've seen in the days gone by through *The People,* which is publishing your scenes.

I'm very interested in your writings because they help to take a lot off my mind and help me to forget that I ever lost a limb. With your writing, I often say, "Now leave me alone this evening. I'm sitting next to Nat tonight at Madison Square Garden."

LEN ROGERS,
Rhondda Valley
S. Wales, England

THE RING QUESTION BOX

P. Weisenfeld, Stormville, N. Y.

Q.—Can you tell me when the last Everlast Sporting Record Book was published? Also, has Jake LaMotta ever been knocked down for a count in a fight?

A.—The last Everlast book came out in 1937. The only boxing record book appearing annually now in this country is The Ring Record Book, selling for $6.70. The 1951 edition will be available shortly.

R. Morales, Los Angeles, Calif.

Q.—My friend insists that Ray Robinson knocked out Jake LaMotta and it is my contention that LaMotta was stopped once but that he hasn't been off his feet. Can you settle this for us?

A.—Robinson and LaMotta have fought five times, all bouts going to a decision with Robinson winning four and LaMotta winning one. Billy Fox halted LaMotta without the latter being down for a count. As far as our records show LaMotta has never been knocked down in a professional bout.

Jack Rothstein, The Bronx, New York City

Q.—When a bout is stopped between rounds such as happened in the recent Artie Diamond vs. Jimmy Flood bout, which was stopped after the eighth round was over, does it count as an eight or nine round knockout?

A.—In the case of the Flood-Diamond fight it was officially listed as an eight-round K.O. because the bell had not rung for the ninth round. If the bell had rung for the ninth round it would have gone down as a nine-round K.O.

Santo Brocato, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—If two officials vote a fight a draw, what is the official decision?

A.—A draw. Two out of three counts. Also if one votes a draw, one for Fighter A and the other for Fighter B, the decision is a draw.

Charles Hocker, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—In a championship fight, must each fighter make the championship weight?

A.—They can come in below the weight but cannot be over the weight limit of the class.

Michael J. Talley, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—What was the official weight of Dempsey and also of Willard in their Toledo fight?

A.—Dempsey weighed 187 and Willard 245.

John Ballard, Benzonia, Michigan

Q.—Did Tommy Farr fight Joe Louis a second time?

A.—No. They fought once, the bout going the limit of fifteen rounds, with Farr the loser on points.

PADDY DeMARCO IN CLASS A

Through an oversight the name of Paddy DeMarco of New York was eliminated from our annual rating of boxers. This popular New York fighter should have been listed in Class A.

BOXING IN PUERTO RICO
By Mario Martino

BOXING will get under way under the capable promotion of Ray Santana in a few weeks. Considering the fact that all the talent used was local (with the exception of Bolivar Pena who was brought over from Santo Domingo for one bout) last year's boxing season was quite a success. In a little over six months, 15,153 fans paid $13,716.80 to see bouts in Puerto Rico. This includes only the bouts staged at Sixto Escobar Stadium and does not include those staged in Bayamon and Ponce which were far from a success.

The Golden Gloves tournament is now under way. It should provide quite a few good prospects for the next professional boxing season.

I would like to thank the boys from the Puerto Rican 65th Infantry Division now in Korea who have written to me and pray that they soon will be with us again.

BRITISH COLUMBIA NEWS
By Chester Norton

KEN McPHEE, Vancouver, 131½, received a rude setback in his first ten-rounder at the Gardens on December 7. Nick Smith, 131, Los Angeles, showing an educated left hand and plenty of ring savvy, administered a terrific lacing to McPhee. Ken began well, but Smith warmed up in the middle rounds and seemed to become stronger as the fight progressed. McPhee's main problem was to get by the long left hand stuck continually in his face and he never quite managed it. Ken was down for a nine count in the eighth.

The best fight of the evening was that between Jackie Turner, 114, Vancouver, and Tommy Umeda, 121, Seattle. They battled six fast rounds with Umeda the winner. Turner hasn't fought as well, in losing, since he and Kenny Lindsay had their series.

Billy Carter, 185½, Vancouver, was defeated in six by Joe Quinlan, 197½, San Francisco, in the special event. Crawford Mullins, 144, Seattle, beat Billy Donnelly, 141, Vancouver, in four. Blackie Vandeveer boxed a four-round exhibition with Bobby Lee Davis.

Jimmy Langston, 156¼, Haney, chalked up another K. O. win on a card studded with knockouts and mismatches. Jimmy put the quietus on Pedro Jiminez, 155¼, Santa Rosa, at 2:30 of the 8th. Jiminez showed brilliant flashes of fighting form but unfortunately they were few and far between, consequently Jiminez spent most of the eight rounds acting as a punching bag.

In the semi-windup Tony Alvarez, 123¼, San Francisco, was unable to continue after the first round due to a badly cut eye. Tommy Umeda, 125, Seattle, was declared the victor.

Leo Logan, 163, Vancouver, in his first pro fight, was hard put to land a clean blow on Jackie Clarke, 158¾, Spokane, but when he did there was no doubt about the count. Clarke went down in the fourth from a left hook to the stomach and the referee could have counted 100.

Earl Cook, 158½, Vancouver, K.O.'ed Mike Carlson in the third. Jimmy LaChance, 172¾, Vancouver, stiffened Norm Applin in the second round of the opener.

FISTIC HEADLINES FROM BARBADOS
By Geoffrey Perkins

NOT a month since his decisive victory over Young Bassini, of Martinique, Kid Ralph won over Kid Francis, the local light-heavy champ, in ten rounds at the Yankee Stadium. A packed stadium witnessed a good fight between these two champs. This fight was in the making for over two years, but Francis was in Aruba.

Francis entered the ring at 165 and Ralph weighed only 156½. From the opening bell one knew this was going to be a fight of fights.

Ralph cared nothing for his heavier opponent. He threw left hooks, then crowded Francis before uppercutting viciously with his right. Ralph piled up a decisive lead in points.

Often he had Francis reeling, but just could not send over the finisher.

Came the memorable eighth stanza. Ralph left-hooked Francis viciously to the point. This dropped the "fat boy" for an eight count. As Francis rose, Ralph rushed him, crowded him to the ropes and belted away at Francis' mid-section. Again the Champ was downed, this time for the full count. But Ralph supporters rushed into the ring at once, and so Francis, though kayoed, was permitted to get to his feet and continue. Ralph, anxious for the fight to be over, pounded away at Francis' head and body. A left hook followed by a right to the chin again dropped Francis.

The referee counted while Ralph could do nothing but look with pleading eyes to officials to stop the bout.

In the ninth Ralph continued to batter Francis and also in the tenth to earn the unanimous decision.

Perhaps if Barbados had a Boxing Board of Control, none of the unforeseen events would have occurred. However a bill is now being put up to the legislature.

The popular Belfield Kid, 117, who has yet to find someone to fight in his own class, was held to a draw by the onetime amateur champ, Victor Lovell, 126.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU
By Prof. Wilfred Stephenson

YOUNG SAMPSON, a Panamanian welterweight, who made his first appearance here on Saturday night, December 16, against Grimaldo Urlich, Peruvian, in a ten-rounder, gave his opponent plenty to think about in every round of the fight. He even floored him. The visitor who is only 23 years old, showed during his performance, all the coolness, tenacity, and craftiness of a veteran campaigner. He is the idol of the fans here.

I don't see anyone of his weight in Lima or even in the outlying districts of this country to stand up against him. Urlich took more punishment in the ninth and tenth rounds than in the previous ones, and Sampson, who won a brilliant victory, was tremendously applauded after the fight.

Julio Febres, Peruvian, and Panama Brewster, both welters, followed on the same card in ten rounds. Brewster, who fought here last year with marked success, won eight of the ten rounds. Febres was not in tip-top shape, and as the Panamanian's style did not help him in any way, he lost the decision by a wide margin.

WAYSIDE TALES

WHEN John L. Sullivan trained for his battle with Jim Corbett in which the latter won the heavyweight championship at New Orleans, in 1892, the Boston Strong Boy took up his quarters at Canoe Place Inn, far down on Long Island. John's only companions were Trainer Phil Casey, then world champion handball player; a couple of Boston boxers, and his backers, Wakely and Johnston. Had anyone suggested charging admission to the camp, Sullivan would have bawled them out with his usual ferocity.

Corbett, after training faithfully, was announced as "ready and sure to win," by Billy Delaney But the sports as a whole, laughed at Delaney's prediction, and manifested no interest in Corbett's fitness or unfitness, as the case might be. They wouldn't even respond to invitations to watch him spar.

Corbett's manager, William A. Brady, always a keen showman, hit on the notion of putting the young challenger on exhibition at Madison Square Garden for one day. The result of his experiment proved that you can sometimes sell a thing people don't want as a gift. For hundreds of curious folks paid admission to see the youth who imagined he could whip the great John L.

They were amazed at his fast footwork and boxing skill, but nevertheless the odds on Sullivan mounted steadily until the champion was a five-to-one shot at the ringside. Brady couldn't persuade the public that an idol was due to be knocked off its pedestal. But he did successfully inaugurate the practice of charging admission to see champions and challengers go through training stunts, which persists to the present day.

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THE MEXICAN WONDER

IF EVER there was anybody who was entitled to recognition as an uncrowned champion it was Joe Rivers of Los Angeles Rivers was a star as a feather and lightie. He was pushing his way to the feather title when, in 1916, he ran against a snag in the person of Johnny Kilbane of Cleveland, and was kayoed in the sizzling sixteenth.

Joe had his chance at the lightweight title against Ad Wolgast. In the thrilling thirteenth, both went down and out, and the referee gave his support to the champion. Rivers was an unusually hard puncher, and was of championship caliber, being far ahead of any lightweight champion since Leonard, and the equal at least of Ad Wolgast, Bat Nelson and Willie Ritchie.

THE FIGHTING PEAK

THERE is one period in every fighter's career in which he exhibits in the roped square unusual skill in the various branches of his profession at which time he is said to have reached the peak of his fighting form. It is then that he seems to display every asset of a good fighter and shortly after, for some unexplainable reason, he begins to hit the downgrade. He starts on the decline and he never again reaches that top form observed in his great battle. It is a condition that faces every athlete no matter in what branch.

It is only by comparison of previous and subsequent fights that one can tell how great a pugilist was at his peak. He may retain that superb form over a stretch of several battles, but it won't remain long with him

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EUROPEAN GOSSIP
By Charley Parrish

DECEMBER was the outstanding month in Continental boxing for the whole of 1950, and more public interest was registered during this period than at any epoch since 1939. This renaissance is solely due to the whirlwind visit of Sugar Ray Robinson, and we doff our hat to Mr. Gilbert Benaim, the Parisian promoter who was instrumental in bringing the world champion to Europe. The American made everywhere a very deep impression, both by his superb ability in the ring and by his colorful personality.

Kicking off for the month's results, we find Gustave Perrot turning in a first-rate win over Sadok Bahri, the Tunisian lightie who had previously drawn with Montane over ten rounds at the Salle Wagram, Paris. On the same bill, Remo Giovanni stopped Alphonse Daura in four, cruisers, while Jean Senhadj whipped Jackie Boizel in a bantam clash.

At Calais, Jean Archambaud trimmed Julien Degryse over ten rounds, feathers.

Theo Medina slipped down another rung when he was defeated by the Swiss bantam champion, Caliostro Etter, over ten rounds, at Geneva. Houacine Khafi, Algeria, and the Spanish lightie, Bartolome Marti, fought an excellent draw, while the French feather, Pierre Carrara, outpointed Antonio Fenoy of Spain, also in ten.

In the semi-finals of the Ghent welter competition, Stan Reypens creased Maurice Bombaert in the ninth, while Alois DeWulf stiffened Camille Milo in the seventh.

At Verviers, also in Belgium, Gilbert Stock had little trouble with Franco Molina, the Spanish welter, whom he stowed away in the fifth. The veteran Spanish lightie, Young Cyclone, forced Prazteck to retire in the third.

On the DeBruin-Ritter bill at Rotterdam, briefly reported last month, Theun Brommer evened an old score by whipping Marcel Lips and Frits VanKempen chilled Andre Piens in four, in two welter clashes. Two cruiser bouts saw Snucky DeBruin flatten Michael Levens in one, and Wim Snoek outpointed Bob Francois over six.

At Amsterdam, Win. Snoek slammed out the Belgian, Emile Jacqmain in the first, while Moosje Linneman stopped Jacobs II, lightweights.

Conny Rux topped the bill at Dusseldorf, where he knocked out the plucky Dane, Erik Jensen, in the fourth round of their cruiser combat. Carl Schmidt did not impress with his win over Guenther Balzer, over eight, and Horst Kemena was fortunate to gain a split verdict after his bout with Michael Lapourielle, the Frenchman, in two middles bouts. Leo Starosch halted Harry Brandscheit in three, welters, and Theo Baumjohan iced Cruywels in two, cruisers.

In Munich, two American visitors appeared for the first time. Negro Johnny Duke had a terrific set-to with Karl Oechsle, whom he edged after eight rounds, welters, and Don Lee knocked out red-haired Hans Baumann in the fourth, middles. Heinz Gorczyza whipped Berthold Raeder in six, lighties, and Hans Haefner outscored Jan Nicolaas, Dutch lightweight king, over six.

At Siegburg, Karl Pinsdorf came through with a win over Leon Roller, the Luxemburg welter champ, over eight.

At Basle, Switzerland, Ludwig Petri, the German lightweight, knocked out Amida ben Khalifa of Morocco in the third.

In Zurich, the Swiss cruiser, Hans Schwarzmann outscored Fred Lahn of Germany, and Swiss feather newcomer, Wolfgang Buehler, drew with Walter Schopp of Germany, both bouts over six.

At Grosseto, Italy, the local star, Emilio Marconi, scored an upset at the expense of the lightweight champion, Luigi Male, whom he defeated over ten rounds.

At Floridia, Angelo Brisci iced the Roumanian, Jean Falescky, in three, welters.

Maurice Sandeyron continued to carve his way back to the top of the bantam tree by stepping out a very handy points win over the first-rate Tunisian, Gaetano Annaloro, at the Paris Mutualite. Marcel Auclair and Marcel Gallon drew over ten heats, feathers, while Louis Jasko won over Marcel Bouvet, middles. The latter was disqualified in the tenth frame.

Augustin Ussin beat Robert Guivarch at the Paris Stadium in an eight-round welter affair. Mohamed Chickaoui iced Conti in four, feathers.

At Merlebach, Louis Klein, the Lorraine welter prospect, edged Areski Boina in eight, while Sniatecki won over Robert Tartari, feathers.

Winnfried Henne scored an unexpected win at Frankfort when he stiffened the Italian cruiser, Remo Giovani, in three, while Heinz Buttermann knocked out Jean Carrara, France, in the sixth frame of their welters clash.

Gilbert Lavoine successfully defended his French welter crown at Amiens, where he gained the nod over Omar le Noir after an extremely close and hard-fought 15 rounds. Jacques Bataille forced Maurice Fernandez to retire in the sixth round of their featherweight scrap.

At Pont-Audemer, the local matador, welter Pierre Langlois confirmed his high rating by thumping out a win over rugged Gilbert Ussin. At the Alcazar, Marseilles, Raymond Degl'Innocenti scored his second pro win by beating the Martinique heavy, Ernest Chalono, and Jean Cuilleries defeated Andre Benatar, lightweights.

At the Salle Wagram, Paris, Francis Bonnardel gained a neat win over the Italian feather, Dante Venturi, over ten rounds. Venturi was nevertheless impressive. In two other feathers clashes, Roger Bruneau outscored Tony Say over ten, and Lucien Meraint and Roland Mounier drew in eight. At Rouen, Jean Julien defended his Norman lightweight title by whipping Serge Ceustermans over twelve.

At Geneva Ferruccio Rustichelli drew with the French welter, Jean Bechard, over ten rounds.

At Bienne, Switzerland, Hans Schwarzmann drew with Yves Calamari over eight, cruisers.

The very durable Henri Hecquard, who holds a verdict over Lavoine, came through with a decisive win at Le Mans, where he stopped Jose Ustarros in the ninth.

At Montreuil, Sylvain Therouse won a brilliantly-fought ten-rounder from Roger Villard, lightweights.

Sugar Ray Robinson found at the Palais des Sports in Brussels, that the Dutchman, Van Dam, posed more problems than had Jean Stock. In the first two rounds, Van Dam boxed excellently and the welter king could not catch up with his adversary until the last moments of the third, when he sent Van Dam down with a blow to the side. Van Dam was saved by the bell, but Robinson nabbed his man at the beginning of the next round with three hooks—above the liver, to the liver, and to the jaw, which completed the destruction.

In the supporting bouts, Jean Sneyers brilliantly outscored fast Georges Mousse in ten, bantams, while Edgard Delannoit barely got the edge over Ray Lewis, the Hawaiian lightweight, likewise in ten.

Emile Chemama, known already as the "Star of the South," captured the French bantam title at Marseilles by knocking out the holder, Marcel Mathieu, in the third round. This was Chemama's 13th pro fight.

At Neuilly, Robert Marquebielle defeated Augustin Ussin over ten, welters, while at St. Leu la Foret, Pierre Carrara stopped Roger Legavre in three, feathers.

At the Principe, Milan, Umberto Del Carlo came through with a good points win over the rough-house Sylvano Locatelli, welters, and Valde Fusaro scored a win over Savini, lightweights.

At Trieste, two local feathers triumphed when Barbadoro halted Piconesi in the first, and Pavisani beat Cavagna over six.

Gino Campagna scored yet another victory at La Spezia, where he outpointed the Negro American welter, Jimmy Swann, over ten.

At Rome, Baby Day was rather fortunate to earn a draw with the up-and-coming Ivano Fontana in a ten-round middleweight battle, and Alessandro D'Ottavio was likewise lucky that his opponent, Widmer Milandri, was forced to retire in the tenth round with a badly cut eye, also middles. Emilio Marconi affirmed his superiority over Alberto Diori in an eight-round lightie scramble.

Old-timers at the Berlin Funkturm were reminded of the roaring twenties when fans broke up the program by destroying the seats. This followed the heavyweight maul between Gene "Tiger" Jones and Wilson Kohlbrecher, which opened up with a first round full of action. In the second round both men fell out of the ring and were both counted "out" by the referee, despite the protests of the crowd. Later a "no decision" was declared.

Prior to this, the Danish lightweight, Svend Wad, impressed with a neat eight-round win over the German southpaw, Walter Demke, and Werner Handtke drew with Karl Szuzina in eight, welters. Heinz Titze whipped Karl Peyler, heavies.

Further sensation was provided at Essen, where Hans Sachs was declared winner by a knockout over the champion, Richard Vogt, in the fourth round, although Vogt was fit to continue after taking a count of "eight." Vogt's title was at stake. Hans Strelecki gave a boxing lesson to the American, Don Lee, in another cruiser clash, which the German won by a good margin, and Rudi Oremek beat Bastian at the same poundage.

At Kiel, Heinz Seelisch did not impress with a monotonous eight-round win over Guenther Bola, heavies.

At Valdagno, Italy, Tiberio Mitri was knocked out by young Mario Minatelli in two rounds, in an exhibition bout.

Jacques Royer-Crecy gained a respectable win at Chateau-Thierry by outscoring capable Lucien Caboche over ten rounds, middles.

Georges Royer won a bloody and disputed combat against Leon Nowiasz, middles, at Rennes, and Deschamps halted Rampon in two.

Gustave Perrot, outstanding lightweight prospect, repeated a previous victory at Antwerp, where he stopped Jos Vissers, who retired in the fourth round. Raymond Degl Innocenti qualified for the final of the heavyweight competition by stopping the Belgian Bull, Robert Fugere, the referee intervening in the seventh.

Stan Reypens won the Ghent welter competition by beating rugged Alois De Wulf on points.

At Lyons, Francis Bonnardel confirmed his superiority over Jean Archambaud by forcing the latter to retire in the thirteenth round of their featherweight affair, after the challenger had taken several trips to the canvas. Cruiser Jo Roude knocked out Andre Lefranc in the sixth round.

At Besancon, Bruno Marostegan showed a return to form by beating the Belgian welter, Van Zandt.

Alvaro Cerasani, Italy's slamming feather idol, chalked up another quick win, this time at the expense of the Austrian champion, Willi Swoboda, in Milan. The blond Austrian showed promising talent but took the final count in the fourth. Ernesto Formenti retained his Italian feather title when he beat mediocre Nicola Funari over twelve and Diulio Loi outfought the French slugger, Frank Hermal, in a lightweight ten-rounder. Finally, Tino Cardinale outpointed Kid Arcelli in a six-round bantam contest.

At Cagliari, Luigi Male knocked out Efisio Melis in six rounds. Male's Italian lightweight crown was not at stake. Alvaro Nuvoloni halted Giovanni Fattori in the fourth frame of their bantam slugfest.

In their return bout at the Salle Wagram, Ben Miloud and Bartolome Marti gave the fans their money's worth. After a hotly-disputed ten-rounder, the verdict went to the torrid Moroccan by a very narrow margin. Another lightweight set-to saw Jacques Prigent get the nod over stubborn Bouadjemi Mokfi, also over ten rounds.

At Henin-Lietard, French mining town, Charles Humezt won a most gory ten round shambles against Gilbert Ussin, the durable blond welter who has yet to be knocked out.

At Limoges, Maurice Sandeyron continued his winning streak by outpointing the wily Swiss bantam, Caliostro Etter, over ten.

At Iserlohn, Germany, Burl Charity headlined a show here against Hans Strelecki, who was crippled by a kidney punch in the third, where the American Negro middle was disqualified. Heinz Buttermann was sent to the canvas no less than eleven times in his welter clash with Paul Rodewald, but nevertheless caught his opponent in the fourth and went on to win by a knockout in the next heat.

Jean Walzack put up a splendid fight against all-conquering Ray Robinson when the two clashed at Geneva. The sturdy Pole seemed on the verge of an early defeat in the fourth, but came through to last out the ten rounds. Walzack took a count of eight in the ninth frame, but never once hesitated to carry the fight to the American. On the same bill, Bobby Dawson gained a highly unpopular verdict over Michel Lapourielle in another middles clash.

At Rheims, France, Gilbert Lavoine knocked out the fading Spanish welter, Martinez D'Alagon, in two rounds, while Andre Gonnet celebrated his return by stopping another Spaniard, Manuel Morell, in the tenth, lightweights.

At the Paris Stadium, Morlay Kamara, lightweight from French Guiana, gained a close win over the local favorite, Julien Rabaini.

A very satisfactory program at the Paris Mutualite featured the cruiser contest between Jacques Hairabedian and the Italian, Bernardo Pacini, which resulted in a draw, despite the former's slight superiority. Dante Venturi won his first victory in France at the expense of Marcel Gallon, in a very lively ten-round feather duel. Dante Bini and Sam Conforti dead-heated in another ten, bantams.

At the Paris Central, Sylvain Therouse gave a fine exhibition of the classic style in trimming rugged Jean Taverne over eight, lightweights.

(Continued on page 35)

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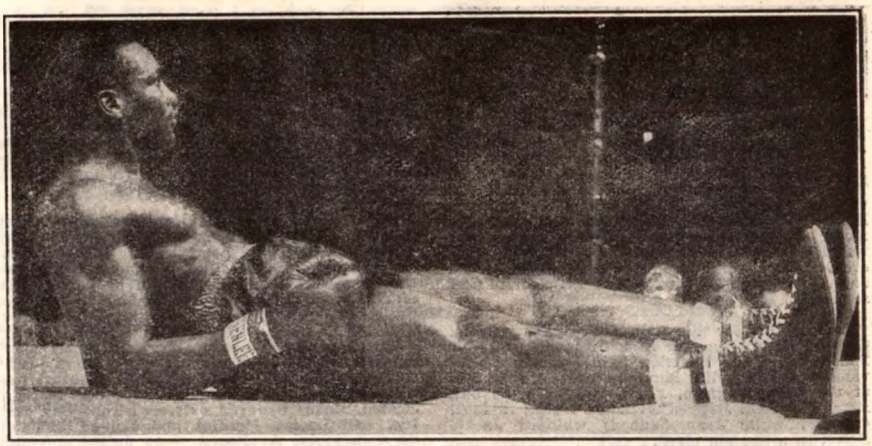


The shortest distance between two points is a straight line Omelio Agramonte, of Cuba, learned as he looks up at the right hand of Clarence Henry which floored him for a seven-count in the first round of their heavyweight bout at Madison Square Garden. Henry, California state champion, won an eight-round decision and a chance for bigger things in New York.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By Tom Ephrem

CHRIS DUNDEE opened boxing at Miami Beach with a bang. Featuring Bobby Dykes, the local welterweight ace, and Aldo Minelli, of Italy. Dundee had no trouble inducing 3,500 customers to the recently completed Beach Auditorium.

Dykes has dynamite in his right hand and Minelli can readily testify to that. The rugged Italian invader fell before the lanky larruper in the fourth round of their headliner. Dykes had been dealing Aldo quite a bit of punishment until Referee Eddie Coachman rescued the luckless fighter. It was after the second knockdown that the bout was halted, a cut appearing on the loser's eye when Minelli rose.

In the eight round semi, Billy Neumont, 144, Pittsburgh, decisioned Ozzie Andrews, 137, New Haven. Jackie Kermans, 140, Toledo, decisioned Pablo Rodriguez, 145½, Havana, in six. Hal McCaskill, 149, Savannah, beat Billy Downing, 150, Lakewood, N. J., in a close six. Joey (Mute) McLaughlin, 160, Birmingham, and Miami, T.K.O.'ed Al Graves, 159¾, Miami, in four. Honey Chile Whipple, 158, Miami, T.K.O.'ed Eddie Ellis, 156½, South Miami, in four. The show drew a gate of $9,454.

Boxing fans in Jacksonville will for long talk about the Hal Boylston and Billy Brown fight here and how Boylston, a local product and law student at the University of Florida scored a smashing upset over the veteran in a close 10-rounder at the Duval County Armory. Overconfidence was the main reason for Brown's downfall. He could have won the fight had he taken Hal seriously. Instead he let the opposition take the lead and force the fight. Boylston surprised by out-jabbing the seasoned campaigner. His blows carried more snap and were the sharper. When not using Billy's face for a target, Hal would shoot straight lefts to the body.

Boylston weighed 168, Brown, 161. Bob Abraham promoted.

In the under-card, Chet Vinci, at 173, much above his fighting weight when he was a Miami card some years ago, won a five-round T.K.O. over Tommy Samon, of St. Petersburg, when Samon suffered a bad cut on his cheek. Samon, 178, was ahead at the time, but there was very little, if any, action.

Jackie Luke, 118, and Lamar Tate, 122, went to a draw in five rounds. Both are Jacksonville scrappers. Mike Kelly, 142, Jefferson City, Mo., and Jimmy Wright, 140, Jacksonville, drew in five. Robert Dingman, 128, and Leo DiGard, 129, Jaxons, went four rounds to a draw. In an excellent bout that uncovered a good beginner, James Rocker, 126, beat Joe Lucas, who looked much heavier than his 126. Rocker has plenty on the ball for a youngster just starting off.

A stranger from Paterson, N. J., by the name of Norman Thompson showed Billy Neumont a thing or two about fighting when they clashed in the main event at West Palm Beach. Not that Neumont isn't any good, but Thompson was just a better man. Before some 1,500 fans, Thompson scored an eight-round technical knockout over the Pittsburgh boy. The Jersey lad jolted Billy with straight shots to the head and twice scored knockdowns before Referee Cy Gottfried stopped it in the eighth. It was a perfect plan that Jerry White, Thompson's chief cornerman, laid out and Norman, like a general, carried it out to perfection. Time and time again he caught his rival with a one-two combination as Neumont came charging in with his wide open stance. The winner weighed 143, the loser, 142.

In the semi-final, Pete Noka, 135, Detroit, T.K.O.'ed Jackie Kerman, 139, Toledo, in the first, when the latter suffered a cut eye. Ray Connelly, 170, Pittsburgh, kayoed Al Byrd, 174, a beefy light-heavy from Kansas City, in the second round. Angel Chavez, 142, San Pedro, beat Billy Morgan 139, Hialeah, in a six. Snooks Howard, 142, and Pablo Rodriguez, 144, Havana, drew in a four, the best of the prelims.

At Miami Beach: This fellow Chico Pacheco, 160½, is a wonder. Against top-flight competition he not only gives an excellent account of himself but makes the opposition fight like mad, if they must win over him. Harold Green, a former middleweight contender who is still a good scrapper, can attest to that. Green, 159, had a fight on his hands like he probably never figured he would have, but finally came through at the last moment with a 10-round technical kayo over the courageous Brazilian. Up to the seventh, the boys were on even standing. Harold began to move ahead after that and his hooks were telling in the eighth and ninth. A left to the button in the middle of the tenth sent Chico flat on his back. He got up at eight and fell into the ropes. Referee Billy Regan stopped it there when he saw it would be impossible for Chico to go on. This Chris Dundee feature drew 2,873 fans, who paid $6,378. They got their money's worth alone in the fourth when a long right by Pacheco cut Green's eye. The red was the signal for an avalanche of blows from the New Yorker who shot both hands at the South American. But Chico did not fade. He stood right there and traded with his touted foe as the crowd went into a frenzy.

The semi-final between Hal Boylston, 173½, of Jacksonville, and Ray Connelly, 171½, Pittsburgh, proved very entertaining as they fought to an eight-round draw. Billy Morgan, 139, Hialeah, defeated Knute Baker, 136¾, Terre Haute, in six. Itsy Wallach, 145, New York City, beat Pablo Rodriguez, 145, Havana, in six. Billy Lauderdale, 138, Hialeah, and Larry Mann, 140, Miami, drew in four. Honey Boy Williams, 132, decisioned Jake Simmons, 138, Miami, in a four-round opener.

Eddie Greene, of Kannapolis, N. C., took a 10-round main event from Hal Meredith, of Macon, Ga., in Aiken, S. C. The decision was unanimous. Ryan Shealy, Batesburg, kayoed Billy Dixon, Macon, in the semi-final. Sonny Applewhite, of Augusta, and Earl Watkins, of Graniteville, drew in their match. Slugger Chapman, Aiken, beat Duke Livingston, Macon. Tornado Kid, Augusta, defeated George Nelson, of Milledgeville.

To assist them in keeping up with boxing goings-on and information, the Coral Gables Athletic Commission receive THE RING Magazine each month, writes the CG boxing secretary, William B. (Bunny) Loyett, Jr. We are happy to state Lovett and yours truly, and Billy Lee, secretary of the Sarasota Boxing Commission, are in steady correspondence, and information from both men comes in very handy for this column.

At Jacksonville: Harry (Honey Boy) Williams, Miami, and Kid Johnson, North Carolina, fought 10 rounds to a draw. Williams scored a knockdown in the fourth but Johnson came back to box his way to a standstill. Both are lightweights. Dynamite Wright, Jacksonville, kayoed James Haygood, Lumberton, N. C., in the third. 'Little" Willie, Jacksonville, decisioned Clarence Galloway, in a fast four.

Chico Pacheco's long reach matched Angel Chavez' clever footwork as the Brazilian took a 10-round decision over the Angel at Sarasota, in Promoter Dave White's top scrap here. Chico, 155, Angel, 152.

Another middleweight match was called a draw after eight good rounds between Billy Spangler, 151, of Shelby, N. C., and Joe (Mute) McLaughlin, 155, Miami. Marvin Ford, 137, punched Snooks Howard, 138, to the canvas with a left hook in the third, as he scored a six-round win. Billy Sheridan, Connecticut, planted a left hook on Billy Hogan in the fourth round for a knockout. The boys set a fast pace all the way. Both are lightweights. Jack Armstrong, 143, a Palma Ceia caddy, beat Norbett Kreisher, 142.

In a 10-round feature, spent mostly in roughing tactics, Ruben Jones, 167¾, of Norfolk, and Billy Kilgore, 166, Birmingham, travelled to a draw at Miami Beach.

A close battle in the eight-round semi went to Billy Morgan, 139, Hialeah, over Ernie Koutnik, 138, Paterson, N. J. Honey Chile Whipple, 155, Miami, nodded Kid Robinson, 157½, Miami, in six. Al Graves, 161½, South Miami, beat Billy Prince, 160, Miami. Angel Chavez, 145, San Pedro, Cal., kayoed Bobby Pruitt, 145, Daytona Beach, in the second round. Chris Dundee put on the show. The attendance, 3,180, paid $7,185.

Henry "Pappy" Gault, 124, neat little Spartanburg ringster, had to go all out in order to obtain an eight-round victory over little known Tommy Blevins, 124, in Promoter Ted Ball's feature bout at Asheville, N. C. Plenty of action was in store in the mix. Though the verdict was unanimously in favor of Gault, it was Blevins the customers cheered after the mill.

In another eight-rounder, Doc DeNeaux, Charlotte, won a decision over Jack Nicholson, of Brooklyn. Both are 140 pounders. Jack Batson, Wilmington, N. C., heavyweight, kayoed Bob Pue, 210, in the second round. Clarence Gist, 149, beat Jerry Shade, 140, both from Asheville. Artie Cutshaw, 152, Asheville, decisioned Gerald Hester, 150, Spartanburg, in a four.

Down at West Palm Beach, where Al Caroly is the matchmaker for the American Legion shows, one of the fighters failed to show up. But that's okay with Mr. Caroly. He had Ozzie Andrews ready to fight twice that night. And that Andrews did. Ozzie took on Hal McCaskill in a welterweight match and won it. Two bouts later, Ozzie was sent against Pablo Rodriguez, 139, and though tiring in the latter part of the match, gained the nod. Andrews, from New Haven, Conn., tipped 138; McCaskill, 143.

Steve Gideon, 148, Miami, stopped Mike Gillo, 152, New Haven, in five. Billy Downing, 149, Lakewood, N. J., decisioned Angel Chavez, 144, San Pedro, Cal., in eight.

Please send in all boxing news and results before the fifth of each month for publication in this column. All Southern news is welcome. Will deeply appreciate boxing news and information for use in our Jacksonville Journal boxing column, "Ringside News." Fighters without managers wishing to show in Florida, where we have top contacts, can write to Tom Ephrem, Sports Department, Jacksonville Journal, Jacksonville, Florida.

Crowd Pleasers

By EDDIE MERRILL

Joe Cairney, Scotland's flyweight hope.

JOE CAIRNEY

THE bonnie braes of Scotland, long noted for producing top flyweights, seem to have the "makin's" of another mighty mite in Joe Cairney of Scotland.

Joe got his first taste of boxing while serving with the British Navy in the Far East during World War II. He liked it so well that, after his discharge from the service, he decided to take a crack at the professional end of the business. Until last year, however, he didn't seem to be getting anywhere in particular in the trade. He'd win here, lose there, and it didn't seem to make much difference one way or the other.

The turning point came when he was picked to oppose Charles Bohbot, highly-touted Moroccan, on the Peter Keenan-Maurice Sandeyron card in Glasgow. Bohbot was the first real "name" fighter Cairney had been asked to meet, and Joe determined to make the most of the opportunity. He whipped Bohbot—and he's been stepping along at a winning pace ever since. Among his performances have been a knockout of Joe Riding, regarded at the time as one of the finest flyweight prospects in Britain, and decisions over Johnny Summers, former Scottish champion, and Mickey McKay, ringwise South African veteran.

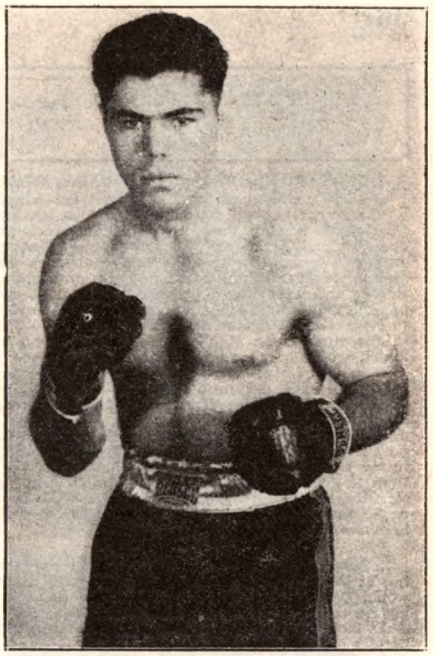
Joe has a good following in his native land. He may never get to the top rung of the ladder, but the Scots think he has the makings of a champion. During the past year he fought nine battles. He lost two, drew in one and was the victor in the others. His best victory was over McKay, who came from the Antipodes with an excellent record.

MARCEL BRISEBOIS

IF Marcel (Rocky) Brisebois, young Montreal welterweight, becomes a success in boxing, he'll be able to point proudly to himself as one guy who did it the hard way.

Brisebois didn't have the early advantages of a gym instructor or amateur experience. His "apprenticeship" in the trade was served as a sparring partner for local and visiting headliners in Montreal—and the kid had to learn to fight in self-defense. But those gymnasium sessions with the likes of Johnny Greco, Gaby Ferland, Jake LaMotta, Kid Gavilan and Laurent Dauthuille proved that Marcel had the stuff in him, and it wasn't long before he decided to quit acting as a sparmate and start doing some fighting on his own account.

That was just two years ago, and the young man has already given evidence of being on his way to prominent places in this business. Marcel had about a half-dozen preliminary bouts in Montreal when a visiting New York manager, Willie Ketchum, saw him working out in the gym one day. Ketchum was impressed with the youngster's toughness and willingness, and arranged with Marcel's Montreal manager to bring him to New York.



Marcel Brisebois, Montreal welterweight.

Since then Brisebois has come along rapidly—and seen quite a bit of the United States in the process. He has fought not only in the New York metropolitan district, but has made jaunts to New Orleans, Miami, Scranton, Buffalo and Syracuse. His record under Ketchum's management shows three knockouts and eight decisions against two reverses in 13 starts. His most prominent performance to date was his latest — a decisive victory over Johnny (Red) DeFazio in Madison Square Garden.

Marcel doesn't rent himself out as a sparring partner any more. He's reached the stage where he treats the other guy as the hired hand.

GENIAL JIM

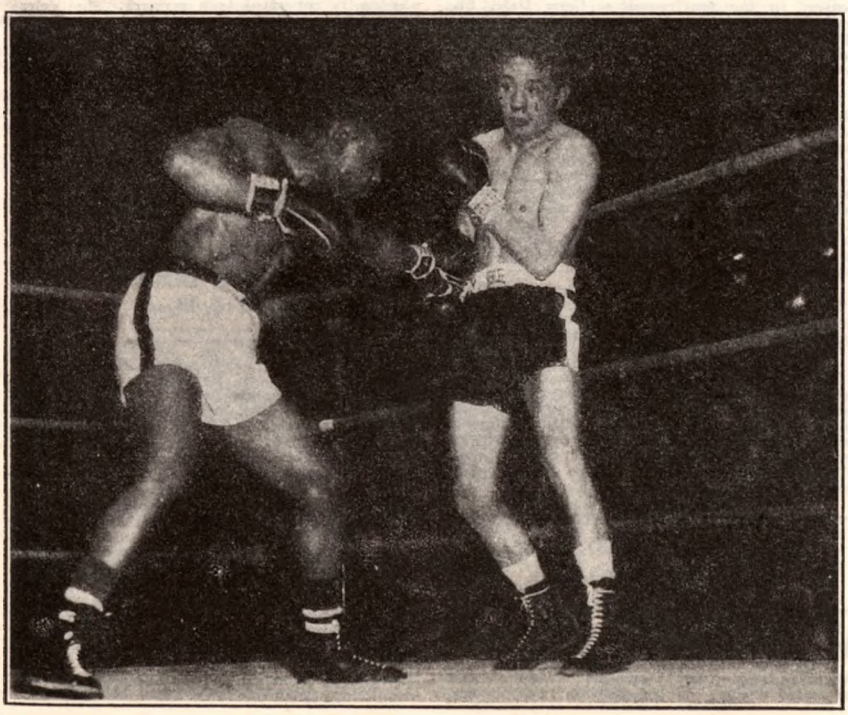
A SCHMO with an eye to living a little longer caught Jim Corbett one day.

"Tell me," said the guy with the lip, "what does a guy do tuh get to be your age and look so young?"

"Don't smoke, drink, chew, no indiscretions, and keep out in the fresh air," answered genial Jim.

"My father did all those things," murmured the ear bender, "and he kicked the bucket as a young man."

"Ah, yes," retorted Corbett, with a twinkle in his eye, "but he didn't do them long enough."



←*Outstanding featherweight contenders Ray Famechon (right) and Charley Riley, both gained stature in their close, hard-fought ten-round battle at The Arena, St. Louis, recently. A return engagement, the Frenchman, Famechon, won again on a split decision and insured himself a crack at Champion Sandy Saddler.*

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By Billy Shaw

NICK BARONE, Syracuse's light-heavyweight threat, who made a good showing against heavyweight champion Ezzard Charles, in Cincinnati, is now gunning for a title crack at Joe Maxim. Nick's pilot, pigeon fancier, Henny Andrews, has been sending out challenges to Maxim from all angles. Henny is so certain Barone can beat the light-heavyweight boss, he has offered Jack Kearns a guarantee of $25,000 to have Maxim defend his crown here outdoors in the summer at MacArthur Stadium. Such a match would break all box office records here.

Joey DeJohn, despite a stunning defeat at the hands of Ernie (The Rock) Durando at Cleveland, is still a mighty dangerous 160-pounder. Joey is a pint sized Paul Pirrone. He packs power in both mitts but expends so much energy in the early rounds of his fights, the Golden Boy finds it difficult to maintain the terrific pace he sets for ten rounds. Summer matches with Durando and Lee Sala would be box office record breakers here.

Boxing clubs can only be successful by operating at least twice a month. Even monthly shows would keep up the interest and enable the promoters to develop talent. But both Syracuse fight clubs have been idle for months. Let's have some fistic action. Central New York fight fans are sick of TV fights. They want to see live action here.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By Sam Porcelli

SORRY to report there has been no pro boxing activity here for almost two months. Two boxing licenses were issued by the boxing commission, the one held by the Triton A.C. and its matchmaker Angelo Rose, ran one show and will run no more for a while and is shopping around to sell the club. The Exchange A.C., the other club, is not making any plans at the moment.

The Elks Club ran an amateur show last month and Matchmaker Johnny Burba, is now going to run weekly shows and would like to hear from good amateur fighters or trainers of amateur teams. Burba can be reached at Elks Club, Rochester, N. Y., or write me at 103 S. Union St., Rochester 7, N. Y.

Following are the results of the only amateur fight held during the month, Austin Coleman, Rochester, defeated Bruce Brewster, Hornell, five rounds, lightweights; Nick Perri, Rochester, outpointed Louis Melton, Cleveland, in five rounds, welterweights; Dick Tuttle, Rochester, outpointed Don McCraney, Cleveland, five rounds, middleweights; Mike Penelli, Buffalo, outpointed George Kruickuk, Cleveland, in five rounds, lightweights. In the three round bouts, Jimmy Smith, Rochester, outpointed Nate Mott, Buffalo, welterweights; Dave Brewster, Hornell, outpointed Eddie Elsaw, Rochester; Reuben Green, Buffalo, outpointed Nick Markidis, Rochester, welterweights; Kinzy Long, Rochester, outpointed Joey Geneva, Buffalo, featherweights.

Mike Marcells, a good little featherweight a few years back, has opened the Ring Side Grill at 427 Court St., Rochester, N. Y. Mike serves good food and would like to hear from his old and new friends.

Ross Virgo, a good welter, is back in training and will be back in action real soon. Virgo, is training daily with Irish Johnny Rowe, Bob Biehler, Dick Tuttle, at the Elks Club gym.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By Hugh Shannon

WRESTLING has entirely taken the play away from boxing in Buffalo and other upstate cities. Ed Don George is staging wrestling every Friday night at Memorial auditorium. His shows are attracting huge crowds and the same can be said for Rochester, Binghamton, Syracuse, Jamestown and Schenectady. George is also running shows in Erie, Pennsylvania.

Jack Dempsey is still a magnet at the gate. The former champion refereed the wrestling matches at a show here in early December and more than ten thousand fans turned out. The old Manassa Mauler got a thunderous ovation.

Jack enjoyed his Buffalo visit. He chewed the fat with old friends. Bert Finch and Chick Johnson, both active in the fight game in Dempsey's heyday, were with him the best part of his two-day stay in Buffalo. Your correspondent, also one of Jack's old pals, had several chats with the former champion. Jack says new faces . . . fighters who can punch and win . . . is what the boxing game needs.

There has been little action in boxing in Buffalo this year. The promoters, like Wilkins Micawber, are hoping for something to turn up. There are several matches that would draw all right. One of these is a Henry Brimm-Joey DeJohn meeting.

Mike Scanlon has the only promising youngster in Buffalo. His 150-pounder, Joey Giambra, has won 15 consecutive fights. Maybe Mike will get a break this spring.

UTAH, IDAHO, WYOMING, MONTANA
By Carl E. Hayden

GARTH PANTER and Benny Flake fought to a draw in the headline bout on Dec. 11 at Ogden, Utah. There were no knockdowns. Panter had Flake groggy in the tenth but could not polish him off.

Dale Panter decisioned Windmill Pearce in the six-round semi-final.

In the preliminaries Buddy Sloan, 140, New York City, and Ted Stewart, 137, Salt Lake City, Utah, went to a four-round draw. Phil Martinez, 155, Salt Lake City, flattened Kid Leon, 150, Ogden, Utah, for the count. Val Alvarado lost by a knockout to Willie Price.

On December 11 Jack Nelson put Dynamite Jackson to the canvas for the full count in the Coliseum at Salt Lake City, Utah. Nelson had dropped Jackson for nine waves of the hand in the second and Jackson was on the canvas when the bell sounded in the third. The kayo took place in the fourth round.

On the same card, Ron Whittle decisioned Frank Gimble in eight rounds. During mid-bout Whittle and the Spokane, Wash., pugilist slipped and fell on the canvas together for no count.

In the prelims, Chuck Lyons of Montana won via a T.K.O. over Al Romero of Utah in the third. Romero was cut over the eye. Kid Blair won a four-round decision over Glen Nolan in the opener.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By Max Yeargain

CHIEF ALVIN WILLIAMS, Caddo Indian, who won the national and international Golden Gloves middleweight titles in 1948, and is considered by Mid-West sports writers as the hottest thing developed in this section in recent years, pounded out a ten-round decision over Louis Gray of St. Louis at the Forum in Wichita.

In the semi-windup of the crowd-pleasing card, Gray's stablemate, classy Penny Brown, St. Louis middleweight, decisioned Bullet Bill Sudduth, Topeka welterweight, who is recognized as the Mid-West's top 147-pounder, in six gruelling rounds.

Nelson Levering, former stablemate of the late Vince Foster, had to get off the canvas to beat Clarence Harbin, undefeated St. Louis welterweight, in the other six-round crowd pleaser. In the four-rounders, Gene Dale, St. Louis featherweight, easily trounced Doyt Payne, Oklahoma City, and Pat McMillen, Boston lightweight, scored a technical knockout over Harry Bentley of Topeka in two.

Here and There: As we go to press, Chief Alvin Williams, the sensational Indian middleweight, who has taken the Mid-West by storm, has been signed to fight Ronnie Delaney, rated by THE RING Magazine as the world's 10th ranking middleweight at Wichita, January 17. Nelson Levering, the Macy, Nebraska, atomic punching welterweight, kayoed Don Mason of Milwaukee at Minneapolis. On the same card, Topeka's Bill Sudduth beat Bob Rossie, and at St. Louis, Sudduth stopped the undefeated Walter Tankins in three.

This writer would like to nominate Mr. Tony Stecher of Minneapolis as the fairest, squarest and most likable promoter he has ever met.

Back on the column job after a trip to the Veterans' Hospital to have an injury incurred in the Navy repaired. You may send your monthly data to Max Yeargain, address: 2101 Potomac Drive, Topeka, Kansas. Managers and fighters seeking action in this section may phone me at 3-7084 at night or 2-4188 in the daytime. See you next month.

FROM TACOMA, WASHINGTON
By Homer Amundsen

YOUNG "IRISH" MIKE McMURTRY, Tacoma's promising heavyweight amateur boxer, won his second Golden Gloves title December 13th. The 17-year-old "Irish Welsh" lad scored a clean cut knockout in two minutes and ten seconds of the first round to win his Oregon State Gloves crown.

Professional boxing is still at a standstill throughout the State of Washington. It has been several months since a professional card has been offered the fans.

Wrestling in Tacoma is showing to packed crowds. These grappling programs are going on every week and the powers that be are making hay, while the boxing game is dead with little chance of coming back, until some changes are made.

A Boise, Idaho, promoter has offered 175-pound champ Joey Maxim, $60,000 to defend his title against Harry Kid Mathews in a title shot in that city. From reports it appears the match will take place in the future.

Harold Bird, former star boxer during World War One, was successful in his race for the local sheriff's office. Harold had his hand raised for the office of sheriff over Lee Croft, outgoing sheriff, and himself a former top rate boxer.

Three former Tacoma boxers now working in law enforcement agencies still find time to take in the local amateur fistic doings. Davey Ward, captain in the sheriff's office, does a bit of refereeing, Ernie Jensen, also of the sheriff's force, does a bit of this ring work, and former popular welterweight Jimmy Fitzpatrick is now on the city police force.

SPOKANE NEWS
By Jack Powers

WITH the Spokane fight front dark again, local fighters saw some activity, with varying success on other fronts.

At Calgary Joey Velez turned in a smashing K.O. win over Ernie Kemmick in four heats. It was the first time the courageous and hard-punching Kemmick had ever been counted out, and it was a definite K.O., Kemmick being out cold for several minutes. On the same card, Spokane's Frankie Gimbel dropped a six-round decision to Doug Harper of Calgary in the semi.

On December 12, Frankie Gimbel tangled with Ron Whittle at Salt Lake City in one-half of the double main event and lost a ten-round decision in a real back alley brawl that called for a rematch.

Glenn Northcutt, Spokane's light-heavyweight, racked up his eleventh straight win of the year at Boise on December 16 when he whipped Jose Ochea. Northcutt weighed 176 to Ochea's 196. On the same card at Boise, Spokane's Red Garrison and Jackie Smith stole the show with a sizzling six-rounder that saw Smith walk away with an unpopular and much-booed decision. Jackie Clarke was stopped by Chuck Putney with seconds to go in the sixth and last round of another crowd-pleasing battle.

On December 16, Spokane's popular little polio afflicted lightweight, Joe Velez, ran into the first defeat since starting his comeback 15 months ago. Velez journeyed to Edmonton and dropped a ten-round decision to classy Georgie Dunn of Edmonton. Dunn is about as good a lightweight as has come down the pike in the Northwest, and why he is not rated is a mystery. The Velez-Dunn bout was called the best bout in years in Edmonton.

At Winnemucca, Nev., on December 30, before a turnaway house, Glenn Northcutt of Spokane, 172, and Frank Ronkovitch of Salt Lake City, Utah, 179, slugged their way to a ten-round draw in one of the roughest fights ever witnessed in Winnemucca. The decision was unpopular. Northcutt had Ronkovitch in trouble on several occasions but couldn't put over the sleeper. A rematch of this would be a good top bout for Boise or Salt Lake City, where both lads are popular.

TUCSON TALKS
By Howdy Myers

TUCSON had only one boxing card during December. Promoter Bill Santos decided the holidays would take precedence over the fistic endeavors of the gladiators. The single show put on Dec. 11, brought Tucson's slugging welterweight, Eddie Williams against Kangaroo Zavala of Tijuana, Mexico. Zavala, who met Williams about a year ago, and held Eddie to a draw, found he had a much improved fighter to contend with. Williams from the first bell, battered his opponent from pillar to post and had him down several times. This reporter, tags Williams as a real natural if he will buckle down to real work.

In the six round semi-windup, Noble Johnson, 121, Phoenix took a split decision from Manuel Hernedez, 123, Tucson. The third preliminary bout of four rounds was called "no contest" by Referee Sonny Valdez when Paloma Corrales and Cisco Saenz, refused to mix it. In other four rounders, Oscar Torres, 120, Juarez, took a split decision from Jimmy Cooper, 120, Philly, and Chuck Baily, 133, Philly, split with Sal Fierro, 133, Juarez.

FLASHES IN FISTIANA FROM WESTERN CANADA

By Walt Marlow

EDMONTON'S adopted lightweight, Georgie Dunn, 134, by way of Hartford, Conn., racked up his sixth straight victory in Edmonton on Dec. 17 when he decisioned Joey Velez, 134½, Spokane, Washington.

It was a good fight from beginning to end, and drew a crowd of better than 2,000 persons, for promoter Jack Berry.

Dunn's counter-punching ability, along with a piston-like left jab, were the ingredients that won him the fight.

Other results: Benny Geary, 145, Wildwood, Alberta, knocked out Hal Robbins, 145, Vancouver, at 1:35 of the fifth round. Steve Lang, 153½, Calgary, stopped Joe Kallis, 155, Edmonton, early in the second round. Vic Kostic, 147, Calgary, knocked out Gerry Geary, 141, Edmonton, midway of the third round. Bobby Bacon, 116, Edmonton, again decisioned Jersey Joe Edwards, 110, Calgary, in what proved to be a good opener.

Rambling Around—Edmonton fight fans regard George Dunn as the best lightweight to show there since Freddie Welsh, who showed in Edmonton back in 1913. Welsh was then world champion. . . . Ernie Kemick would like another shot at Spokane's Joey Velez, and if promoter Farr has his way, there'll be a third meeting of the pair.

Calgary's new ice arena, a million and a half dollar building which was ridiculously named "Stampede Corral," would be an ideal setting for a British Empire lightweight title match between Arthur King and George Dunn. How about that, Ernie Farr? . . . If not King and Dunn, perhaps Nolan against Canadian welter champ Johnny Greco. . . . Both bouts would prove stellar attractions.

Edmonton—Georgie Dunn, 135, easily knocked out Dutch Hopper, 139, Minneapolis, at 1:25 of the second round of a scheduled ten-rounder. Dunn was in complete command throughout.

Stan James, 148, Edmonton, packed too many guns for Hec Fillion, 150, Edmonton, and stopped him at 1:25 of the second round in a scheduled six-round semi-final.

Other results: Billy Spring, 136, Edmonton, decisioned Jackie Sorenson, 136, Edmonton. Bobby Bacon, 114, Edmonton, scored a split decision over Jersey Joe Edwards, 112, Calgary. Steve Lang, 150, Calgary, won over Clint Coates, 150, Edmonton. Hooker Hawkins, 122, Calgary, stopped Joey Belanger, 124, Edmonton, at 1:30 of the third round.

Vancouver—Lightweight Kenny McPhee, making his first start in main-event ranks, dropped a unanimous ten-round decision to Nick Smith of Los Angeles in early December.

The loss was McPhee's first since joining professional ranks two years ago. A crowd of 1300 watched the Pacific National Exhibition promoted card.

Smith, several inches taller than McPhee, plus a three-inch edge in reach, opened up early with a potent left jab—and had the Vancouver youngster on the run throughout.

McPhee looked exceptionally good in only one round—the third—when he had Smith in trouble with a flurry of punches.

Veteran flyweight Jackie Turner, holding down the semi-final spot, dropped a one-sided verdict to Tommy Umeda of Portland.

In the other half of the semi, Joe Quinlin, San Francisco, scored a decision win over an inept Billy Carter of Vancouver in a heavyweight match.

The four-round opener saw Seattle lightweight Crawford Mullins decision Billy Donnelly of Vancouver.

The writer can be reached by writing to 107 Davidson Block, Calgary, Alberta.

RING HIGHLIGHTS FROM TORONTO, CANADA

By Bill Keele

ALAN McFATER, the Toronto lightweight star and the apple of Jack "Deacon" Allen's eye, went to the wire again at Maple Leaf Gardens before a mediocre crowd and romped off with the unanimous decision over Thomas McMenamy, the Irish southpaw now fighting out of Chicago.

McFater, besides the decision, got himself a cauliflower ear as a momento of his set-to with the willing Irishman.

Spider Thompson, of Buffalo, nosed out George Sinclair, of Toronto, in the eight-round semi-final but it seemed to this observer that Thompson, for reasons best known to himself, fought like a novice and Sinclair, if he had turned in one of his better performances, of which he is capable, could have walked off with the decision, but only on Thompson's unsatisfactory performance for this fight, as the Thompson we have seen fight here in Toronto would have made very short work of Georgie.

In the unimpressive preliminaries, Tommy Corrick, of Toronto, scored a fourth round TKO over Ed Gonzales, of Austin, Texas, in a featherweight go, while Gordon Wallace, of Brantford, the former Canadian amateur middleweight champion, looked far from a champ when he won a six-rounder from Ray Bryan, of Brooklyn.

The best fight of the lot was the curtain-raiser between Brian Kelly, of Niagara Falls, Ontario, former Canadian amateur featherweight champion, and Tilton LeBlanc, of Moncton. Kelly made it two wins in a row in as many pro starts, and is well on his way to becoming a favorite. He is fast, aggressive, and punches hard with either hand.

Pro boxing needs something here in Toronto, as with the gradually diminishing crowds and the far from pleasing shows offered, the promoters had better take stock, for the game definitely seems to be on the downgrade again. They had better encourage and develop amateur boxers, as it takes a good strong amateur sport to keep the professional game going.

COVERING NEW ENGLAND

By Charlie Longo

DYNAMITE JOE RINDONE, the Roxbury, Mass., middleweight contender, seems to have hit an unlucky stride. After taking nine out of twelve rounds, Rindone was given a tough verdict against him. On another occasion, he fought Robert Villemain in Boston and lost a split decision to the boy who gave LaMotta a setback. Here is a good fighter who should go places.

Bangor, Me.—Roger Guerette, 150½, Bangor, T.K.O.'ed Phil Violette, 154, Van Buren (2). Evan Roy, 140, Old Town, outpointed Dick Lundy, 138, Portland (8). Bernie Murray, 127, Oakland, outpointed Paul Herrick, 124, Portland (8).

Portland, Me.—Hermie Freeman, 136, Bath, Me., kayoed George Edmonds, 133½, Hartford, Conn. (8).

Boston—Timothy Buddy Hayes sprang an upset when he scored over undefeated Paul Pender of Brookline, who is under the management of Johnny Buckley. Hayes won handily.

Tommy Nee, 132, of South Boston, outpointed Charlie Whipp, 141, of Fall River, in a sixer. Fred Greenfield of Chelsea, 170, kayoed Jimmy Earl, 169, New York, in two. Tony DeMarco, up-and-coming lightweight from Boston, won an easy eight-rounder from Ken Murray, 138, Waterville, Me. Jimmy Tendo, Chelsea heavyweight, outpointed Gil Newkirk of New York in a slambang affair in eight. Newkirk is the boy who lost to Rex Layne in the finals of a national tournament in Boston.

Boston—Norman Hayes, Roxbury middleweight, won a close one over Billy Corbett of Tacoma, Wash. Many of the fans disagreed with the verdict.

Iggy Vaccari, East Boston lightweight, won a good fight over Joey Carkido, Youngstown, O. It was one of the best fights seen in Boston. Freddy Greenfield of Chelsea, 170, kayoed Jim Tamponi, 168, New York, in four. Tommy Nee, South Boston, knocked out Jackie Bello of Boston in two. Jack Brennan, Charlestown, 200, knocked out Lou Thracher, 190, Boston, in two.

Portland, Me.—Jackie Lovatt, 159, Providence, outpointed Bib Stecher, 160, Portland, in ten. Paul Martin, 139, Lewiston, outpointed Micky Dillon, 137½, Portland, in six.

At the recent convention of the A.A.U. held in Washington, D. C., Boston was awarded the Senior Championships for 1951. The dates are April 8, 9 and 10, in the Boston Garden. This will make the 38th year the National championships have been staged in Boston. President John J. Sheenan announced that entries for the coming tournament should be sent to Joseph Hines, Tournament Director, at the Boston Garden.

In Providence, R. I., Rocky Marciano, Brockton's heavyweight contender, had no trouble with Big Bill Wilson from Charlotte, N. C., whom he stopped in the first round. On the same card, Tony Cimino, a welterweight from Newark, N. J., outpointed Jackie Lovatt, who hails from Providence and who is also on the comeback trail. Cimino is a good fighter.

Boston—Billy Corbett, Tacoma, Wash., middleweight, looked good in putting over a kayo on Freddy Greenfield of Chelsea in the seventh round at Mechanics Building.

Al Lacey, veteran trainer, and one of the best around, has high hopes for Jimmy Tendo, Chelsea heavyweight, who fought an eight-round draw with Gil Newkirk of New York. Tendo is an ex-Marine. Tommy Nee, South Boston lightweight, scored a T.K.O. over Billy Hunter of Roxbury. Johnny Woods, the lightweight who has such a tough time getting an opponent to fight him, outpunched and outboxed Machine Gun Thompson in a sixer. Johnny O'Brien, Dorchester bantamweight, took a six-round decision from Young Pancho Villa of Boston, a pretty good fighter.

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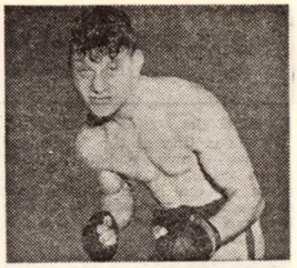

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. Jimmie Amann

FOR the first time in many months, Cincinnati proper was without a boxing program.

However now that the New Year has made the big swing, the Becker brothers, Sam and Benny, are going all out for some big time attractions.

Ronnie Wulf, the Ludlow, Ky., heavyweight, may be just the timber manager Joe Seta has been seeking for some years. Ronnie looked like trillion bucks in beating Tommy Arthur here on the title card. Seta is casting glances at other pastures and Ronnie's future stops look like Reading, Pa., St. Louis, Detroit and Chicago.

Around Fountain Square with the Punchers and their Pilots . . . This writer's address is 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati 27, Ohio. . . . Grover Barbour opens at Reading, Pa., on January 16th and plans to go twice monthly thereafter. . . Grover knows boxing and should make a success of the Armory promotions there. . . My managers-promoters guide with 1100 names and addresses listed are ready at one buck each. . . . Am glad to report that with the 136th consecutive release of my weekly boxing letter (ten bucks for 52 issues) our subscriptions now are reaching all over the country and many foreign lands. . . . THE RING is still the best sports seller on the local magazine racks. . . . Nat Fleischer gets a mention in all advance publicity of coming fight programs around the country. . We checked several out of city newspapers and Nat seems to hit about 75% when it comes to the ratings of fighters for comparisons. . . Jerry Weiner of Columbus lost out on his fighter when Jimmie Welch became 21 years of age . . . Welch is now fighting for Less Huffman. . . . Look for Eddie Burgin, Cincinnati's undefeated featherweight, to get a crack at some of the triple-A9 topsters this year under the Becker promotional banner. . . . Burgin looks ready. . . . The rumor factory is again spouting that Cincinnati will have another promoter in the field before summer draws nigh. . . With the coming of the New Year, an important change in the Cincinnati commission—we hear, so 30 until next month when we hope to have more news for you.

At Columbus, Ohio, on January 1, before a small crowd Jackie Keough of Cleveland fought to a ten-round draw with Jimmie Welch of Columbus in ten rounds.

Get your newsdealer to reserve THE RING for you. They sell quickly.

IOWA, SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By Bill Hawkins

WITH the boxing sport on the side lines in Sioux City at this writing, Scotty Sullivan, well-known mid-west wrestling promoter again takes the top spot for his weekly mat cards at the Sioux City armory. Sullivan, a hard-working promoter, is to be commended for his excellent shows which are highly enjoyed by the fans.

South Dakota is at the peak of the amateur boxing season, with results reaching our desk from every section of the state. Well matched bouts, new faces, is the answer to the success of these amateur cards.

At Sioux Falls, S. D.—Dale Creech, Huron welterweight, won a decision over Dwaine Cable of Slayton, Minn., in the feature bout of a ten-bout amateur card staged here. Stub Ross, Arlington light-heavyweight, took a split win from Dean Peterson of Brookings; Dean Goetsch, Mitchell featherweight, scored a T.K.O. over Darvin Kor of Slayton, Minn., in the third round; Glenn Bethke, Sioux Falls light-heavyweight, who has been piling up a long victory string in South Dakota rings, was introduced to the fans. Bethke will appear on a future card.

Huron, S. D.—Joe Stahl, veteran Huron amateur heavyweight, dropped a hair-line decision to Glenn Bethke, of Sioux Falls in the feature event of a boxing card sponsored by the Huron Baseball association. Stahl, who scaled in at 180, was plenty tough for his 17-year-old challenger. The score cards were: 60-59, 69-59 and 59-59, with the third official giving Bethke a point for the cleaner punching ability.

Two knockouts highlighted the card watched by a crowd of around 800 fans. Jimmy Scheele, Huron, 130, stopped Gene Neises, of Mitchell, 130, in the third round. Fred Kirschman, Huron, 139, put the kayo on Paul Tschetter, Mitchell, 140, in the second round. In the semiwindup, Wally Hay, Huron, 135, won a unanimous decision over Bobby Finley, Aberdeen, 138, and the 1949 South Dakota featherweight champion.

E. Q. Hoberg, A.A.U. commissioner for this territory, has announced again, that boxers competing in unsanctioned shows are in danger of forfeiting their eligibility to compete on other shows or in tournaments.

Mount Vernon, Ia.—Edwin R. Hitchcock, 41, well known around Iowa as a wrestler, and the wrestling coach at Cornell college here, died unexpectedly of a heart attack. Besides his wife he is survived by two daughters.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Pat Harmon, sports editor of the Cedar Rapids Gazette, and well known to middlewest boxing men, has resigned to accept the sports editorship of the Cincinnati *Post*. He is being succeeded by Gus Schrader, who has been assistant sports editor. Schrader, 29, is a University of Iowa graduate, former sports editor of both the Iowa City *Press-Citizen* and the *Daily Iowan*. He served with the navy preflight public relations office at Iowa and in the south Pacific during World War II. Jack Ogden, formerly of Davenport and a member of the *Gazette* sports staff three years will be Schrader's assistant.

Sioux City, Iowa—In one of the best wrestling cards of the month, Jerry Adam, Nebraska, heavyweight, defeated Mr. Mid-America in the feature event, winning in two straight falls. Adam had plenty of trouble before getting the two pats on the back.

Norfolk, Neb.—Special to RING Correspondent. Gale Outhouse, 135, one of the battling twins from South Sioux City, Nebr., knocked out Kippy Triggs, 136, Kansas City, Mo., in 1:16 of the first round of their billed sixer. It was the South Sioux Cityan's ninth consecutive win. The other twin, Gayus Outhouse, 134, won by decision over Eddie Mi ton, 137, of Kansas City in six; Billy Engel, 136, South Sioux City, dropped a decision to Kenny Bishop, 136, of Battle Creek, Nebr., in four.

Our Question Box—I have many letters from amateur boxers regarding certain books on boxing. If my readers will read over THE RING Book Shop in the front of your RING Magazine you will find several books that will assist you. . . . T. J. K. at Houston, Tex.—Several outstanding women wrestlers are showing their wares in this section. A few of them are Connie O'Connor, Jinny Linn (the latter name also appears as Ginny Lynn), Georgia Steen, and Nancy Bingham. The men wrestlers include Gene Mahoney, Bill Kreeji, Johnny Dobbs, "Nature Boy" Hoick, Jimmy Lockhart, Louis Longo, and Ray Gehring.

IF IT'S BOXING YOU WILL READ ABOUT IT IN THE RING

To Ken. G. at Chicago, Ill.—Suggest you get a manager and try amateur boxing first. To L. K., Omaha, Neb.—No record of this fighter. Kenny Bishop, hails from Battle Creek, Neb., is a lightweight. He has just entered the pro ranks and is under the management of Jimmy McKay. Get in touch with Floyd Hayes of Omaha.

Mitchell, S. D. Special to RING Correspondent. Young De.Ore LaMee, 150, of Britton, S. D., decisioned Dale Creech, 150, Huron, in the feature of a 13-bout United Commercial Travelers amateur boxing card. Johnny Gonsor, 144, of Aberdeen, scored a fast kayo over Del Boyd, 144, Cresbard, S. D., in the second round. Gonsor was on the deck from a vicious punch in the opening 15 seconds, but bounced back with his kayo in the second round. Lee Bruchoff, 157, Watertown, S. D., stopped Alan Anderson, 158, Plankinton, S. D., in the first round. "Speed" Stenweddle, 160, Watertown, S. D., scored a kayo over Virg Sample, 163, of Mitchell, S. D., in the third round. E. C. Peterson was third man.

Sioux City, Ia.—Georgia Steen, the wrestling gal from Alaska, defeated Nancy Bingham in a slam-bang mat battle that lasted 13 minutes.

Sparks from South Dakota . . . Capt. George W. Ford, special services officer at the Rapid City airforce base, Weaver, S. D., will stage a boxing meet with the eight winners coming to the 17th annual Sioux City Golden Gloves tournament. . . . A sectional amateur meet will be staged at Mitchell, S. D. W. Ryberg is chairman, assisted by Pete Peterson, Leonard Johnson and George Baum. . . Don Getchell, ath'etic officer of the Rapid City American Legion, is training a squad of 12 boxers. . . . Gus Kempf, 158, Aberdeen, S. D., and former amateur boxing champion who is now fighting as a professional, added Jimmy Cousin, 150, to his record in a recent bout at Minneapolis, Minn. . . . Several South Dakota boxers went to Wayne, Neb., where they appeared on a boxing card under the sponsorship of the national guard. . . The Veterans of Foreign Wars are directing the amateur cards staged at Aberdeen, S. D. . . . An amateur mitt card was staged at Slayton, Minn. . . . the card featured such well known South Dakota lads as Glenn Bethke, Jerry Kaiser, Len Haggen, and a host of others.

Baxter, Ia.—A team of amateur boxers from Des Moines, Ia., defeated a Baxter team, 3-2, with one draw. Don Lee, flyweight of Des Moines, drew with Johnny Borts, of Baxter; Johnny Harris, 118, Des Moines, stopped Billy Morgan of Baxter in the first round; Harold Lee, 152, Des Moines, stopped Glenn Shuley, 148, Baxter, in one round. Fred Brown, 127, Baxter, defeated D. Johnson, 129, Des Moines, in three; Levi Heath, 167, Des Moines, stopped Don Jacobs, 166, Baxter, in one round; Jackie Williams, 145, Baxter, beat Don Riccio, 138, Des Moines, in three.

Last Minute Sparks . . . When you make a contact through the columns of THE RING Magazine please mention the fact to the receiver. . . . It is your trade paper. . . . Wrestling cards are being staged at the Moose Auditorium in Council Bluffs, Ia. From Des Moines, Ia., comes word that entries for the KRNT Golden Gloves tourney are being received. . . . Al Couppee will manage the annual amateur boxing event. . . . The KRNT Gloves area encompasses 24 counties and parts of three others. . . . Coach Bob Morley is again in charge of the Sioux City Golden Glove boxing team. . . . LeMars, Iowa, has moved into the amateur boxing list along with several other spots around Iowa. . . . South Sioux City, Nebr., just across the river from Sioux City, has the Midway Gym in operation under the direction of Leo Mahon, such boys as the Outhouse twins, Gale and Gayus, Louie Nelson, Eddy Kruse, Harold Gill, Billy Day, Ray Beacom, Jack Curry, Dale Smith and Bart O'Gara are in training daily.

Roger Bernard, 1944 featherweight amateur champion, is training boxers at Jefferson, S. D. . . "Preach" Meyers is training boxers at Elk Point, S. D. . . . Earle Wenbourne, who won the middleweight title in the Sioux City Golden Gloves tourney of 1947 and later entered the pro ranks, is now in the service stationed at the San Diego naval air station as welfare officer, athletic director and boxing coach of the Pacific Air Fleet boxing team.

Earle was recalled to naval duty from the Lincoln, Neb., base last August as an ensign was sent directly to the San Diego base. . . . Bancroft, Ia., has joined the wrestling list featuring such big men as Frank Bauer of Sioux City, Ia., and Dough Henderson of Dallas, Tex. . . . Boxing promoters around the middlewest are watching with interest the experiments with foam rubber as ring padding. . . . A suggestion offered to this writer was a cork base which is responsive to foot action, and used with foam rubber. . . . See you next month.

We regret that owing to lack of space we have been forced to cut a great deal of our news this month. News for this spot must be in our hands by the fifth of each month, and mail same to Bill Hawkins, 2206 North Lafayette St., Sioux City, Iowa. Boxers entering the service of their country are urged to inform this department.

BALTIMORE BOXING AND WRESTLING NEWS

By Joe Diehl

THIS seaport metropolis, long one of the most consistently busy sports centers in the country, has been the scene of numerous outstanding boxing and wrestling shows at the Coliseum. The present contract for boxing at the site is said to call for 40 shows in all during 1951.

The tragic death of Sonny Boy West, who fought 30 main events here, stunned local fistic followers. The highly regarded Washington lightweight was ranked sixth in his division at the time of his death, the result of a knockout in New York suffered at the hands of Percy Bassett who campaigns out of Philly.

In a bout called by local sports scribes "the worst decision Baltimore has seen in the last decade," Young Harry Wills of California was handed the nod in a split decision over Freddie Beshore of Harrisburg. Referee Eddie Leonard and Judge Benny Goldstein, a retired leathersmith, both had Wills in front in the ten-rounder, while Judge Buddy McQuade saw Beshore as the victor. The consensus of ringside opinion had Beshore tabbed as having copped at least six of the ten heats.

In a benefit pre-Christmas ring show for underprivileged children, heavyweight Ted Calaman of Philly chilled Jimmy Bell of Washington in the second round of a scheduled eight-round feature bout on a card which showed four eight-round contests. Calaman, a hard puncher with either hand, who himself, is not too hard to hit, looked perplexed in the opening round against Bell, who used a stiff left jab to bring claret from his opponent's nose. However, in the second round, the Philly heavy caught Bell with a left hook coming in, and then lowered the boom with a follow-up right which landed flush on the Capital City scrapper's chin. Referee Charlie Baum counted the motionless Bell out. Calaman at 183 gave his flattened foe who scaled 205, 22 pounds.

In other bouts Elmer Barksdale, 131, a highly touted local prospect, decisioned Johnny Dash, 132, of Philly, in eight rounds. Barksdale, was traveling eight heats for the first time. In a third eight, hard punching Vinnie Cidone, 160, who once floored Rocky Graziano, stopped Jimmy Doxie, 160¼, when Doxie, whose eyes were virtually closed, and whose mouth was badly cut, was unable to come out for the eighth round. Doxie opened a gash over Cidone's left eye during the match and matched Vinnie punch for punch most of the way.

In the fourth eight, Tex Newby, 166½, Baltimore middleweight, wasted little time in solving the style of Don Alva, 167¼, New York. Newby starching his opponent with a right thrown from the floor in the fourth.

Rocky Graziano acted as guest referee for the special four-round exhibition between Jimmy McAllister, local feather, who once held Willie Pep to a draw, and Gene Butler. McAllister, out of action for a long time due to a broken arm, is being readied for the comeback trail.

Gene (Mr. America) Stanlee, the "Golden Apollo of Wrestling," LaVerne Baxter, one of the roughest of villains, Antonio Rocca, the amazingly adept Argentine sensation, Roland Meeker of Shreveport, La., Don Eagle, undefeated "Indian deathlock king," and Babe and Chris Zaharias have all appeared in Baltimore recently on wrestling cards presented by Promoter Ed Contos.

BOXING BITS FROM VIRGINIA

By Jack Levinson

IN Tidewater, boxing was at a standstill last month. The only show in Virginia, was staged at the McGuire Veteran Hospital in Richmond, under Dykes Thurman.

Results: Pete Taylor and Leroy Jones, both from Petersburg, drew. Marshall Blick and Wayne Blick, both from Petersburg, drew. Richard Bailey, 148, won on a K.O. in second round over Alfred Rivers, 146.

Nathaniel Johnson, 143, and Theodore McClain, 144 drew. James Turner, 154, and Homer White, 156, drew. Calvin Taylor, 170, decisioned Van Whaley, 165 lbs.

Former Virginia lightweight and welterweight champion Emmett Gurney, now attending the University of South Carolina, is one of its star performers. The terrific punching Gurney was the state welterweight champion in 1948 and 1949. Many well known professional managers tried to entice the likeable prospect to enter the money ranks before he entered the S. C. University.

News regarding Virginia boxers are welcome. Send same by the second of each month. My address is 7423 W. Kenmore Drive, Norfolk.

NEBRASKA BOXING
By Floyd Hayes

OMAHA, NEBRASKA—The local fight fans were treated to a fight card of an action-packed double main event as Harold "Baby Face" Jones, 140, Detroit, decisioned Ronnie Harper, 139½, Charleston, West Virginia, in a ten-round rematch here. It was a real crowd pleaser with action all the way.

In the other half, Harry Jeffra, 131, Baltimore, Maryland, dropped the duke to the busy Packy McFarland, 131, Tucson, Arizona, in ten rip-snorting rounds. The veteran Jeffra, former world's bantam and featherweight champion, still has plenty on the ball and is in tip-top shape. Jeffra made McFarland miss many times and showed brilliantly. However, the referee thought that McFarland connected often enough to win the nod as he had shaken the ex-champion pretty badly in two rounds. Jeffra is still a real showman and left many friends in Omaha.

In the preliminaries: Charley Foster, 149, Omaha (brother of the late Vince Foster), won a four-round unpopular decision over Gene Jackson, 144, York, Nebraska. The fans booed this one long and loud when the referee, Bill Burke, awarded Foster the nod. A rematch is in the making.

Goranzor Fitzgerald, 205, Omaha, continued to belt out his opposition and this time Eddie Grant, 180, Chicago, was the kayo victim at 0:44 of the second round.

Jimmie Watson, 164, Omaha, knocked out Jimmie Bates, 162, Omaha, at 1:35 of the last round of a scheduled four-rounder.

There were 1,425 satisfied customers who paid $2,827.75 to see the show. The boxing monopoly has been broken wide open here, thanks to the shows with top fistic talent which promoter Joe Smogye of the Omaha Federation of Labor has been offering. However, Smogye has had a rough battle, losing money on each card. Smogye still doesn't have the cooperation he deserves from the boxing commissioner.

Former champion Harry Jeffra was harassed continually by Commissioner Charles N. Moon, who doesn't seem to feel kindly towards the sport over which he rules.

Nebraska boxing fans have begun to see the light, and although Smogye lost money on his last show, he doubled his attendance over the previous show. The Governor is going to have a lot of callers if things don't straighten out here soon.

Norfolk, Nebraska—In a professional boxing card here which was sponsored by the American Legion, 1,200 fans saw the Outhouse twins of South Sioux City, Nebraska, continue on their winning ways.

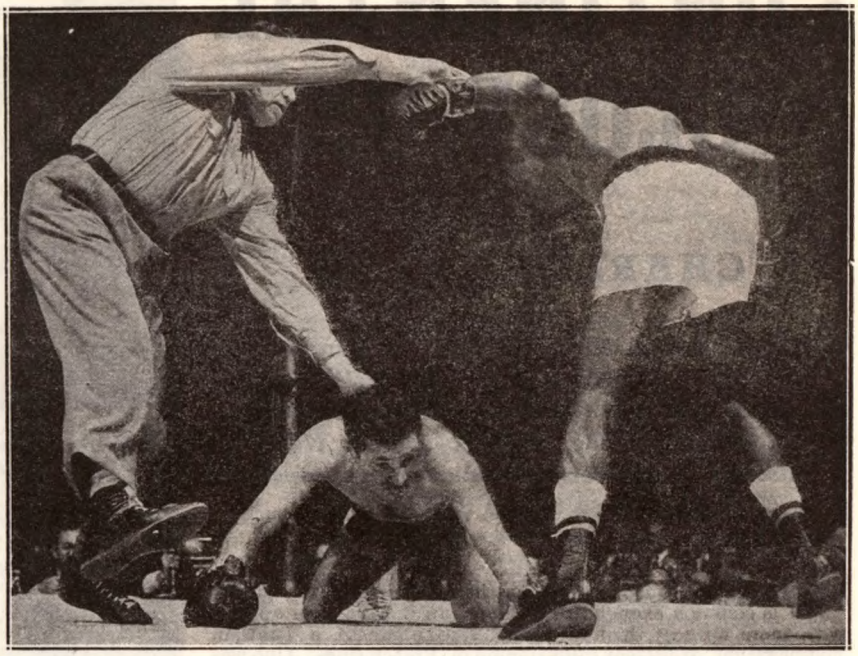
It was a double main event. Gale Outhouse, 146, South Sioux City, Nebraska, scored his ninth win since joining the punch for pay boys, without a defeat on his record. He knocked out Kippy Triggs, 140, Omaha, Nebraska, at 1:16 of the initial round. Triggs opened up strong with a two-fisted attack which made Gale take to his bicycle. Then Outhouse stepped in and landed a well-timed right that found the chin of Triggs and dropped him for the full count.

In the other half of the features, Gayus Outhouse, 146, South Sioux City, Nebraska, scored a six-round decision over Eddie Milton, 136, Omaha, Nebraska. Eddie Milton gave Gayus plenty of trouble in the early rounds but ran out of gas in the fifth round and was knocked out of the ring by Outhouse. However, he was able to get back before the final count and was dishing out plenty of leather at the bell. Outhouse knocked Milton to his knees twice due to lack of condition.

Kenny Bishop, 139, Battle Creek, Nebraska, made his professional debut under the handling of Jim McKay, and scored a four-round decision over Bill Engel, 136, South Sioux City, Nebraska. It was a boxer-slugger bout with the boy from Battle Creek winning three of the four rounds with his heavy punching.

Bill Tannehill, fighting under the name of Billy Jay, 127, Norfolk, Nebraska, made it a dismal professional debut for Ace Sutton, 125, Omaha. The smooth fighting Billy Jay scored a T.K.O. over Sutton at 2:09 of the first round with a hard right to the whiskers. Sutton made it back to his feet at the count of nine, but Referee Don Emmick of Sioux City wisely stopped the fight to save Sutton from further punishment.

Chris Jensen, 170, Wayne, Nebraska, an outstanding boxer at Wayne Teachers College before joining the professional ranks, bit off too much when he entered the same ring with Jimmie Watson, 165, Omaha, a knockout artist. Jensen was taking care of himself when he opened the bout by boxing the Omaha Negro and keeping him at bay, but when he chose to mix it up, he always got the worst of the exchange. In the third round Watson came out of his corner like a bolt out of the blue to floor Jensen for counts of 8, 9 and 9 and then knocked him out with a pile-driving one-two punch at 1:05 of the third round.



Jose Gatica, of Argentina, didn't know what struck him when Ike Williams cut loose in their overweight match in Madison Square Garden. Gatica was floored three times in the opening round and was halted in 2.09.

Short Jabs: In a scheduled six-round semi-windup to the Graves-Pasco fight at Minneapolis, Minnesota, on December 14th, Nelson Levering, 142, Macy, Nebraska, knocked out Don Mason, 139, Milwaukee, in the second heat. . . . To Richard Reardon out California way: I will try and get those clippings for you. . . . To Benny Floyd, Coos Bay, Oregon, why not place ad in THE RING for those back issues of THE RING? Nobody will part with them here in Omaha. . . . Jesse Johnson, former Omahan who used to fight under the name of "Spider Webb" while here, writes that he is attending Arkansas University and is active in the ring there. . . . I want to take this opportunity to thank all of the boxers and their pilots for the many Xmas cards I received. . . . Remember to get your news in my hands by the second day of each month. The writer's address is 2209 Vinton Street, Omaha, Nebraska. Phone ORchard 1165.

IT HAPPENED IN WISCONSIN
With Pinky Mitchell
Former World Junior Welterweight Champion

AT the Dollar Top Club, Cecil Hudson put on a fast finish to take a split decision verdict from Eddie O'Neill in the six-round windup. It was a speedy left hand jabbing duel with Hudson most effective on the inside while O'Neill had the advantage in long range work. It is now one apiece for the boys and a rubber match will bring out the fans. Hudson weighed 164½, O'Neill 158½.

Lloyd Triplett, 162½, Milwaukee, came off the floor to win his 11th straight victory. His victim in the five-round semi-windup was Leroy Miller, 164, of Chicago. Miller's right put Triplett on the floor in the first round. In the fight of the evening, Dick Kerber, 139, Milwaukee, won a five-round decision over Grady Caples, 135, of Chicago. In another five-rounder Wilbur Dilley, 173, Milwaukee, floored Douglas Jordan, 168, of Chicago to win an easy decision.

During 1950 Lloyd Triplett, local middleweight, had the best record. He was undefeated in 11 starts.

Arthur Portley never failed to please, dropped a couple of decisions, but is improving and should be meeting some of the best featherweights in the country during 1951.

Two New Yorkers, Jerome Frazier and Cecil Hudson, with Eddie O'Neill of Detroit, adopted Milwaukee as their home and are good draws.

Bob Sandberg, southpaw, was top drawing card for the year among local punchers. A couple of upsets discouraged the blond and he threatened to retire. He journeyed to mother's folks in Sweden and has been a consistent winner there. He can return as the top favorite here for 1951.

The opening of the new arena in May was the big fistic event of the season. Rocky Graziano and Vinnie Cidone drew the city's largest gate. Twelve thousand eight hundred thirteen fans paid $49,609.00.

IN AND AROUND CHICAGO
By Lenny Myers

IN a major fight card at the Chicago Stadium, presented by the International Boxing Club, Bob Satterfield, 185, Chicago, soundly beat Vern Mitchell, 190, Detroit, in ten rounds. Satterfield outboxed his rival, winning nine of the ten rounds. Both boys were badly cut, Satterfield with a deep cut over his left eye and Mitchell with his nose badly bashed and bleeding throughout.

In another ten spot, Johnny Bratton, 148, Chicago, won by a T.K.O. over Lester Felton, 146, Detroit, in the third round. Felton never had a chance as Bratton proved much too good a hitter and boxed to perfection. Bratton seems to have regained the form he showed a year ago before he was stopped by Ike Williams.

The preliminaries were also packed with action. Chuck Davy, 142, Detroit, knocked out Sonny Harris, 139, Pittsburgh, in the second canto. Davy, a southpaw, looks like a real threat, this being his 13th straight win. Earl Sudduth, 198, Rockford, stopped Cornell Butler, 190, Pittsburgh, in the first frame. Russell Tague, 131, Eldridge, Ia., put the crusher on Billy Creech, 136, Chicago, in the fourth round.

Pinky Cowan, 133, Chicago, traveled to Detroit, where he boxed a six-rounder with Jesse Underwood, 135, Huntington, W. Va. The outcome of this bout was the most unusual this writer has ever witnessed. Cowan had Underwood on the deck in the first and second rounds and won the fifth and sixth hands down. Yet right after the bell sounded ending the bout, the referee raised Underwood's hand, signifying that he had won. There were no judges. Yours truly, following considerable booing, asked the referee to look at his scorecard, but he refused. The commissioner then granted my request, and I found only three rounds scored, and no totals. It was a very poor verdict.

Pinky Cowan, South Bend lightweight, has regained the form he showed last year when boxing out of Spokane, Wash., where he ran off 17 knockouts out of his first 21 fights. On December 12, at Lansing, Pinky defeated Ron Cannon in a one-sided contest and in his last bout at Detroit, where he did everything but get the decision over Jesse Underwood, the boy seemed headed in the right direction. Cowan, who is only 21 years old, has 35 wins in 42 bouts and reminds everyone in this section of Joe Palooka, not only in appearance but in character.

From my mail bag—To S. S. of Memphis, Tenn.: Girl boxers are not allowed in this state. . . . To A. G.: I agree with you. George Sherman should box top-rated opponents, but most of them have refused to fight him. . . . To Davy Day: Good luck to you, and hope you become the next alderman in your ward.

Contact this writer at 845 Eastwood Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill. Telephone: Uptown 8-5911.

CONTINENTAL CLOSE-UP

By

CHARLIE PARISH

Unique French Partnership—Norwegian Press Attacks on the Noble Art—Poles Make Good in French Rings—Old German Champion Jailed—Giel De Roode Regains Dutch Welter Mastery—New French Middleweight Prospect—Continental Press Selects Best for 1950.

"LEARNED to fight as soon as he could walk." The phrase is common enough, but seldom can it have been applied with more aptness than to young Tino Albanese, a Tunisian middleweight at present campaigning in French rings. Tino was brought up by his father with but one aim in view, that of making a successful boxing career, and he has fulfilled a twenty-year-old promise by serving under the banners of manager Alex Krassowsky. Thereby hangs a tale somewhat unusual even in the colourful annals of boxing. Krassowsky, who was serving in the Imperial Russian Fleet when the 1917 revolution broke out, found himself stranded in Alexandria without a bean. After many employments, including several bouts as a boxer, the exiled Russian found several battlers who were willing to accept him as their manager. During the course of years, he handled the affairs of many stars, including Cleto Locatelli, with whom he visited Tunis in 1931 for a bout with Ali ben Said. There he struck up a friendship with one Pasquale Albanese, an Italian athlete who was a fervent ring addict and a great admirer of Krassowsky, who was invited to admire the Italian's three-month-old son.

"When he is old enough, I should like him to fight in my stable," quipped Krassowsky.

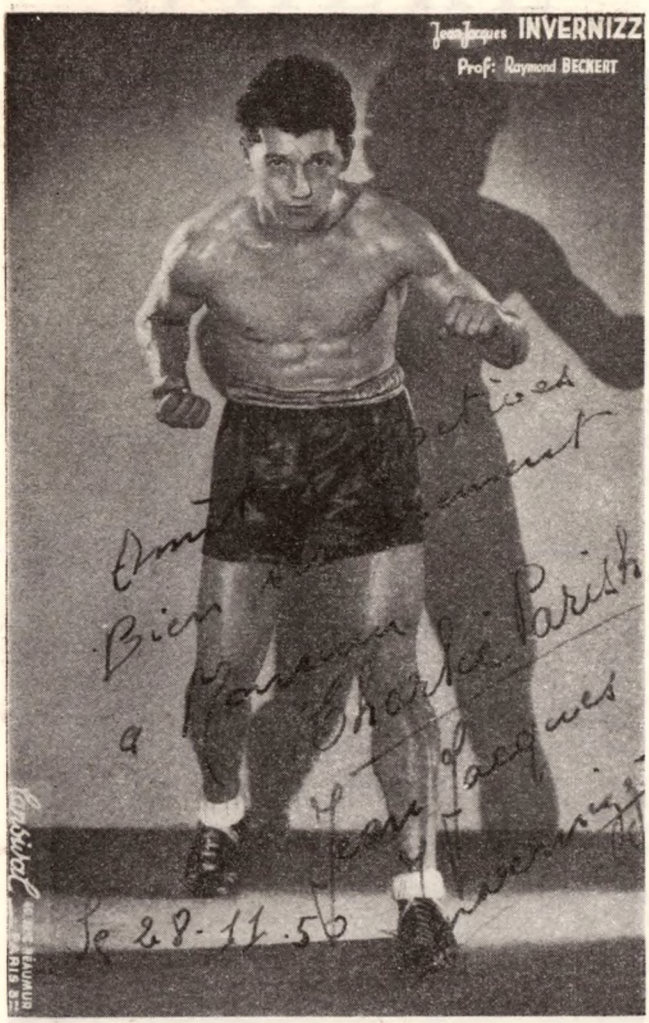
"Right," came the answer, "that's a deal."

The elder Albanese thenceforth spared no pains to school his offspring in the secrets of the manly art, and launched him on his amateur career at the age of 17. Tino went from strength to strength until he suffered his first defeat at the hands of Riggi, the North African welter champion; the crowd took the decision so badly that riotous scenes broke out and the hall was smashed up. The poor verdict decided Albanese senior to write finis to his son's venture in the Simon-pure ranks, and thereupon he despatched a telegram to Alex Krassowsky, advising him that his son would be shortly arriving in France, and begging him to give the youngster a trial. The manager greeted his new charge as if it were his own son, and settled down to schooling his charge for the thorny path ahead. So much for the history of this unique partnership. Coming down to hard facts, it would seem that Tino Albanese is well on the way to realising the ambition of his father, judging by the press comments after his first bout in Paris. Having won his first six bouts in Normandy, where Krassowsky runs the Granville Boxing Club, Albanese debuted successfully at the Paris Stadium by outpointing the rugged Maurice Bouvet in eight rounds, nipped back to Granville to stop Ahmed Keddouri in five, and then suffered his first pro. defeat at the Stadium by losing an unpopular verdict to Jean-Claude Poisson. Krassowsky offered no excuses or complaints against the decision, but returned to Granville, where he intends to remain with Albanese until the Tunisian has gained more experience in provincial rings. It will be interesting to observe how the experiment will end. For the record, Albanese was born February 28th, 1931, in Tunis, stands 5ft. 11½in., and has a reach of 74in.

Tino Albanese with his manager, Alex Krassowsky, who hopes to see his charge reach the top.

Proietti: "Try my old hat for size, son!"

Reference was made in these pages some time ago to the tremendous arguments being waged in the Norwegian press on the subject of boxing, on the outcome of which depends the continuing existence of Norwegian amateur boxing. The root of the trouble is the now-famous article by Professor Steinhaus which appeared in "Life," whereby the noted brain specialist sought to prove that boxing is injurious to the mental health of the combatants; this theory has been contested by other brain specialists, who aver that the only injurious element in boxing is that of concussion, which is liable to be suffered likewise by participants in football, rugger, cycling, and near all other competitive sports. However, the Oslo daily, "Dagbladet," which is notoriously a sensationalist publication, has started a so-called crusade against the fight-game and continues to publish daily attacks on the sport written by one Olaf Hanssen, who appears to know little, if anything, of the mechanics of boxing. Nevertheless, Hanssen's libellous articles are doing the sport a deal of harm in the North, according to one of the RING's readers in Oslo, John Wiksen, who has kept me briefed on these all-out attacks. Latest move in the anti-boxing campaign was to send Hanssen to New York, where he teamed up with Dan Parker, of the "New York Daily Mirror," in visiting the various fight arenas and gymnasiums. For distorted and libellous reporting, these essays of Hanssen's take some beating, but somehow they fail to convince. Listen to this: "Eight hours after I landed at Idlewide Airport outside New York I was sitting in the St. Nicholas Arena and saw boxing, together with 894 other people, most of whom were of the type you would be ashamed to be seen with in the street." Hanssen could not have picked a better time to drop in at the St. Nick. He was thus an eye-witness to the Sonny Boy West—Percy Bassett fight, after which the former was taken to hospital with concussion, from which he since died. West's death was in no way due to the punishment he took from Bassett, but was proved to have been caused by striking the back of his head on the boards. Mr. Hanssen closes his report with the following: "That was briefly my first meeting with boxing several hours after landing here. There will be much more. We shall see a title-fight, take a look at the lion's den (Stillman's Gymnasium), where punchdrunks and other less gifted individuals practice their sport, boxing. We shall take a look at the biggest gangster of them all, the boxing manager, etc. . .' Such is the rubbish which drips from Hanssen's pen in attempting to get himself a name at the expense of a sport which causes fewer deaths annually than do track-cycling or American football. John Wiksen states that Hanssen was originally a football correspondent for his



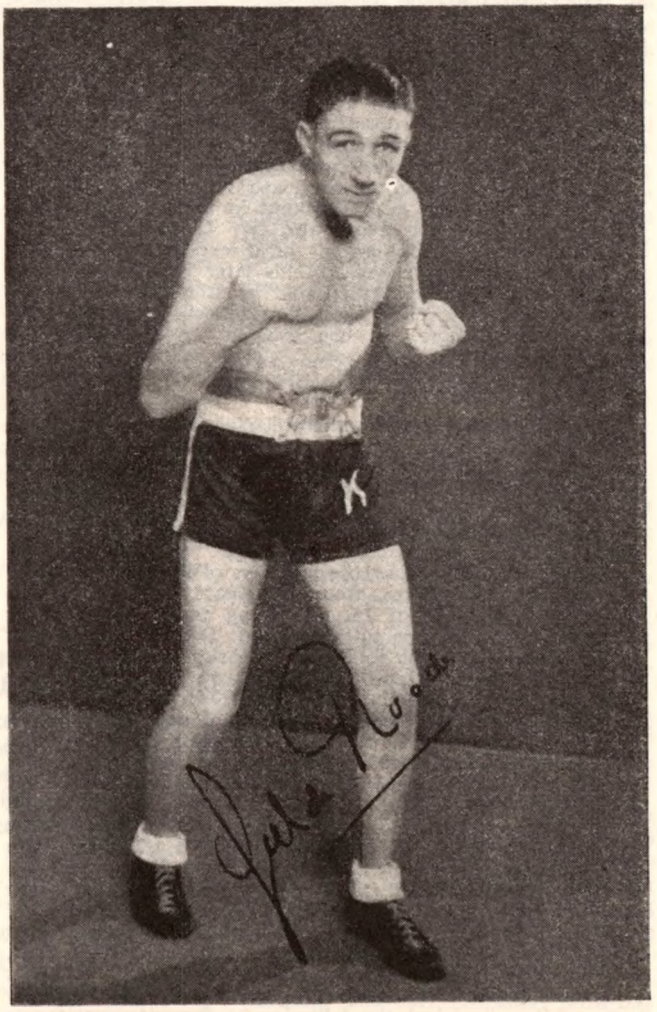
Hard-punching Jean Jacques Invernizzi, young French middleweight prospect, who has defeated Gilbert Stock and Gus Degouve.

paper after the war, but suddenly switched to boxing, and has declared that he will use every weapon, even lies, to stop boxing in Norway. Apparently the truth cannot be so terrible.

A phenomena of post-war boxing in France has been the remarkably high percentage of boxers of Polish descent campaigning in Paris and the provinces. Many of these have aspired to international fame, such as Jean Walzach and Stephan Olek, both of whom succeeded in becoming French title-holders, whilst others have operated with good results as local stars, like Lucien Krawczyk, Leon Nowiasz, Pankowiak, Jean Wanes, and Jean Dobiasch. The most remarkable feature about the Poles is that the majority of them are middleweights, more remarkable when one recalls that two world champions of Polish ancestry, Tony Zale and Stanley Ketchell, were also middles, as was the sole native Pole to have made a name for himself—Henry Chmielewski, who later boxed in America as Henry Chemel. For the cause of this Polish invasion we must go back to the early 'twenties, when the French Government invited Polish, Italian, Belgian, and Spanish workers to settle in France's depopulated industrial areas. No less than one-third of a million Poles answered the call, and settled mostly in North-eastern France, in the mining and steel towns. All the current crop of Polish battlers have two things in common—they are rugged and strong, and they refuse to discard their formidable Polish names in favour of a French one. It is true that Krawczyk once decided to shorten his name to Luc Kra, but this never caught on, though most Frenchmen still pronounce his name "Kravsik" instead of "Kravchick." Krawczyk has recently decided to retire from boxing, and will attend to his small farm. His place has been taken by Serge Znamensky, a likely-looking youngster who has just gone over to the paid ranks as a light-heavy. His first opponent's name was Benaszek. . .

The news reaches us from Germany that the old heavyweight star of the 'twenties, Iron-man Franz Diener, has been imprisoned by the East German authorities for illegally distributing sausage and meat to amateur clubs from his slaughterhouse. Diener commenced his professional career in 1924, under the direction of the Turk, Sabri Mahir. After boxing a draw with Paolino Uzcudun, the German was matched with Paul Samson-Koerner for the national heavy title, which Diener succeeded in taking from the veteran Paul. Mahir immediately sailed for America with his still inexperienced charge, who was a sucker for the bright lights. As a result, Diener dropped verdicts to Bud Gorman and Jim Maloney. On his return to Europe, the German participated in some very good bouts with Max Schmeling, Phil Scott, Carnera, and others of that era. For many years after his retirement, the old champion ran a prosperous café in Stettin, and after the war was made director of a slaughterhouse in his native Thuringia.

The Dutch welterweight title, which is always changing hands, has recently gone the full circle and wound up in the possession of popular Giel De Roode, who is no stranger to British fight fans. De Roode, who will be thirty-one on March 4th, first won the Dutch crown in April, 1946, when he defeated Jan Nicolaas over twelve rounds at Amsterdam, and made his first appearance in England the following December on the Woodcock-Nisse Andersson bill. The Dutchman's opponent was Ginger Stewart, who was outboxed by the fast-moving visitor in eight rounds. The following summer saw De Roode operating in South Africa, where he beat Alf James in two bouts out of three, and also whipped Maurice Ouezman and Eric Boon. In 1948 he trimmed Harry Bos, repeated over Ginger Stewart in Manchester, beat Nicolaas and fought a rugged battle with Jan De Bruin, which was halted in the sixth owing to the punishment both men had absorbed, and declared No Decision. In December, Eddie Thomas scored a seven-round victory over the Dutchman, but the following year the latter was selected to meet Livio Minelli for the vacant European title, which the Italian won in the eleventh round. The blond Dutch boxer had seemingly struck the downgrade, as he next lost his national title to Job Roos and was later whipped by Charles Humetz, Delmine, and Cliff Curvis. For his last fight in 1950, De Roode clicked for a title clash

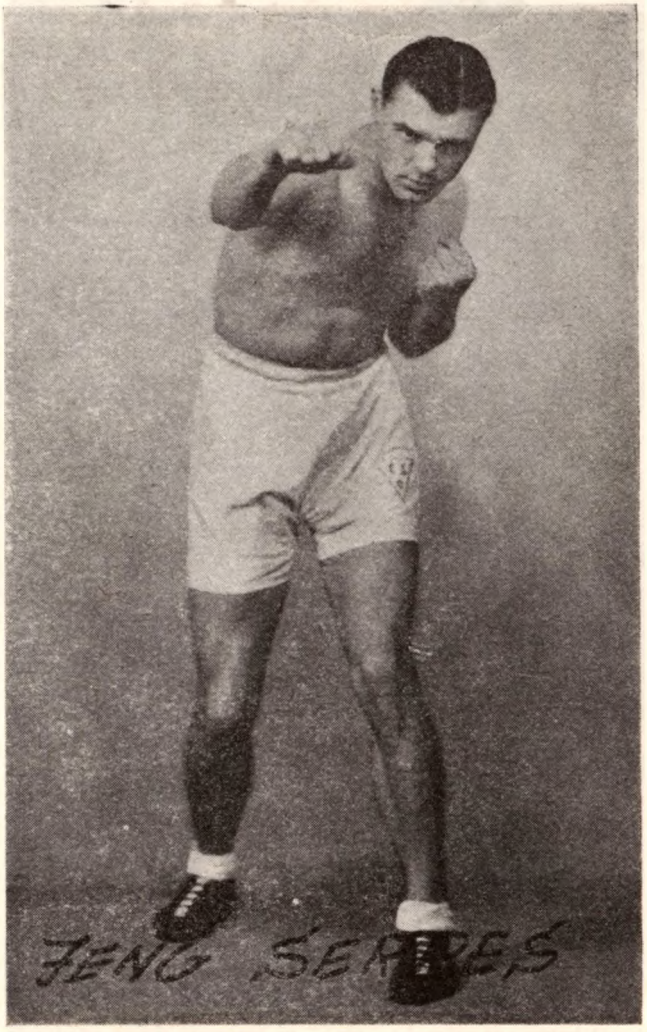


Dutch welter king, Giel De Roode, who recently confirmed his current return to form by whipping Jackie Braddock.

with Job Roos at The Hague, and succeeded in stopping the champion in the tenth round. His manager, Leo Van de Keyl, is convinced that his charge has the ability to fight his way back to international honours, and the first move in their campaign will be to try and secure a return bout with Eddie Thomas. De Roode has a very pleasing style, employs bobbing and weaving to great advantage, which is probably due to the teaching of his mentor, who trains his pupils in the finer points by means of puppets. Like most top-line fighters, the Dutchman is quiet and likeable outside the ring, and his face reflects no trace of his long professional career inside the squared circle.

Following the defeat of Marcel Mathieu by Chemama, fight fans in Alsace-Lorraine have been pinning their faith in a new local star who seems destined to achieve international honours —middleweight Jean-Jacques Invernizzi. An unexpected but overwhelming defeat at the hands of Bobby Dawson recently stopped the Alsatian's gallop to the top of the tree, but after resting for a couple of months, Invernizzi has resumed his progress by scoring a win over the powerful and aggressive Gilbert Stock. Jean-Jacques, known as "Zizi" to his intimates, was born at Grasse of Italian parents on January 14th, 1927, and adopted the trade of electrician. Having completed his military service in the Paratroops, he returned to Lorraine and boxed with great success in the amateur team of Raymond Beckert. He knocked out the then French champion, Marcel Petit, twice, and was defeated in the semi-final of the national championships by Leon Nowiasz. In September, 1949, Invernizzi joined the paid ranks, still under the aegis of Beckert, and rapidly became a local favourite by reason of his tremendous punch. His first four victims, Alcazar, Fresnayes, Cieutat, and Chatenet, were despatched in double-quick time, then Arthur Herlem was defeated on points in the Luxembourg middles competition. The Italo-Alsatian chopped down four more opponents before suffering his first defeat as a professional, against Luc Van Daele, who won their ten-round affair in the finals at Luxembourg. That was in April, 1950, and Invernizzi did not enter the ring again until July 1st, when he knocked out Mohamed ben Allem in six rounds at Nancy, on the same programme as the Marcel Mathieu-Theo Medina clash for the French bantam title. The next opponent was the youngster's stiffest obstacle to date—veteran Gus Degouve, who was nevertheless ironed out in seven rounds. This victory established Invernizzi as a drawing card, and in December he was matched with Bobby Dawson at Nancy. Most experts considered that Dawson was too big a handful for the ex-paratrooper, and their gloomy predictions were justified when the American negro forced the referee to halt the uneven combat in the sixth round. Invernizzi had his man on the verge of a knockout in the first and second rounds, but the latter round also saw Dawson recover his poise and commence to use his great experience to humble this presumtuous newcomer. In his later bout with Gilbert Stock, Invernizzi demonstrated that he still has many rough edges, and that he relies perhaps too much on getting that punch home. Reliance on one weapon never brought any boxer far along the road to fame, but the young battler from Lorraine has plenty of time in which to learn the secrets of his trade.

As usual, Nat Fleischer's annual classification of the world's boxers aroused great interest in the Continental sporting press, which quoted the positions held by the various Europeans in THE RING's line-up. As a matter of interest, we repeat here the selections of leading Continental authorities on the outstanding fighters of France, Germany, and Italy for 1950. The Paris sports daily "L'Equipe" published the following selection, chosen by the members of its internationally-known team of writers, from flyweights upwards: Louis Skena (14 votes out of 15, one going to Cailleau); Emile Chemama (14 votes, one to Sandeyron); Ray Famechon (15); Pierre Montane (14, one to Perrot); Charles Humetz (13, two to Lavoine); Laurent Dauthuille (14, one to Villemain); Albert Yvel (14, one to Villemain again); Stef Olek (8, one to Degl' Innocenti, 6 did not vote due to lack of activity in heavy category). Furthermore, Ray Robinson was elected as the outstanding fighter for 1950, and the LaMotta-Dauthille bout for the world title gained the title of the Year's Biggest Upset. The cover of the February RING was reproduced in "L'Equipe." In Germany, the Cologne "Box-sport" went nap on Conny Rux as the Year's Outstanding Fighter, with Willi Hoepner, Peter Mueller, and Gustav Scholz as runners-up, in that order. Annual rating of top German fighters in the three heaviest divisions ran as follows: Heavy—Hein ten Hoff (champ.), Kohlbrecher, Neuhaus, Seelisch, Wiegand, Grupe. Cruiser—Hans Sachs (champ.), Rux, Hoepner, Hecht, Vogt, and Strelecki. Middle—Peter Mueller (champ.), Schmidt, Teichmann, Stretz, Saenger, and Besselmann. Finally, the Italian "Boxe" picked the following as the past year's outstanding man in each division, from heavyweight down: Giorgio Milan, Renato Tontini, Fernando Jannilli, Michele Palermo, Diulio Loi, Alvaro Cerasani, Gianni Zuddas, and Nazzareno Gianelli.



Jeng Serres, Luxembourg cruiser with punch and ability, has renewed his efforts to climb to the top. Three years back he was an ace attraction in the Grand Duchy.

We learn with regret of the passing of Maurice Guerault, the Parisian manager, whose passing gave occasion to a moving display of loyalty on the part of his professional team of fighters. Theo Medina, Emmanuel Clavel, Andre Benaar, and all the others who had hitherto fought under Guerault's colours, elected to join the team of Maurice Trickri, the deceased's best friend. The manager's cut of their ring earnings will be devoted to the support of Mme. Guerault and her two-year-old son, the manager's savings were exhausted in paying for costly operations to save his life.

SHORT JABS—Hugo Salfeld, the German champion, has now turned professional, and will doubtless prove a worthy addition to the current German heavyweight line-up. . . Elis Ask was due to voyage out to South Africa, prior to his defeat by America's Bob Sandberg. Plans may now be changed due to this resounding defeat. . . The services of Ray Robinson are much in demand. When it was suggested by a Spanish promoter that the world champion should fight three men in one night—Soldevilla, Lopez, and Ben Buker—Robinson's mentor, George Gainsford, demanded three purses. The Spaniards changed their tune and will now arrange the fights on separate programmes. . . The giant heavyweight, Werner Wiegand, has confirmed that he is still a German citizen. German fight circles are not welcoming the Luxembourg star with open arms, as he "deserted" German rings during the gloomy post-war period. Paul Samson-Koerner received a similarly chill reception when he returned to Germany from America just after World War I. . . Martinez De Alfara, the former European cruiser champion, is now a prosperous landowner in Argentina. . . Boxing history was made in Osaka, Japan, where a double knockout occurred. Both men were counted out and the contest declared a "No Decision."

CHARLIE PARISH.

WHERE ARE THE CHALLENGERS?

BY JAMES BUTLER

Boxing lull is over, but promoters still have headaches ahead—Wally Thorn after Eddie Thomas—Peter Keenan tipped as new bantam champion—Joe Lucy is best young prospect—Southpaws who have made the grade—Matt Wells is first boxing champion to become greyhound trainer.

THE March winds are due this month, and it is an ill wind that blows no good in the fight game. British boxing certainly needs a breath of fresh air for 1951 to sweep away the cobwebs left by the enforced lull that began in December. Boxing was mainly forced to sit back and take second place because the bosses of London's big-time stadiums like Harringay and the Empress Hall at Earls Court found it more profitable to switch over to a season of circus and pantomime on ice.

The other big reason why boxing rested, if not exactly fell asleep the past couple of months, lies in the fact that Jack Solomons, busy bee of boxing, was fightmongering in South Africa in December and January, and only returned at the beginning of February to organize his first tournament in Britain for 1951 at Harringay recently.

Solomons, having broken the ice here, is now getting busy with plans for regular Harringay tournaments, and for a bumper show at the large Earls Court Exhibition Hall. Jack Cappell, too, is determined to keep going with his Albert Hall promotions, and Ronnie Ezra and Dave Braitman are swinging into action with their Empress Hall tournaments. In addition to London, we shall see plenty of action from top provincial promoters like Johnny Best of Liverpool and Joe Jacobs of Leicester.

Unfortunately, every one of these promoters are faced with the same heartbreaking problem—shortage of worthwhile talent. It is all very well for boxers and their managers to rush forward with their claims for championship matches. But what about the promoters who have to try and juggle a dull match so that it looks attractive? Obviously, promoters are only keen to sign contracts that appeal to the public's pocket.

Boxers and their managers have for a long time placed the financial pistol at the promoter's head, so you can't blame the man who has to find the money trying to avoid winding up the loser. More promoters have gone out of business than fight managers.

Never in my memory—and I've been reporting boxing for fifty years—do I recall a period when this country was so rationed in talent. I'm not referring so much to our champions, because we have two or three champs who are at least useful, but I deplore the lack of opposition. Where, oh where, are the challengers?

I DON'T have to take you back years and years. Fifteen or twenty years ago there were dozens of good fighters performing all round the country. They never won titles, but they would have blitzed most of the present-day champions. Remember fighters like Len Johnson, Archie Sexton, Jack Hyams, Alf Mancini, Dom Volante, Johnny McMillan, Douglas Parker, Benny Sharkey, and Jimmy Warnock, just to name a few.

Anyone of those boys would have held British titles to-day, but when they were performing there were some great champions around . . . champs like Len Harvey, Jack Hood, Jock McAvoy, Johnny Cuthbert, Harry Corbett, Nel Tarleton, Teddy Baldock, Dick Corbett, Johnny King, Jackie Brown, Benny Lynch, and Peter Kane.

Look round to-day and tell me a ready-made opponent either for Jack Gardner, Don Cockell, Randolph Turpin, Eddie Thomas, or Billy Thompson. The only heavyweight challenger I have hopes for is Ray Wilding, the former railway clerk from Altrincham, Cheshire, now on a physical build-up campaign in America.

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Sydney R. Smith,
28-29, Southampton St., London, W.C.2

Johnny Williams was, of course, the obvious challenger, but he more than blotted his copybook against the American Big Bill Weinberg, and will have to win a really worth-while fight before I am prepared to treat him as a serious challenger again.

The alternative would be to match Gardner and Cockell for Gardner's heavyweight title—just as Mills and Woodcock fought for the heavyweight title in 1940. This match would obviously pull in a big crowd, but the snag is that both champions are in the same camp, managed by John Simpson.

Apart from this, it would be a short-sighted policy on the part of John Simpson and Jack Solomons to kill one of the few big attractions in British boxing at the moment. It would be equally bad match-making, with an eye to the future, to put Cockell in with Randolph Turpin, who, after Gardner, rates the best box-office draw in the country.

Wouldn't it be a ridiculous position, for example, if Cockell beat Gardner, and then in turn lost to Turpin? Such match-making would be suicidal for the promoter and British boxing.

GLANCING round, I just can't see the challengers. I've ruled out Gardner and Cockell. The only possible opponent for Turpin is Alex Buxton, the coloured middleweight from Watford, who I watched gain an impressive victory over Kid Marcel, the veteran French champion, recently. Yet I can't give Buxton more than an outside chance of standing up to the sledge-hammer punching of Turpin. Apart from this, the fight is not sufficiently attractive in itself for any promoter to pay fabulous money.

Eddie Thomas, our welterweight champion from Merthyr, put in a good night's work when he won the British Empire title knocking out Pat Patrick in South Africa, but he is usually a disappointment to us when fighting here. However, I can't name the welterweight likely to relieve him of his championship. The only challenger with any

claim at all is Wally Thom from Birkenhead. Thom, undefeated as a pro., has beaten Willie Whyte, the Scottish champion, and is highly praised by Johnny Best, Liverpool's boxing boss, and the most consistent promoter in Britain.

Billy Thompson, our lightweight champion from Hickleton Main, has never impressed me as an outstanding title-holder, but there just are not any good lightweights around, and Thompson, although unable to avoid defeat at the hands of the South African lightweight champion, Gerald Dreyer, at Johannesburg, is likely to remain champion for some time. This 9st. 9lb. division is the least talented class in British boxing to-day.

In the featherweight division there are Ronnie Clayton and Al Phillips, but not much else to get excited about. Although Danny O'Sullivan is still bantam title-holder, I expect Peter Keenan of Scotland to become the new 8st. 6lb. champion when they meet at Firhill Park, Glasgow on May 9th. Keenan is a good action fighter, and did well to beat Tommy Proffitt in the final eliminator.

O'Sullivan has been a reasonable champion, but never recovered from the battering he took against Luis Romero, the Spanish southpaw. This was obvious with his subsequent defeats by Bobby Boland at the Empress Hall, and by Vic Toweel in South Africa.

The flyweight title is vacant, because although Terry Allen held the world and European crowns for a short period, he never won the British title which Rinty Monoghan surrendered when he relinquished all three championships owing to ill health.

Allen's opponent for this vacant British title will be Vic Herman of Scotland, but neither boxer has the ability of previous flyweight champions like Jimmy Wilde, Elky Clarke, Jackie Brown, Benny Lynch, Peter Kane, or Jackie Paterson. And, of course, Wilde and Lynch stood out in a class of their own.

ONE of the brightest prospects of today is Joe Lucy, 21-year-old Mile End southpaw, managed by Jim Wicks, who also is match-maker for Jack Cappell. Lucy, a good amateur, has had only single-figure professional fights, but is already on the championship trail. When I watched him outbox and outfight O'Neill, the Northern Ireland lightweight champion, recently I really was impressed.

There is only one thing I don't like about Lucy. He is a southpaw. I know the fighter who stands the "wrong way round" is awkward and upsets many of his opponents, yet when the southpaw comes up against a really good orthodox fighter he usually crashes.

Two world champions were "southpaws"—Freddie Miller and Jackie Paterson. Miller was a great champion as he proved when twice outpointing Nel Tarleton in wonderful fights at Liverpool. But Paterson was not as good a champion as the orthodox Wilde or Lynch.

Luis Romero of Spain, the European bantam champ., is another good southpaw, but he, too, crashed against Roy Ankara of the Gold Coast. Cliff Curvis, the young Swansea lightweight, who leads with his right, looked one of our best prospects when coming up, but he, too, has not fulfilled his early promise.

Matt Wells, the former amateur and professional lightweight champion—Matt defeated Freddy Welsh over 20 rounds in 1911, and lost the crown back to Welsh in 1912—is now a greyhound trainer. I think he must be the first boxing champion who has ever become a dog trainer. Matt, who lives at Catford in South East London, is still interested in the fight game. I meet him round the gyms, and he acts as a second at the Empress Hall. He is also a first-class boxing instructor for youths. Matt could have earned a fortune if he had been born 30 or 40 years later.

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